Oct '30

*"How could you ever improve the flavor of*

# STAR HAM?" *people ask.*

## We tell them it is all due to the new *"double-f"* process, which produces Fixed★ Flavor, *changeless as the fixed stars*

PEOPLE who have enjoyed Armour's Star Ham for years are skeptical when they hear that this choice dish tastes even better than ever. Star Ham was *already* the mildest, tenderest, tastiest ham a person ever put in his mouth, they insist. Have we really improved it . . . and, if so, how?

Well, it was like this. Star Ham *was* good, we admit. But we felt that if it were possible to improve it still further—to "gold-plate the limousine," as some one said—it would be worth while. So we set to work, reviewing and revising our entire method of smoked-meat procedure. Thus came into being, the "double-f" process, resulting in Fixed★ Flavor.

The details are Armour's own, but we can tell you that they have to do with the selection of the stock, the ingredients of the curing-formula, the duration and temperature of the clock-guarded smoking-process which drives that deep-woods tang into the very fiber of the meat . . . things that any good cook will appreciate from her own experience in striving for a masterpiece.

We found, in all this research and experimentation, the one way to insure *uniformity* of texture, tenderness, and taste—Fixed★ Flavor. This "double-f" process is the property of Armour and Company. But the results are *yours*. We tried the new Star Ham on our family of 60,000 workers. "Great!" they said. "Didn't think it was possible." Food-specialists, chefs, housewives said the same thing.

Try some of this marvelous ham tomorrow. You'll find it economical to buy the whole piece. The free book, "60 Ways to Serve Ham," will show you how to make it attractive and "new" for each meal, until there is nothing left but pleasant memories. Be sure to specify Star Ham at your dealer's. In the meantime, mail the coupon for the free book. It is interestingly written and contains unusual recipes for varying the daily menu.

★ ★ ★

Tune-in the Armour Hour every Friday night at 9:30 eastern standard time, over any of 36 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company. Armour and Company, Chicago.

*A brand-new ham flavor—delivered to you in a bright, new wrapper.*

# ★ ARMOUR'S STAR HAM

## *with the* Fixed★ Flavor

*Dept.* A-10, *Div. Food Economics*
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

© 1930

In using advertisements see page 6

# PREPARING *for* *The* COLD

THERE is a something about October that is lacking in all the other months of the year. Lazy, hazy, dreamy days are hers; days with the smart of frost, the softness of warm sunshine, the melancholy of afternoons fading into early twilight, the music of a myriad improvident insects; days of joy, days of sadness, days of peace and plenty. We know that the summer is past, that winter is at hand; it seems to us a symbol of our own life. Our winter, too, is at hand; we can not stay its coming. But are we going into the cold as defenseless as a katydid, as aimless as a ballooning spider which depends upon the winds of chance for its safe landing? Not if we have read the true message of October. And because we have always liked that message as Dallas Lore Sharp gave it to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING seventeen years ago, we are repeating part of it here. Please read it:

"If you would be folded to the breast of nature, if you would be pressed to her beating heart, if you would feel the mother in the soul of things, let these October days find you in the hills, or where the river makes into some vast salt marsh, or underneath some ancient tree, with fields of corn in shock and browning pasture slopes that reach and round themselves along the rim of the sky.

"The sun circles warm above you; and up against the snowy piles of cloud a broad-winged hawk in lesser circles wheels, and flings its piercing cry far down to you; a fat, dozy woodchuck sticks his head out and eyes you kindly from his burrow; and close over you, as if you, too, had grown and blossomed there, bends a rank, purple-flowered iron-weed. You understand each other; you are children of the same mother, nourished at the same abundant breast, you and the weed, and the woodchuck, and the wheeling hawk, and the piled-up clouds, and the shouldering slopes against the sky. You are brother to them all. And this is home, this earth and sky—these fruitful fields, and wooded hills, and marshes of reed, and river flowing out to meet the sea. You can ask for no fairer home, none larger, none of more abundant or more golden corn. If aught is wanting, if just a tinge of shadow mingles with the rowan-scented haze, it is not the early-falling twilight, but the thought of our days, how short they are, how few of them find us with the freedom of these October fields, and how soon they must fade into November.

"But the thought of November need not disturb us. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also are the months and seasons. But if you will watch closely, you will see that not only are the birds leaving, but the muskrats are building their winter lodges; the frogs are bedding, the buds putting on their thick furry coats—life everywhere is preparing for the cold. You need to take the same precautions, not in your coal-bin, nor in your wardrobe, not in your fodder-field, but in your heart. You have already started the winter's fire in the furnace; you will shortly husk and bring in the corn. Take a day out of October, a day when the woods are aflame with color, when the winds are so slow that the spiders are ballooning, and, lying where you can see them ascending while the parachute seeds go drifting by, watch until your eyes are opened to see larger and plainer things go by—the days with the round of labor until the evening; the seasons with their joyous waking, their eager living, their abundant fruiting, and then their sleeping—for they need to sleep. First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear, and after that the field of fodder. If so with the corn and the seasons, why not so with life? And what of it all could be fairer or more desirable than its October?—to lie and look out across some sunlit meadow to a field of fodder, cut and shocked against the winter with one's own hands!"

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR

Largely through the beauty of her surroundings and the perfect harmony of their ensemble, the bride of a year or more ago attains gracious and distinguished charm in her new role of hostess. And if the Lady Diana (above) is the pattern of her silver, she inevitably chooses her tea service and serving pieces in this same lovely, modern-minded pattern.

To donors of wedding and anniversary gifts: Never has there been a more opportune time to buy Sterling silver! Sterling prices have recently been reduced, due to the lower cost of silver bullion. Silversmiths and jewelers are passing this reduction on for *your* benefit. The very loveliest Towle Sterling is now priced lower than in years. For instance:

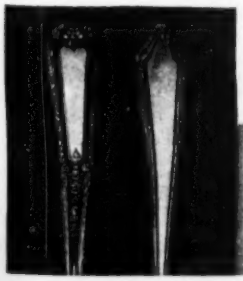
Salad Forks in most of the Towle patterns are only $15 to $16.50 the half dozen.

Tea Spoons, of which no hostess ever had enough, cost about $8.50 for six.

Plates at $18.50 to $70. Bowls at $15 to $65. Serving dishes at $20 to $75. These bring our story to its magnificent climax — a five-piece tea service like the lovely Lady Diana one above at $425.

And every Towle gift, whether it costs $2 or $200, bears the unmistakable mark of fine silversmithing which is an heritage from the first William Moulton, master craftsman of the 1690's.

Louis XIV Virginia Carvel



# TOWLE

## STERLING SILVER EXCLUSIVELY

Emily Post's Booklet for Brides: Emily Post, famous author of "Etiquette, the Blue Book of Social Usage," standard reference on all matters pertaining to weddings, outlines in a new and charming brochure the more important modern wedding conventions. We will forward a copy upon receipt of 25¢ to cover mailing and handling costs.

The Towle Silversmiths, Dept. H-10, Newburyport, Mass., I enclose 25¢ in coin or stamps for Emily Post's "Bridal Silver and Wedding Customs."

Name & Address_____

City & State_____

My jeweler is_____

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## This is Your Guaranty

**GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S policy is to make its advertising pages a thoroughly reliable and trustworthy source of information.**

**Before it accepts the advertising of any product, Good Housekeeping carefully investigates its merit. Products which come within the testing scope of Good Housekeeping Institute or the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health must be tested and approved before they may be advertised in Good Housekeeping. Advertisements of these products in Good Housekeeping are marked with a star (★).**

**Good Housekeeping, further, examines every advertisement offered to it for publication and makes every effort to assure itself that essential claims are justified.**

**AND THIS IS YOUR GUARANTY: If you purchase any product advertised in Good Housekeeping and find it unsatisfactory, we will carefully investigate your complaint. If the product is defective it will be replaced or your money refunded. This guaranty applies to every product, whether marked with a star (★) or not, that is advertised in Good Housekeeping.**


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UNAUTHORIZED REPRODUCTION

# Can you score 90 on this chart? If not . . it's time to make the thirty-day test!

**Miss Anna Fitziu scores 95 on the chart!**

Miss Anna Fitziu, famous operatic and concert soprano, believes in keeping herself physically fit. Miss Fitziu, also a talented writer, has attracted a large audience with her feature articles in a prominent New York newspaper and is at present at work on a book of short stories. Can you equal this versatile woman's score on the chart?

***Follow the directions below and find your total score!***

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. DISPOSITION<br>*What would your family and friends mark you on this?* | |
| 2. APPETITE<br>*Do you enjoy your meals, or are they only a habit with you?* | |
| 3. NERVES<br>*Do trifling annoyances upset and worry you?* | |
| 4. SLEEP<br>*Do you fall asleep easily—and sleep soundly?* | |
| 5. PEP<br>*Does 4 P. M. find you buoyant—or tired and "let down?"* | |
| 6. COMPLEXION<br>*Is your skin clear and flawless?* | |
| 7. DIGESTION<br>*Is your digestive system in good working order?* | |
| 8. ENDURANCE<br>*Can you stand work and strain without using stimulants?* | |
| 9. MENTAL OUTLOOK<br>*Do you think that life gives you a square deal?* | |
| 10. RECREATION<br>*Do you have a zest for play? Do you enjoy outdoor sports?* | |
| TOTAL SCORE | |

*Directions for filling out the chart:* If your disposition is good, put down 10 in the column provided. If it is only fair, mark yourself 7 or 8, or whatever you consider your correct number. If your disposition is between fair and poor, grade yourself somewhere between 5 and 0. Using this method of scoring, fill out the remainder of the chart. The questions will help you to judge your disposition, appetite, nerves, etc. Set the figures down in the column, then add up your total score. If it is under 90, it's time to make the thirty-day test!

HERE's a chart that will tell you plainly, the truth about yourself! Fill it out according to directions and add up your total score. If it's 90 or more, you can congratulate yourself. *But if your score is under 90, you should know these important facts . . .*

Lack of energy – unsteady nerves – sleeplessness – indigestion – poor appetite – any one of these things may indicate that you are in some way failing to observe the laws of health. The simple, natural laws that mean so much to health: *plenty of sleep, fresh air and exercise – the right kind of food – and no artificial stimulants.*

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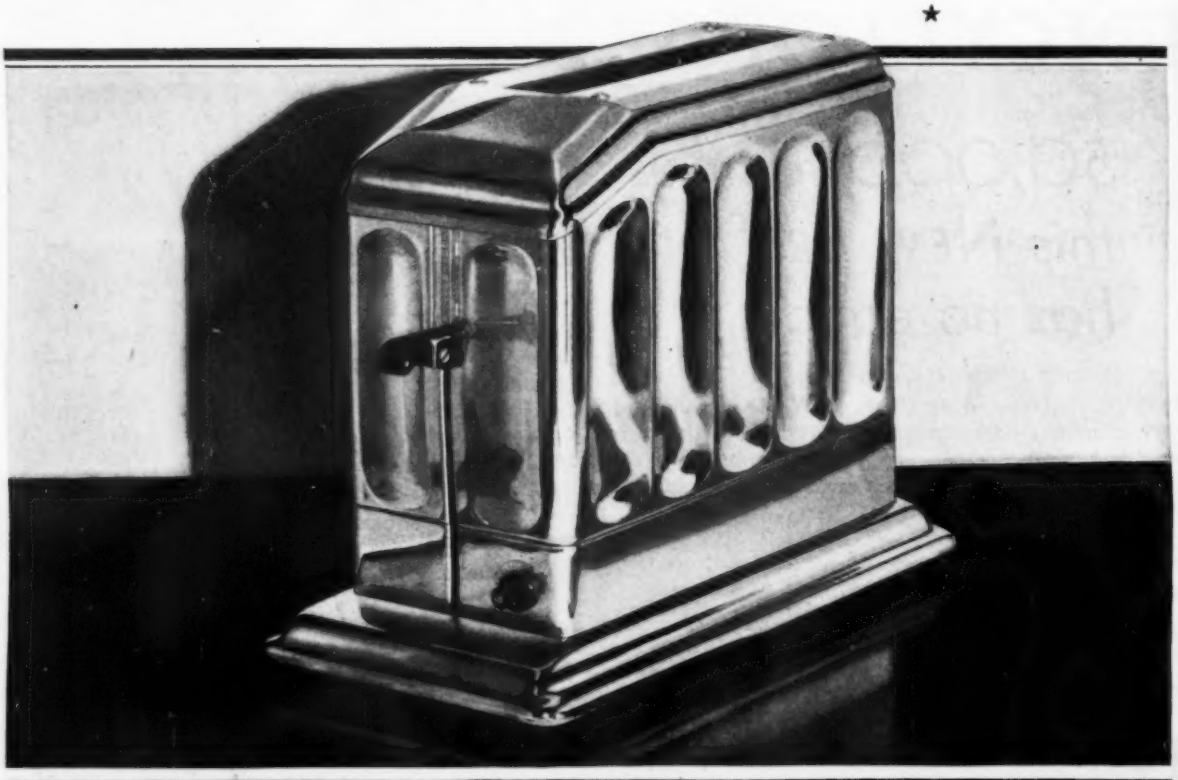

NO WAITING! • NO WATCHING! • NO TURNING! • NO BURNING!

NOW comes an utterly new model of the Toastmaster, the famous toaster that "Pops Up the Toast!"

It works *automatically*. And—it won't burn toast!

It comes in 1 and 2-slice sizes and is a revelation in simplicity and smartness.

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It is even more simple, more amazing, more beautiful!

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With the new model, all you do is drop in the bread and press but a *single* lever. And *forget* about it!

## Works Automatically—Won't Burn Toast!

In a minute—evenly browned toast pops out of the top, *automatically*.

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And by simply setting a small, new-type indicator, you get the kind of toast you like—browned to the exact shade.

### *Won't Burn Toast, Won't Burn You*

Another point about a Toastmaster—it won't burn the toast. For when the toast is done, it turns off the current, *automatically*.

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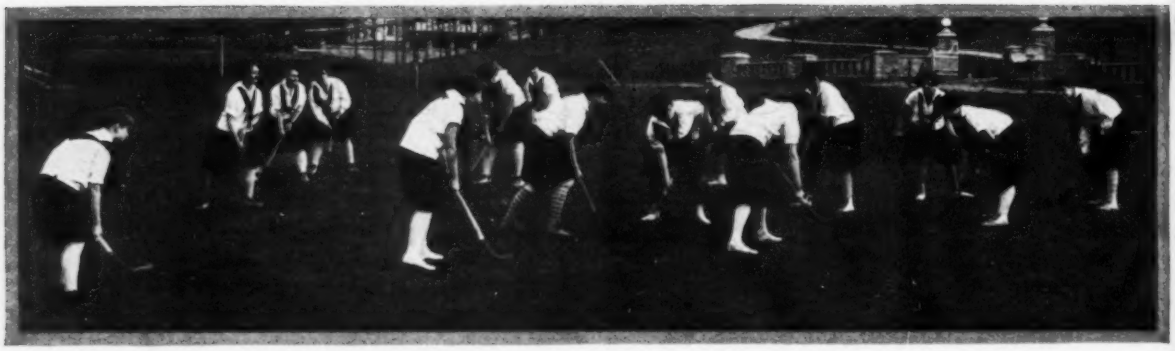

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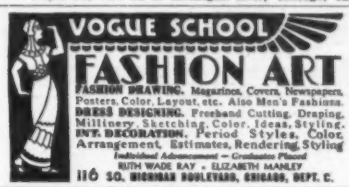
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# ··· ask the salespeople. They will tell you why "this season's clothes *need* Ivory"

Whether its shining windows twinkle forth upon New York's famous Avenue—or upon impressive State Street, Chicago, or the gay Wilshire Boulevard of Los Angeles—the fine shop this season holds daintier, prettier fripperies than ever . . .

This is the year of filmy draperies and laces. "Lingerie touches." Subtle pastel colors. Skilful "foundation garments" of satin and elastic and rayon. Fashion is feminine. Feminine. Distracting. And more fragile than ever.

And so, you find—wherever you shop—that salespeople in the leading stores are more earnest than ever in their advice, "Protect these fine things with Ivory."

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Recently twenty-three young women visited the country's famous stores both East and West. They shopped just as you might and found that an overwhelming majority of the salespeople were cautioning their customers—"Yes, you can wash these delicate things safely—but use Ivory Soap."

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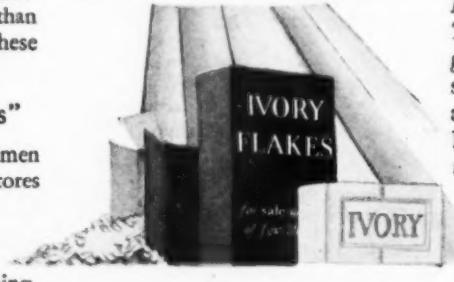


Salespeople feel *safer* when they recommend Ivory. They know that the last word in soap-purity and gentleness is said with "Ivory." Ivory Soap, or Ivory Flakes which are pure Ivory, too.

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. . . kind to everything it touches

# After School

By
Helen Welshimer

A HOUSE should have a cookie jar,
For when it's half-past three,
And children hurry home from school
As hungry as can be,
There's nothing quite so splendid
In filling children up,
As spicy, fluffy ginger cakes,
And sweet milk in a cup.

A HOUSE should have a mother
Waiting with a hug,
No matter what a boy brings home,
A puppy or a bug.
For children only loiter
When the bell rings to dismiss,
If no one's home to greet them
With a cookie or a kiss!

Illustrated by
Clara Elsene Peck

*Painting by Mead Schaeffer*

*Beginning*

# *My Story*

# MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

IT IS time, I think, to look back for a bit, if only to gain the line from which to move on. Yet, curiously enough, it is not at myself that I look. I see first, with a certain detachment, a small girl. About her moved things, people, and events. These are real. So is the child, but she is not myself. She is some one I have known rather longer than well.

Nor, looking back, am I on closer terms with the girl or the young woman. Things happened to her, tragic things and amusing things. I see those things, but I see her objectively, moving along inevitably among them, facing them or evading them. But I see her objectively. She is no more important than is yesterday.

This detachment at least enables me to be honest. Honest as to events, that is, for there is no truly honest autobiography. Men deceive themselves; they look back on the children who were once themselves, and attempt to reconstruct them. But they can no longer think like the child, and against the unpleasant and the horrid the mind has set up the defensive machinery of forgetfulness. They write the child they would like to remember, the youth they would like to have been. Also, save for one here and there, when the truth involves cruelty to others they suppress the truth. Not many of us can bear the truth, even about ourselves.

But facts remain. The mere facts of a life which already has covered a half-century of intensive living and working, during a period of constant change, may have some value.

I have no great interest in the child I was. She seems to me now rather a namby-pamby little thing, living rather more objectively than most children, but secretly romantic at that. A stocky little girl, with blue eyes, hair almost black and as straight as an Indian's. Dreadfully left-handed, too, although they tied up her left hand, and at school she was forced to write properly; the net result being that I use a pen and a golf club with my right hand, a billiard cue and the scissors with my left, and can sew with either or both!

In those early days we lived with my grandmother, who was a widow, in a three-story gray brick house with a porch across the front. I had been born in that house in 1876. All week the house was busy enough, and gay enough, although there was no money. There never was any money in those days. But we were of Covenanter blood, and on the Sabbath, as we called it, the house died. The old square piano was closed, and my grandmother, and such of the family as she could muster, went to church.

Covenanter blood indeed, both sides of my family. A grim and rigorous faith, my forebears for a hundred and fifty years had belonged to it. Some odd dozens of them had been clergymen; others were professors in theological seminaries. My grandparents had fought against the introduction of a small parlor organ into the loft of the church, and to the end my grandmother never approved of organ music.

The house, however, was a busy one throughout the week. There were the three unmarried aunts, my father's sisters. The third-floor front room was occupied by a brother and his wife, Uncle John and Aunt Sade. Aunt Sade was "delicate," and I remember very little of her in those days, save that she had the most beautiful and delicate hands I have ever seen. She was what we used to call an aristocratic-looking woman, and was very proud of her family. She was also a fine horsewoman, and in the stable back in the alley Uncle John kept his horses.

In the second-story front room lived my mother and father, and part of the time I myself. Also there was a canary bird named Dicky. Every morning my mother opened a window, and Dicky flew outside for his morning exercise. When he had stretched his wings, he came back.

Opposed to Aunt Sade's delicacy were my mother's energy and strength. She was a handsome woman, with a high color and masses of curly hair. To the tragic end of her tragic life her hair remained her great beauty. She was proud of it, and at the end, as she lay in her casket, I pulled it



Copyright, 1930, by Mary Roberts Rinehart

*A Famous Novelist Takes Us With Her Through The Fascinating Scenes of A Romantic Career*

THE one dramatic moment of my week was when, after the singing of the Doxology, we passed slowly out into the night — and that evening was plain tragedy unless some lad stepped out, lifted his hat, and asked formally if he might see me home

softly about her face. She would have hated the way they had fixed it.

She sang about her work. She had a rich contralto voice. And how she worked! She made my little sister's clothes and mine. She took immaculate care of that big front room. And when she could, she went back and helped my grandmother in that back room, badly lighted and cluttered with sewing machines and a varying number of sewing girls. For times were hard—they were always hard for us—and my grandmother was a dressmaker.

There was nothing else for her to be, outside of keeping boarders. And even that she did for a time, when her children began to leave her. Widowed early with five children, completely untrained, and with no openings outside of school teaching for women in those days, she fell back on her needle. And one of my earliest memories is of wandering into that sewing room at night and seeing her alone there and at work, by the light of a drop gas lamp.

How strange it seems that as I grew older I was ashamed of that work of hers! How little heroic it appeared! Not until I had lived and learned, and she, too, like my brave mother, had died tragically and suddenly, did I realize the struggle of that long-ago time.

Somehow she had injured one eye, and a white opacity made it quite blind. She sewed using one eye only, painfully threading her needles, and going from her sewing room to read her Bible at night before she went to bed.

My own world was small, there in the small city of Allegheny, then independent of Pittsburgh, which lay across the river. There was the street, lined with trees and paved with cobblestones. At the foot of it ran another street, and there one took a horse car. The driver sat on a stool in front, and behind him and inside the car was a box with a slot in it. If you forgot to drop your nickel in the box, he turned an angry red face and rapped on the door. In winter there was straw on the floor of the car.

By way of the horse car you reached my father's "offlus." Until I was a sizable girl it remained the "offlus" to me, and due to a reason which to any child is perfectly reasonable. There was a store on the next block, and sometimes I was sent there to buy thread.

"Mamie, run over to Theophilus and get a spool of white thread."

So I went to Theophilus for thread, and my father went to the "offlus" to work.

The "offlus" was a large room on a main street of the city proper. To reach it you crossed a bridge, and when one got there it was an impressive spot. Two or three women sat at sewing machines, demonstrating what sewing machines could do, and the window was filled with examples of this work, pufflings and rufflings. My father sat at a desk at the back, and when he was not busy he was making drawings.

He was an inventor. In my desk now are some of his patent papers, paid for in agony and later lapsing without result to him. I have the papers for his rotary shuttle, for example, for sewing machines, the first ever patented. He invented other things, too; a type of glass carrier for the telegraph wires beginning to extend over the country, a process for making cement out of furnace slag.

The sewing-machine business was his bread and butter, but he loathed it. He was a student and a scholar; all his life he read and studied and dreamed. And when at last he found that his dreams had been useless, he gave up the fight. He went away one day and killed himself in a strange hotel, standing in front of a mirror so that the shot would not fail.

I can write that now. For many years I could not.

He went to what he believed was nothingness, for he had no religious belief of any sort. But my grandmother was saved this last tragedy. She had died a few months before.

In those early days my world was limited to the house, the street, the family. It was a noisy, cheerful family, nine of us, and when I was four came my little sister to make the tenth. The aunts were coming and going, young women. There would be young men in the front parlor at night, with its old rosewood and horsehair furniture and the long gilt mirror between the windows. Sometimes there was a servant, sometimes not. But there was always plenty to eat. Aunt Sade would descend from her fastness on the third floor, quietly elegant; the family would drift in to its noisy meals and drift out again.

There came a day, however, when I did not appear for the midday meal, and when my world was extended, for a few hours at least. How old I was, I have no idea—five, perhaps. I was on the porch, and a woman inside was applying for housework. She came out, and asked me to go with her and get some candy.

I was a trusting child, and so I went. I took her hand, I remember, and we walked down the street and out of my world. How far we went, or what the outcome might have been, I do not know. We walked for hours, and at last I began to cry. Whether that disturbed her, or she had been alarmed in some other manner, I do not know; but in a remote part of the city she took me into a courtyard filled with wagons and there shut me in an out-building. Before she left she took a turquoise pin and ring I was wearing, and she warned me to be quiet.

At dusk I ventured out and found the street, and there a policeman picked me up.

*Drawing by Rose O'Neill*

**My Uncle John was doing well. Aunt Sade had a sealskin coat and a ring with three large diamonds in it**

Some time later my father took me to what was known as the Mayor's office, but which was the local jail, police station, Mayor's office, and post office all in one, and there I was shown the photograph of a woman. I promptly identified her, but I have qualms to this day. And I often wonder how often children, perceptive as they are, do the thing that is expected of them regardless of the facts.

Just when the dressmaking ended in that upper back room I do not know. I was still very small. One night one of the aunts was married, and I stood in the back parlor and admired her dress, made of stiff, heavy silk. She married and went away, and there were signs of a breaking-up of the family group.

The two daughters-in-law wanted homes of their own. It was natural, but the big house was out of the question when the sons were gone. My grandmother carried on for a time, filling the empty rooms with lodgers, missing her boys, I know. But that was life.

At night and all day Sunday she read her Bible.

## CHAPTER II

WE DID not go very far. Down the street to a little brick house in a row of four, all alike. And Uncle John and his wife went around the corner to a tight little house with a stable at the end of the lot. He was the prosperous son, although that was surely a comparative term.

But he was doing well. Aunt Sade had a sealskin coat and a ring with three large diamonds in it. In summer he drove her out in a trap, and in winter in a sleigh. Sometimes, but not often, he would take me. Yet he was kind to me, and he played his part in my life story. He had no children of his own until a second marriage, many years later. A tall, thin man, doing without things to keep the horses he loved, undemonstrative and reserved, and sometimes fiercely irritable. For years he was the one to whom all the family turned in trouble, not so much for comfort as for money. And he gave it.

I wonder if we appreciated him. He had not my father's lovable qualities. He was sometimes called a hard man. But generous to his own he was. And in the end he started me on my career.

The little brick house was solid and substantial. I recall nothing of that moving, but I have one memory which abides with me. It is the evening of the moving day, and I have been put in the kitchen to keep warm. There is a new kitchen range there, with a coal fire in it, and the red light flashes through the mica windows on new oilcloth on the kitchen floor. I am sitting in a chair in front of it, and I am saying over and over:

"This is my home. This is my new home."

That was a new concept. Until then I had lived in a house. This was different. This was home.

There was a shed behind the kitchen, used on wash-days, and beyond that a long, narrow yard. Then an old frame building, the high school, and beyond that in the city park rose the gray walls of the penitentiary.

I learned about that. Bad men were kept in the basement of the Mayor's office, and shouted up at you through their bars if you stood near. But very bad men were put into the penitentiary, and other men with guns stood by to keep them from getting out. And I had my own ideas of good and bad. Bad was playing the piano on the Sabbath and reading the newspapers. Good was going to church and Sunday school.

The next house in the little row was occupied by a deaf and dumb man and his little gray-haired mother. They were very quiet, and it was astounding to me to see them talking together with their fingers. In those days every one sat out on

© Underwood & Underwood

**Mary Roberts Rinehart as she is today, a notable success as author, dramatist, hostess, home-maker—and grandmother**

Everywhere I went, my little sister trotted after me. This photograph was taken when I was nine years old and she was five

the front steps in the summer evenings. There were cushions, and one was dressed up in something cool and bright. The street, quiet all day, blossomed at twilight; big houses and little ones, the family groups emerged, and there was visiting back and forth.

The cheery little mother next door came out, and so did her son, also cheery. Then followed the astounding thing of that talking together. They had their little jokes. They would even laugh. But when he wished to say anything to us, he drew a pad out of his pocket and wrote on it. Incredibly fast he wrote.

"Good evening. What a lovely day we have had!"

And one nodded and smiled.

One day the little mother died, and he moved away. But for many years I saw him. He began to sell life insurance, and once or twice he came in to see us, still indomitable, but with his smile rather fixed.

"Good morning. What beautiful weather we are having!"

My mother's picture taken the year I was born: she was twenty-three

The day was filled with interest. It was interesting to hear the milkman's bell and to run out with two pitchers, the big one for the milk and the small one for the cream. He stopped the wagon and rang a big, brightly-polished brass bell; you ran out, and he put the big pitcher under the tap of the huge, brass-bound cylinder, and the milk foamed out. Then he reached back and got a can, and that was the cream.

On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays we went to market. The butcher was a big, good-natured German—all the butchers were German. He was enormous around the waist, and over that huge abdomen his white apron was tightly stretched and streaked with the stains of his sanguinary business.

It was the custom to deal out to all children a slice of bologna sausage, and this was the high point of the morning. His wife worked with him, a buxom woman no longer young. But one day she was not there, and the stand was closed. In the night her grown daughter had killed her, cutting her to pieces with an ax.

Some of the country people we knew, for my mother had been a country girl. From them we bought our butter and chickens and eggs, and the bunches of old-fashioned garden flowers. And as time went on, I continued that custom. Indeed, before my first child was born, I fainted in that very aisle of the old market house, and was carted by friendly hands across the street to a bank, where for a time it looked as though they would have more on their hands than my usual overdraft.

There was a drover's hotel not far away. Here for breakfast stopped the farmers with their wagons, creaking in at dawn with produce after the night on the road; the horses moving slowly, a lantern swinging, more often than not the driver a woman, bringing in the butter churned in the springhouse, its yellowed pats cooled in the spring and then wrapped in gauze or grape leaves; bringing in the eggs, the chickens slaughtered and plucked the night before. Big sturdy women and frail little ones, they carried in their produce and their babies and thought no shame of their merchanting.

But the drovers' hotel housed drovers, also. These were the men who drove through the city streets the herds of cattle for the slaughter houses. Sometimes they were held up at the railroad crossing, and then there was trouble. Every now and then there was a cry and a stampede:

"Wild bull! Wild bull!"

Then the streets cleared in a hurry, and the frightened thing would run about, pursued by men. Sometimes there was real trouble; more often not. But as late as the birth of my first child my mother's terror was that my baby, in his perambulator in the park, would be run down by one of these terrified animals.

It looks a queer world now, that world of the 80's. The grocery-store floor was covered each day with fresh sawdust. Nothing was sold in packages. The coffee and tea were shoveled out of bins with shining scoops, the crackers and pickles were in open barrels, the molasses and maple sirup were in kegs. The grocery man had a telephone, and there one went to telephone for the doctor, for nothing less than sickness required such haste. You stood by, and the grocery man turned a handle. He turned it over and over, shouting "Hello." Then somebody answered, and by a miracle the doctor was coming.

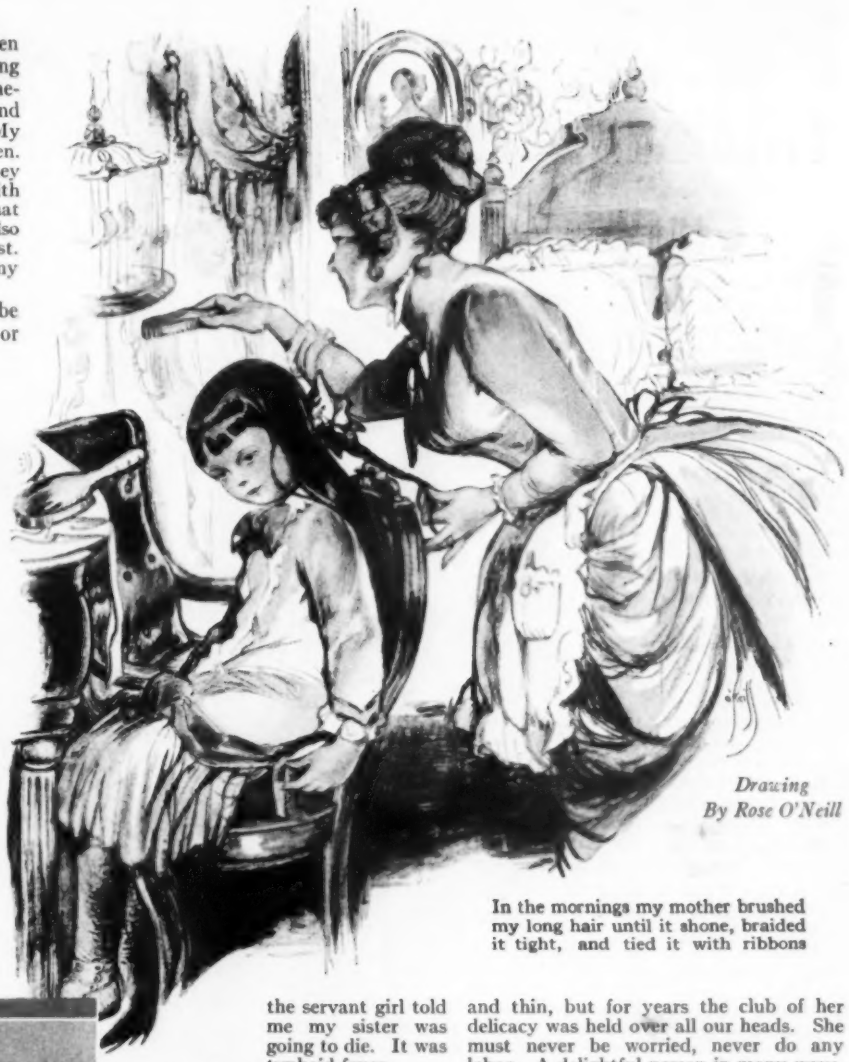
Through all this I moved, a small animal who ate and slept, and had little curiosity as to the meaning of things. Certain days were fixed in my mind. On Monday came Mrs. Klotz to do the washing. She washed in the shed, and her big, strong arms in the suds of the tub went up and down, rubbing, endlessly rubbing.

On Saturday night my father brought

home a box of candy and a dozen bananas. Bananas were just coming into wide distribution then, and sometimes there were none to be had. And on the Sabbath there was church. My father had no truck with clergymen. Once he had borrowed some money from one, and when he sent it back with the interest the man of God said that it was not enough; that there was also the interest compounded on interest. After that my father never went to any church.

I went. My grandmother would be there, straight and quiet, an aunt or two, my mother. I did not understand the sermons, but later on I did. It was still a grim matter, this matter of God. Hell was an actual place of torment, and God just but not merciful. One was saved by some strange inner change of heart, or one was damned. Without this change of heart, which was called conversion, the good life did not count. One was good, but one was not saved.

Later on there was to develop what was almost a neurosis in me, this necessity for conversion. I tried with all my soul to feel wicked, so that I might repent and be saved. But although I read my Bible and prayed, nothing seemed to happen to me. I was unregenerate, I was lost, I was damned.

One day I was sent to telephone for the doctor. My little sister was very sick. After that there was a long time when everything was queer. My mother was in the sick room all the time, and the servant girl told me my sister was going to die. It was typhoid fever.

*Drawing By Rose O'Neill*

**In the mornings my mother brushed my long hair until it shone, braided it tight, and tied it with ribbons**

**The earliest picture of Mrs. Rinehart—little Mary Roberts, six months old**

She did not die, but the dreadful cruelty of that long illness is with me now. She was allowed no water. None whatever! True, there was some liquid in her medicines; sometimes she could swallow a spoonful of broth. But for water a teaspoon was dipped into a glass, and this she sucked. Poor little fevered thing, she pleaded day and night for water, and my mother went through tortures. Then one night she set her mouth, raised the child's head, and gave her all she could drink.

After that my mother had hysterics. But the child got better.

This was not in the dark ages, It was in the eighties, in a thriving city. True, the disease had been mistakenly diagnosed as some obscure thing called gastric fever, and water was interdicted in gastric fever. But science still had no particular place in the medical profession. Prescribing was purely empiric. Nor was there the present-day general knowledge about the body and its functions.

For example, I still wonder about my Aunt Sade. True she was pale and thin, but for years the club of her delicacy was held over all our heads. She must never be worried, never do any labor. A delightful person in many ways, I am still unable to analyze wherein her "delicacy" lay. She ate moderately, but with enjoyment. She slept. On occasion she could ride long hours on horseback, or drive her own surrey and a team of smart bays. Whatever it was, she was unconscious of any deception. To her, ill-health was a real thing.

Just what was she escaping? For now we know that such conditions are often an escape. From what? From the occasional violence of my uncle's temper? Or from child-bearing? I think myself that it was child-bearing. My uncle badly wanted a child.

But to the day of her death, of cancer many years later, she sat in her immaculate house, her beautiful hands folded, her little shawls about her shoulders, and I looked at her with admiration and with awe. No draft ever touched her, no fresh air entered her room at night. Sometimes she coughed, delicately. But she had no tuberculosis. Escape. Escape from what?

I can look back now and see with pity and understanding many others who likewise have refused to face reality in similar fashion. I have in mind one bright and vigorous woman who lay for ten years in her bed. One day she had been obliged to face

(*Continued on page 230*)

# SKY

## A Story of Lessons

By Lois Montross

*It began like this:*

THE trouble with Candace, her father decided, was that she was just like her mother. It was too bad.

For years Mr. Pryne had hoped that when Candace came from college she would take on the management of his neglected home, which had been going from bad to worse ever since her mother's death. He would have liked a daughter who made a religion of the temperatures of food, who grew rare orchids, and dressed exquisitely—and Candace cared for nothing but messing about in a makeshift laboratory with Scott Kennerly, next door.

Her behavior this evening had overstepped the bounds of Mr. Pryne's cold displeasure. This party had been the chief thought in his mind for weeks. He had sent to his sister in New York for a new gown for Candace—and before the evening was over she had disappeared. The guests had gone—but Mr. Pryne was waiting. When Candace came in, he was still waiting.

There was a kind of smiling softness about her that would have told Mr. Pryne something—if he had been thinking at all of Candace instead of his own grievances. But instead he began with a homily on the necessity and the beauty of fine living.

Candace was not listening to him at all. Her thoughts were with Scott—Scott who was going to New York the next day to attack the citadels of science—Scott who might almost have gone without telling her . . . without kissing her . . . if suddenly one magical moment had not fused them in the mystery of a shared emotion. . . .

Suddenly, out of her father's words, a sentence struck upon her hearing ears—

" . . . In explaining my esthetic views I have outlined the motives which have led me to take this decisive step. The fact is, Mary Forrester is doing me the honor of marrying me."

"Father!"

Candace felt a bit stunned. She scarcely knew Mary Forrester. She wondered how they would get on together—living in the same house. And then instantly it flashed through her mind that this would make everything easier about Scott.

She got up and shook hands with her father in a boyish way.

"I think it's fine. I know you'll be happy, Father. And—this is awfully funny—it just happened . . . I'm going to marry Scott Kennerly. He asked me tonight."

It was out. There could not have been a better time to tell him. Mr. Pryne's mouth opened, closed. He gulped, as if swallowing a bitter pill. "Well, well!" he said at last. "I—ah—I—hope you'll be happy."

Scott telephoned Candace as soon as he was up the next morning. At the sound of her voice the magic was renewed. All through the summer they had worked impersonally together, but now on Scott's last day the very thought of separation was heartbreak.

But there was no time for emotion. As Scott cleared the cellar laboratory for Candace, one of his experimental rats died. Half-humorously Scott took a medicine dropper and touched its nose with a mysterious compound he had invented weeks ago. The rat revived at once. Again it died. Again he restored it. Full of enthusiasm he was still bending over the rat—now permanently dead, when Candace came to call him to his forgotten luncheon.

The time was growing shorter. Scott had one more visit to make—to his old friend Docky Clough. Docky's younger brother Jule drifted in and out theorizing about his literary ambitions.

When Scott reached home Candace was waiting with her roadster. He said a difficult goodby to his mother, shook his father's hand, then they were off.

At the railway station, to Scott's amazement, Jule was waiting.

"Look here," he said. "I'm going, too. I thought you wouldn't mind."



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# WRITERS

## of Youth Taking Its First in Life and Love

*Illustrated By Henry Raleigh*

Scott smelled perfume, faint and delicate like sweet peas or mignonette. Before looking up he knew that the woman in the black velvet dress was standing at his elbow

### CHAPTER IV

IT SEEMED to Scott that he became at once an integral part of New York—he had no sense of the city's strangeness or hostility. The swift demolishing of an immense building gave him a personal pleasure as if he had helped to pull down a tower of blocks. The feverish construction of a new skyscraper—true line of steel and stone all at once magically taut among the clouds—enthralled his interest as though he had shouldered it into place. He adopted the city as his own, fierce in its defense, blind to its faults, sharing its hopes and fears. For the first time he knew that one man can love a city with the same passion another man gives to his native highlands or valleys or forests. Here were his highlands in the geometry of brick and mortar, his canyons flowing with a human river, his stars the white blaze of electricity, closer and more significant than the planets.

As he walked the streets, his face was vivid with ardor; he noticed everybody who passed, every window, every change of pale gold and mauve and gray that touched the skyline. Sometimes people returned his stare—people who for ten years had seen nothing but the back of the next man's head—and some of them thought he was crazy, and others remembered dimly a fervor for the city long ago. Unconscious of *gaucherie* he would stop to look up at the jagged line of peaks against a dove sky when the first lamps swung their amber beads into the twilight. Then passers-by would also stop to follow his gaze, placidly hoping for a new blimp or a suicide. He saw the filigree arc of Brooklyn Bridge hanging over the green water shot with arrows of orange from a round, red sun; he saw the new crescent moon rising at the end of Wall Street, black and grimly brooding. And the sun and the moon became flimsy properties of the city's stage.

At first Scott and Julian had gone to a hotel on West 44th Street, but Scott was appalled by the amount of money it cost. The quarters and half-dollars which Jule tossed casually to bell-boys and taxi-drivers seemed bold extravagance, and yet Scott found himself imitating the same carelessness. At night he painstakingly added up neat rows of figures, trying vainly to account for the sudden disappearance of a ten or twenty dollar bill. Had he lost it or had he been robbed? No, it was something in the climate of New York which dissolved currency like magic.

Jule laughed at his concern. "What's the good of thinking about money all the time?" he said. "Spend it gaily and then forget it. But never think about it."

"I have to," said Scott shortly.

"Well, look, Ken, I have only a thousand from that bond my grandmother gave me on my birthday. Of course, Dad's stopped my allowance. But I'm not worrying about it." He lay on one of the beds in his pajamas, smoking and scribbling in a notebook. "I'm going to work some more on my poem if I can only get a little inspiration."

Scott groaned. "Gosh, I didn't intend to start out in New York like this. Like a millionaire."

Julian snickered. "Millionaires! We've been absolutely penurious."

"Maybe you think so. You don't realize how it is with me. I only had two hundred dollars, and half of it is gone in just a week."

He could hardly describe to Julian the slow toil by which he had managed to come to the city. At the university he had earned his room and board with Professor McLean by doing his typing and helping in the laboratory. During the summer he ground out twenty-five dollars a week by reporting for the *Shelby Enquirer*, typed manuscripts for Miss Anna Blackmer Cottle who was publishing her own works, helped old Judge Goodenough (who could not compose a coherent sentence) write a book on divorce and marriage. But he had given his mother a hundred and twenty for repairs on the old house which had worried her for years, and by the time he bought a cheap suit and topcoat only two hundred remained for the New York adventure. He felt worried and guilty, thinking how much had been frittered away in his excitement. Coming with Julian had committed him to unavoidable extravagances.

During these seven days Scott had not looked for work, and he justified this laziness by telling himself he wanted to get the hang of things. Neither had he gone to see Oliver Kirkland. On coming to New York every man from Scott's university immediately hunted up Oliver Kirkland as a matter of course. He was a one-man employment agency, a successful mogul of advertising who cheerfully flung down lifebelts to young flounderers in the high waves.

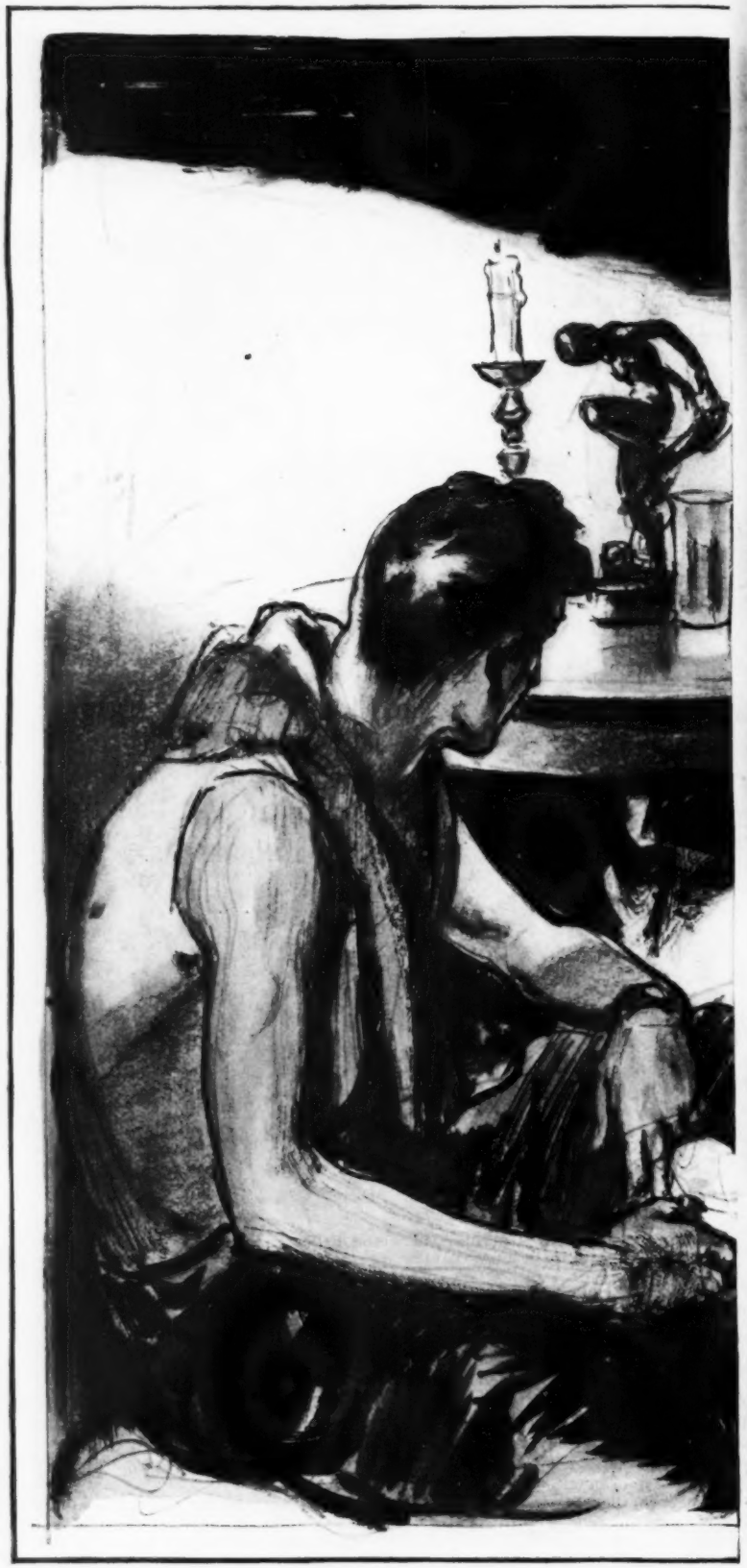
Scott had made up his mind that although he knew Kirkland well, he wouldn't see him until after the job was settled. And this decision was not so much courage as a silly pride in his own ability. He wanted to stand shoulder to shoulder with Oliver and not look up to him appealingly. On Monday morning he set out for Morse, Darnley and Black's, which he found at the corner of Hudson and Barrow, near the river. He was glad that it was old and grim, sprawling like a worn-out dragon that had fought its last fight long ago. The truck driveway was dark and cavernous, the entrance door bleared with soot and finger marks.

At the very back of the fifth floor in a small, musty office he found Mr. Adna Black. Something about his manner made Scott guess that he had been asleep on the slippery leather lounge under the window.

He was very old, perhaps eighty-five, but erect and much taller than Scott. A handsome man with curly gray hair, an eagle beak of a nose, and deep-set, remote blue eyes. He took a reading glass from his cluttered desk and bent closely over the note from Professor McLean. Then he rose and shook Scott's hand again, nodding with a thoughtful smile.

"Yes, indeed," he said. "Yes, indeed. I remember Newton McLean very well. He has a great deal of faith in your ability, it appears. He mentions your conscience, your imagination. These are difficult qualities to find nowadays. Life has changed very much since Newton and I were young—in Strasbourg together one winter."

He glanced sadly through the window that gave on a great steel skeleton where riveters were at work. He asked Scott about his chemical experience and, listening, Adna Black thrust his hand, mottled like the bark of an old tree, into a pewter bowl of pine nuts. He cracked these



"How did you happen to come to New York, Hero? Where did you
eyes brimmed with tears. "I was educated in a convent, but I

come from?" Scott asked curiously. Her chin trembled. The larkspur longed for lights and color and romance, and so I ran away," she said

quickly and steadily with strong, yellow teeth and ate the tiny meats with a quiet, fastidious enjoyment.

Scott found himself confiding his ambitions with eager fluency as if he were talking to McLean. But the old man frowned when Scott asked if he might smoke.

"I don't believe in nicotine," he said. "It's a great curse. I don't allow it used in the building."

Scott flushed and said, "I'm sorry, sir."

"Don't be sorry," Mr. Black replied, smiling gently. "I had rather you would stand up for your principles. That is something we find too little of nowadays . . . Smoke outside if you like. Only I don't wish to be annoyed by it. I have come to try to escape from all annoyances. It is the only way a man can get on when he is old."

The walls of the office were covered with cases of bright-colored stuffed birds. Mr. Black showed them to Scott, who was more and more perplexed by the interview.

"I wanted to be an ornithologist," said the old man with no immediate regret, but as one who has repeated a longing so often that only the words remain. "I wanted especially to study tropical birds, but it was impossible, you understand. My father established this house in 1845." Adna Black rambled on, reaching for the pine nuts, with his hand deep in the pewter bowl. "When I married the daughter of Fenner Darnley, his money came into the firm. From the outset we have sought to bring out better and more uniform agents for the treatment of disease. There are other companies which claim to have introduced standardization into drugs, but if I do say so myself, sir, they have all followed the lead of Darnley and Black. As to Morse—but I make no comments on Morse and his son." The ghost of a wink flickered his right eyelid. "You will have to judge their methods for yourself." He had drifted into the facile, unhampered intimacy of the old.

Suddenly he said: "I am going to put you into the assaying department of our laboratories, forty dollars a week, hours nine to five. You come and see Mr. Horvitch about it tomorrow."

Scott choked as he tried to stammer his gratitude. He wanted to rush out and write a letter to Candace, telling all about it. He could see her black eyes shining beneath the flying, Geisha-girl eyebrows. . . . Now he was shaking hands with Adna Black, who was beaming as he studied Scott's excited face. Out in the corridor he almost ran and leaped toward the elevator. He felt that his future had been made with the quick, dazzling flare of a photographer's flashlight. But, he exulted, New York is like that.

AT LAST, triumphantly, he could go to see Oliver. On his way to Kirkland's apartment in Waverly Place, he noticed in a little shop window a henna silk muffler with an unhinged yellow and blue design. The merchant was pleased with Scott's choice; he said it was a fine muffler—only $2.98—you couldn't buy as good a one for five dollars on Broadway. Standing between the two headless wax ladies wearing percale house dresses, Scott knotted the silk around his neck in Montmartre style and saw in the watery glass that he looked very like Bob Cratchitt; but he was happy in the gay colors and had no instinctive caution about clothes. (*Continued on page 145*)

YOU stood on the edge of the cornfield that rose before you like a great, whispering wood. You had never seen anything like this before. It bent and rose and bent again and threw running shadows on the warm earth beneath

# My SCOTTIE

## The Portrait of a Well-Loved Dog

## By Mazo de la Roche

*Illustrated by José Segrelles*

IT IS not easy, here in Devon, to picture the scene which was the setting for my first sight of you. Between it and me the lovely Devon landscape rises, a green and sunlit barrier. The thick, rounded clumps of trees, the hedges outlining the curious shapes of the fields, Dartmoor itself rising darkly to High Willhays—all shut me in from that far-off place. The song of the finch, the scent of the moss-rose, shut me in.

I close my eyes, put my hand across my forehead, and press my thumb and middle finger against my temples. The red, plowed fields, fields of shining barley, of silvery oats, of fine, fair wheat, are darkened. For a space I still hear the bird song, smell the sweet garden scents, then they, too, fade; and slowly, against the darkness, I find the place I am looking for.

I see the gray sky of winter, the square, stubborn house facing the gray waters of the lake into which slow snowflakes fall and disappear. The land sleeps under its covering of snow.

It is Christmas. There is a holly wreath upon the door; green club-moss and boughs of balsam are above the pictures and the square, small-paned windows. The resinous smell of the boughs, the smell of a pine knot burning, have given us a strange feeling of gaiety, made us forget the shadow that hangs over the house.

We are gathered about you, standing on your uncertain puppy legs in the middle of the room, staring up at the faces surrounding you.

You were courageous then, as always. Pathetically small and soft and round, you stared up at us who must have seemed beings of formidable proportions to you, terrifying, one would think, after the snugness of your kennel, with your brothers and sisters all about you and your mother's side looming warm and protective between you and the world. Yet you turned up your little muzzle, looked from one to another of us out of velvety dark eyes, and, when a saucer of warm milk was set before you, you plunged your nose into it nor raised it again until the last drop was gone and your eager tongue propelled the empty saucer across the floor.

After the milk you looked even rounder than before, more intrepid, your tail took on a cocky curve, again you raised your muzzle and surveyed us. Each bent toward you with an outstretched, coaxing hand, each longing to feel the baby plumpness of your body. Your nose was wet, a drop of milk hung on your chin, your eyes shone. You looked at us half timidly, half roguishly. There was no fear in you. Then, with a little kick of the hind legs that nearly sent you over, you trotted straight into the hands of the one who was to be your master. Laughing, he picked you up, laid you against the broadness of his chest, and bent his head to you. You were my Christmas present to him, the last Christmas present he was ever to get. . . .

Lizzie, the maid, predicting a night of wails, put you in your basket by the kitchen fire for the night. No one thought about you until the next morning, for you never uttered a sound. Then, as always, you were ready to accommodate yourself, make the best of things.

In the morning, when I took you from your bed, you came soft and yielding, yawning to show the whiteness of your teeth, rolling your eyes to show their brightness, romping into the set and sad life of the house.

You gave Lizzie endless trouble. Every naughty trick that puppies have you had, and it seemed that we should never get you house-broken. The furniture was shabby, and gnawings of walnut legs did not much upset us, but we were proud of our fine old rugs, and you were invariably smacked when Lizzie came running with a great cloth to sop the wet spot up. One day, when the smacking had been unusually hard, you went crestfallen into a corner and sat there for a space. And, when the next mishap came, which was all too soon, you galloped with flying ears and tail to the scullery, snatched up the cloth, dragged it with difficulty, and yet with pride in the achievement, back to the very spot of your disgrace. That time there was no smacking.

Just when we had decided that you were incorrigible, you seemed to say to yourself, "Enough of such infantile behavior," and from that time your habits were of spartan cleanliness.

How you throve that winter! Everything agreed with you, and you agreed with everything. It was great fun, you thought, to chase the big gray cat Christopher the length of the drawing room, the hall, the dining room, until at last he leaped, with glowing eyes, to his own special chair, out of your reach. Meanwhile you raged below, running about the chair legs in a convulsion of baffled barking. He was beyond your reach. You could not even climb to the top of the leather-covered footstool. You would cling to its side like a limpet, rolling your eyes in mingled hope and despair till you dropped back to the floor.

Then at last a day came when you clambered to the top and sat there, the picture of comical surprise at your own achievement.

After that came the conquest of Christopher's chair. He no longer had any refuge from you except on the shoulder of one of us or on Lizzie's lap.

I carried you to the stable and showed you the horses. You were not at all impressed by their size and tried to jump out of my arms into their mangers, sniffed at each long, velvety nose, and even when Mollie, the chestnut, drew up her lip and showed her teeth at you, you only wriggled with delight. There seemed no end to your hardihood. Ten score of hens fluttering and screaming about you, a great turkey cock circling with stiffened wings and wattles red as fire, were nothing but a joke. Your one concern was how you should chase them all at once.

It was a beautiful spring. The ice broke in the stream, and it tumbled coffee-colored, with a roaring sound, into the brightness of the lake. The lake seemed never still. It moved with small, eager waves under the sun and stars . . . The earth stirred early and sent up vigorous green shoots. And then the summer came—your first summer.

You stood on the edge of the cornfield that rose before you like a great, whispering wood. It bent under the breeze, now this way, now that, as the breeze scurried. It bent and rose and bent again and threw running shadows on the warm earth beneath. You had never seen anything like this before. You gave me a puzzled, questioning look, and I reassured you by a pat. You trotted into the corn, looking very small, broke into a run, dashed off at an angle, and were lost to sight. I called your name, whistled, but you did not answer. You were never very obedient when about important business of your own. The blackbirds, robins, and finches darted here and there above the corn as though looking for you. But you were lost in that billowy green sea.

It was night when you came out, exhausted but happy, your sides almost touching with hunger. You came out in a rowdy, headlong (*Continued on page 114*)

IN THE mountains of far-away Peru I came upon this story, in the high, barren interior of an age-old land; in Cuzco, where the ancient city lies green and cool, like an emerald dropped into a sandstone cup.

From a wrinkled old singer of *huayno* songs I had this tale of Peru's vanished splendor, one romantic facet of the diamond-hard truth of history, one shimmering bit of love and beauty in the tragic epic of a nation's conquest.

The *huayno* singer sang his songs in Quechua, the ancient language of the land. And I listened many times to his quavering voice before he would translate them for me into Spanish, or tell me the story indicated briefly by the crude simplicity of the words.

But when at last he gave me his confidence, it was like the opening of a shrunken leather bag in which sparkling jewels have been hidden. For the tale of things long passed into oblivion became real, and near, and human. When he spoke of the Inca, Atahualpa, last of the mighty sovereigns of a treasure-laden land, it seemed as if his golden litter might suddenly appear in the narrow, crooked streets of Cuzco. And when he talked of the Maiden of the Sun, there was a gentle sadness in his voice, as if she had died only yesterday.

We sat on the ruined stones of an ancient Inca fortress. Dark-faced Quechua Indians trotted by, staring curiously at us from their Mongolian-shaped eyes, behind herds of llamas loaded with wood, and droves of mountain sheep. Beneath us in the city of Cuzco we could see the buildings of massive masonry that modern skill has not reproduced, the palace of Atahualpa, and the one-time Temple of the Sun. Now it is a monastery. Its golden sanctuary, stripped and denuded, is encased in Spanish walls. But rich and glorious are the traditions of its grandeur in the days before the Conquistadores came.

The old *huayno* singer was staring at it, shielding his age-dimmed eyes from the sun.

"You ask of the song, Senorita," he said. "It was in that *edificio* yonder that its story began. There, in the Temple of the Sun, lived the virgin maidens who served the god. And so sacred were they that no man in the kingdom of Peru save the high priest and the Inca might look

# The Last of the INCAS

## *The Golden Trail Leads Southward—to Love and Hate and the Conquest of Peru*

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

*Illustrated by James E Allen*

**Suddenly the golden throne crashed amid toppling bodies—the Inca fell forward into the mêlée. Instantly Pizarro's shield made a barrier between the flying lances and arrows and the jeweled body of the fallen monarch**

upon their faces, or touch their holy garments.

"Sometimes these virgin maidens dwelt in the Inca's own palace and were his personal attendants. And there was one, the most beautiful of them all, whose beauty became a cursed thing. But for this Maiden of the Sun, we who are of Quechua blood might still be living unmolested in our land. But for the Maiden of the Sun, the Spaniards might not have conquered Peru!"

One night, long ago in the Sun God's temple, he said, this maiden dreamed of frightening things. It seemed to her that the great god Viracocha appeared to her in a cloud of white, blinding light. From behind him came the figures of men whose bodies were encased in silver; whose faces were light of color, but whose eyes were dark and cruel. They rode upon animals like the deer of the mountains, save that they were not antlered. And Viracocha, the god who made the world, said sadly,

"Thus are the ancient prophecies fulfilled!"

Then all the figures disappeared save one silver-clad figure alone. Blue were his eyes as turquoise, and he was young and smiling—not stern and hungry-eyed as the others. He, too, was mounted upon one of the strange animals that had plumy hair upon their necks and tails. Suddenly it reared upward and came so close to the maiden that she cried out aloud with terror; and crying out so, awoke.

So strange was the vision, so filled with unknown omens, that the High Priest commanded that the Maiden of the Sun be sent to the Inca, Atahualpa, who was in his favorite city of Caxamalca, many weeks of travel away. And thus it was that she was given audience with the Lord of the Land himself, and that he listened with gravity and attention to the relation of her dream.

For the great god Viracocha was white of face. Long, long ago he had left the land of Peru, promising to return again some time in the far, far future.

At the court of the Inca, the Maiden of the Sun stood trembling for the honor that was hers. Many warriors and nobles were in the long, stone-walled chamber with its golden frieze and its niches whence stared golden gods with emerald eyes.

The Lord of the Realm spoke graciously

to her. He sat on a low stool of gold spread across with exquisitely woven rugs of vicuna wool, dyed in scarlet and blue, and embroidered by the hands of the temple virgins. He wore a crimson robe embroidered with the emblem of the sun. From his shoulders hung a cape of tiny, iridescent feathers, fastened at the throat with a golden plaque upon which was graven the Sun God's image. Upon his head a turban rose up to a conical peak, fold upon fold of delicately woven cloth. In front, two feathers of the *coraquenque*, the mysterious bird of far places that was said to live forever, marked him as the ruler of the land. And, most precious of all, the *llatu*, the crimson fringe that none but the Lord of the Realm might wear, came down to the level of his dark, heavy-lidded eyes. This, the symbol of divine rulership, each Inca donned with the acquisition of his throne. Never did it leave his person save in death—or in defeat.

INTENTLY he listened as the Maiden of the Sun told of her vision. And when she had finished, he sat for awhile in deep, absorbed silence, while those about him waited humbly upon his pleasure. At last he stirred and turned his kingly countenance upon the nobles of his empire.

"Sign upon sign, wonder upon wonder! The god Viracocha hath spoken truly to this holy maiden, for the white strangers are even now in the land. My nephew hath had speech with them, through the medium of one who serves them but who is of Quechua blood. They have come from a land unknown to us and speak a language soft and pleasing. They serve one god instead of many, and the symbol of this god is carried by men who wear coarse brown garments, and whose heads are shaven in a circle.

"They beg my leave to come here to Caxamalca and have audience with me. And I know not what word to send them, for I know not whether they are men or gods."

Once more he spoke to the Maiden of the Sun, who stood with downcast eyes, and hands folded upon her breast. Her hair was long and thickly black. It molded her small head like a silken cap and hung down to her waist in a dark, glossy cloud. She was garbed in a long garment of woven vicuna, azure blue and crimson and gold. About her shoulders was folded a fringed cloak clasped with a golden plaque that bore the Sun God's image. Her tiny feet were shod in white sandals of deerskin, and there were golden bands about her slender arms and ankles.

"Think well of thy dream," he commanded her, "and tell me if the silver-clad strangers seemed to thee divine or human!"

Over the delicate cheeks of the Maiden of the Sun a crimson radiance spread. She in her innocence could not have told why the memory of one face, smiling into hers, caused her blood thus to run more swiftly. . . .

"Lord of the Realm," she faltered, "the faces of the white warriors seemed to me dark and cruel. But there was one who was surely a god—his eyes were like turquoise, and when he gazed upon me, my breath stopped, and my heart seemed to pause in its beating. And yet he, too, was terrible. For the strange animal upon which he rode all but trampled me, and I cried out aloud in terror."

The Inca sighed. His jeweled hand strayed restlessly across the shimmering folds of the vicuna draperies. "They clamored for gold," he said almost to himself, "as starving men demand food and drink. And yet—the gods, too, demand gold for their pleasure. I do not know—I do not know—"

He ceased speaking, and there was none bold enough to answer or advise him. For the word of the Inca was all-powerful. His alone was the right to command life or death.

He stirred at last, and the huge emerald on his thumb winked like the basilisk eye of a serpent. "If they are men," he said slowly, "I would not have them in my land, lest they bring disaster. But if they are gods, what is my will opposed to theirs? Therefore let the word be sent to them that *if* they come—I will receive them here. The way is long and hard; there are snowy peaks to cross and arid deserts. If they come unaided, surely it will prove them more than human.

"And thou, Maiden of the Sun, thou shalt remain here, an honored member of my household. It may be that the god Viracocha will speak to thee again. I pray that he may do so, for my heart is heavy with foreboding. I fear the coming of these mysterious beings of an unknown race—fear the fulfillment of the ancient prophecies!"

So the word went forth, across the peaks of the Andes, far down to the hot lands of the coast, that the white strangers were not to be molested in their march towards Caxamalca.

In the temples the gods were ceaselessly implored for wisdom and guidance—but the gods were stubbornly silent. Only the Maiden of the Sun dreamed again and again of the tall young warrior whose body was clad in silver, whose eyes always smiled into hers. . . .

AND they came; nearer and nearer the white strangers came. They left behind the pleasant, fertile lowlands where there was warmth and greenery. The road to Caxamalca began to climb upward along the steep slopes of the Andes, dwindled away and became but a narrow, precipitous trail, fitted for the naked feet of Indians and the cloven hoofs of llamas and mountain sheep.

Colder and colder grew the world. A wild, snow-laden wind that pierced the quilted armor of the men and bent them double before its fury as they staggered onward. The flinty rocks cut the horses' hooves like knives. The little army fought starvation and exhaustion and mountain sickness. At night they huddled tight-lipped and shivering around meager fires that would scarcely burn in the high, sparse air. In the daytime the condors kept pace with the straggling march, poising aloft on huge, black wings, scenting the nearness of death.

Well it was that no messenger could carry a tale to the Inca of white warriors who huddled sobbing in the snow and cried out that they would go no farther, not for all the gold and emeralds in the cursed country of Peru!

Then it was that Francisco Pizarro, their captain, faced them all. He had shown courage and patience in the midst of shipwreck, pestilence, and treachery, but never more than now . . . There was an inspired, almost superhuman light in his eyes.

"My comrades, I would not have any of you come farther who would rather return to the coast. Let those who go forward be all of one will. Let those who wish to do so, return to San Miguel and guard the settlement there, so that his Majesty of Spain shall not lose that which we have gained for him in blood and suffering."

He paused amid a vibrant silence. His sword scraped suddenly as he drew it from its sheath. Its point traced a line in the snow at his feet.

"Who comes with me shall cross this line!"

Only an instant's hesitation; and then, scornfully kicking the snowy line with his worn leather boot, came his brother, Hernando, black-eyed, scowling of face, but intensely loyal in all matters pertaining to the King.

"Spain goes with thy banner to make a new kingdom, and I go with it!"

By his side there came a tall young figure whose eyes were blue, and on whose lips was a smile that no hardships could erase, the young Hernan de Soto, who could not dream that one night he had smiled into the wondering eyes of the Maiden of the Sun. . . .

"And I, *Capitan!* What if we suffer! The more glory to tell about it afterward!"

Behind him, whimpering, there crawled a cringing figure decked out in Castilian velvets, but dark of face and with scraggly Indian hair. Filipillo, the interpreter, he who had commenced life as a Quechua slave on the northern coast of Peru; who had been captured by Francisco Pizarro on his first expedition to the country, and had been taken to Spain and taught the Castilian tongue.

The snow was an abomination to his blood, thinned by years of living in the hot, barren lands of the coast. But his newly gained importance was precious to him. And—he hated the young De Soto. He could not bear to admit a lesser courage than that of the smiling hidalgo of Spain.

All but nine soldiers of Spain crossed the snowy line that bound them to further perils in an unknown land. The nine went sorrowfully back, and a hundred and twenty went on. Went on to meet the Inca, with the dream of conquest in their hearts, and the smell of gold in their nostrils.

THE moon waxed and waned. And when it was but a thin, discarded plaque of pallid silver in the western skies, the white warriors came to Caxamalca.

It was just after sunrise of a golden November day that the tired, haggard line of horsemen and foot soldiers reached the hills above the ancient Peruvian city. They saw beneath them, in a little plain that was a perfect circle of greenery, the massive, stone-walled houses and thatched roofs of the Inca's northern capital. Widespreading and solidly built, the sight brought a murmur of astonishment from the men who had expected only a primitive village. (*Continued on page 168*)

AT THE sound of a woman's scream, young De Soto swiftly crossed the courtyard. His mailed hand grasped the man's wrist and wrenched him away. "Filipillo—you black dog!" he raged

Mary Pickford (third from the right) and a group of the younger stars who have found a place in the Hollywood firmament

# STAY AWAY *From* HOLLYWOOD *Advises* MARY PICKFORD

UNLESS you are a super-girl with more talent, more accomplishments, more grit, more endurance and stamina, and more resources than fall to the lot of most of Eve's daughters, stay away from Hollywood and let your dream of a motion picture career be translated into something practical in your own town. You'll be far happier.

The pretty girl with what her family and friends regard as "extraordinary talent" has about one-fiftieth of the chance to become a successful motion picture actress that she has of being a successful poet, musician, or novelist. She stands about the same chance that she does of becoming a ranking star at the Metropolitan Opera in New York.

Three years ago probably that statement would not have been true, for then the talking picture had not descended upon us. Probably this girl's opportunities for screen preferment would have been nearly as good as in several other professions open to women, but today it is doubtful if even the exceptionally talented girl of more than ordinary good looks has much more than one chance in fifty thousand of getting an opportunity in Hollywood, and certainly not more than one in a quarter-million of reaching the first ranks. It is not possible to prove this estimate; it is merely opinion, but it is drawn from experience, sober judgment, and fact.

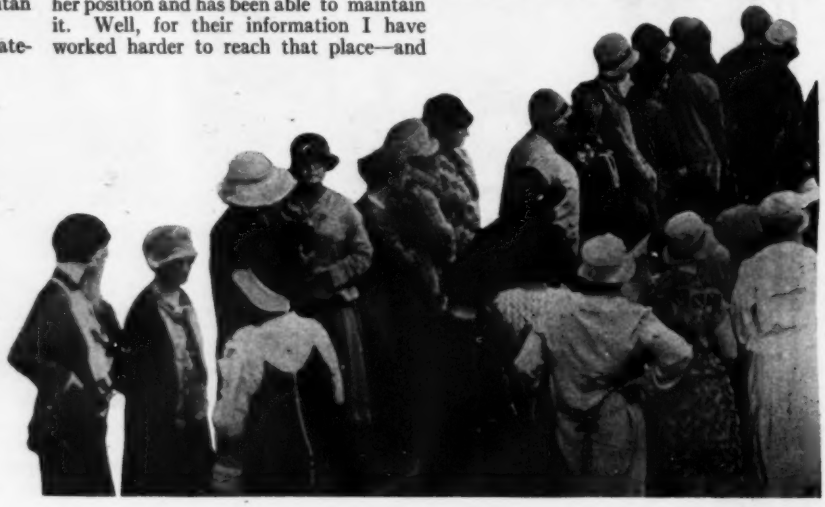
In the United States, I am told, there are between four and a half and five million girls from eighteen to twenty-three, the years which span the limits for a newcomer to the screen. I doubt if seventy-five of them are even given trials at worth-while parts in all the studios during the year. Certainly not a dozen reached the top of the ladder during 1929.

If that sounds discouraging, frankly I mean it to be, and if it will keep even a few over-confident, under-equipped, and badly advised girls from coming to Hollywood to enter the most exhausting, heart-breaking, precarious struggle in America, I shall be thankful.

No doubt the hopeful thousands will say that it is all very well for Mary Pickford to place obstacles in the way, since she has her position and has been able to maintain it. Well, for their information I have worked harder to reach that place—and hold it—than dozens of well-placed business executives. I have won nothing that I have not paid for in struggle—nerve-racking and exhaustive labor at all hours and under the most discouraging conditions.

"But what a wonderful life when you do reach the top!" has been said to me.

Perhaps. I know this: there are few professions among the arts of today that demand so much from the individual as the talking motion picture. And admitting that the rewards at the top are magnificent, none of those who have reached the upper rungs of the ladder but will look back and wonder if they would have the courage to



# Before You Pack Your Trunk, Read Why She Thinks You Should Remain at Home — As Told to

## Campbell MacCulloch

Mary Pickford speaking: "Beauty alone has little value. If you are just a pretty girl, Hollywood has a thousand or more much prettier"

"In Hollywood there is work for just over 600 players each day, and over 7000 experienced actors and actresses are here now"

go through the long, hard climb to the top again.

A few years ago the situation was different, though hard even then, but a fairly well-mannered girl with good looks, an agreeable personality, and a fair amount of native intelligence, who screened well, stood a chance. In addition she needed a few simple accomplishments, such as the ability to ride, swim, dance, and drive a car. Her destiny then depended largely on her ability to be at the right place at the right moment under the right conditions.

No one is likely to accuse me of egotism if I say that I know more than a little of motion picture requirements and conditions. From the day when I walked into the old Biograph studio on Fourteenth Street in New York with one solitary nickel in my pocketbook, until today, I have fought hard for every point I have gained. There may have been girls to whom success came easily—whose beauty and charm proved a passport to the heights—but such success as I have had cost me dearly, not alone in effort and heartaches, but in the loss of one to whom I owe everything. (*Continued on page 218*)

"What is your name?" Pir Ali asked. "I am Zainab." "And your clan?" Her answer was strange. "I have no clan"

# Achmed

## *Story of a Man Bride with*

# SWORD

"HERE," said Pir Ali, looking down upon the Valley of the Red Pilgrim that was stippled with the stone houses of his clan, "is the place for happiness and the full heart."

He laughed and added, "The place, too, for the full stomach!"

For he had not eaten since the preceding evening; had trudged all that morning through the sterile, frowning Afghan mountains northwest of the Khyber Pass, where nothing grew except dwarf-oak and laurel and stunted black pine. Now he was hungry and weary—more hungry than weary—and so he came swiftly down the crumbling basalt slope, with the walk of the hill-bred, swinging from the hips with smooth, long, side-sweeping muscles, the feet stepping delicately and heel first.

He was happy.

This land — he told himself—was his own land. So honest and fine and clean it was: crowded with warm homes and fertile, green fields, the woods stirring with beast and bird, the quick little brooks bordered with scented wild peppermint and whispering friendly gossip from rock to rock, and every door always on the latch, and the shaggy cattle roaming untethered, and always the pleasant odor of hard, russet grain and ruddy melons . . . and he home again—the Lord Allah be praised!

*Home again from what he was pleased to* call his "lawful quarrel and occupation" . . . and let none jeer at the wording, although by "lawful quarrel and occupation" Pir Ali meant that he had been to the wars as lance-sergeant in the 9th (The Duke of Connaught's Own) Indian Frontier Mounted Rifles, for the fair pay of two rupees a day, not to mention whatever loot —with the slightly embarrassed English officers coughing and looking the other way —had slipped most easily into his handsome, red breeches.

These same breeches he wore now, while the loot clanked silver and gold. Singing a jovial song it was—and he smiled broadly.

"*Wah*—" he thought—"how my tribesmen will gape and wonder and envy when I show them my riches—when I tell them tales of the many women I have loved here and there, and of the splendid fights I have fought in the service of the British!"

Not that he cared for the latter, nor owed them fealty. For he was an Afghan, a free man.

Yet Afghan, too, was he in this that strife to him was an aim and not a result, a thing worthy in itself, a proper, brave sport for a proper, brave man—until homesickness had come to him; homesickness for this valley which at any time these last four years—in the great Indian cities where he had been in garrison, and on the bloody fields of battle where he had looked death in the face nor flinched—he had thronged in his dreams with his own folk, the kindly folk.

Thus, in his stilted peasant speech, he had told his colonel, Sir Malcolm M'Gregor, when his term of enlistment had ended.

"Hereafter, *saheb*," he had declared, "it will be the mountains for me—and a

# Abdullah's

## *Who Won His*

# *The* of the LORD

*Illustrated By Jules Gotlieb*

"I am Pir Ali," he said. "You know my name? My fame is wide-blown through these hills"

*blithe, hearty girl of my clan to bear me strong sons and cook me fine food."*

The colonel had been sorry to see him go.

"Re-enlist," he had advised in fluent Afghan, though with a heavy Scotch burr, "and—I promise you—before the year is over you will be a commissioned officer with gold braid on your tunic."

"No, no, *saheb!*" The other had shaken his head. "Give me the gold in the evening sky in my own land! Allah—I must go to the Valley of the Red Pilgrim! I must go there and roister with the merry, laughing men of the north—and kiss the women of the north."

"I have been told, Sergeant Ali, that the south, too, has its share of women."

"Not such women as ours! Ours sat on top of the heap when beauty was to be had for the asking."

Sir Malcolm had smiled. "But," he had suggested, "I have heard about a Hindu girl whom you . . ."

"Oh, yes!" Pir Ali had shrugged his shoulders. "A Hindu girl not uncomely—with a mouth like red rowan berries and the stars in her eyes. And a clever hand she has with curry and spices and stuffed mutton—and the sweet name of her is Lakshmi! And yet," cavalierly, "I must go away from here. Nor can I take her with me, she being an unbeliever whose gods are a monkey and a flower."

He had stepped to the door and saluted; had added, "Peace on you, *saheb!*"

"And on you, Sergeant Ali! And if ever you return remember the old regiment—good old regiment! It needs men like you."

"I shall never return, *saheb.*"

He had gone to Lakshmi's house. Straight out he had told her that he was off into the north.

"For a visit?" she had demanded.

"No. To stay."

"Oh!"

"To marry a girl—of my clan."

"You might marry me!"

"How can I? You are an unbeliever."

Lakshmi had trembled, and her voice had been like the voice of one who feels sharp steel pricking her throat. "You—" she had stammered—"you love me no longer?"

"I love home more."

"Go then—if you must!" She had stared at him. "Love is blind," she had whispered; and without the slightest irony, "I love *you!*"

For a second he had been conscious of remorse, of a strange, welling tenderness. But quickly he had brushed the feeling aside. He had crossed to the threshold.

She had run after him; had kissed him.

"May you find the happiness of your seeking, O my lord!" she had exclaimed.

So Pir Ali had left India, and now, so near his home, he quickened his pace.

He sniffed the air, cooled by the wailing, northern thunder; he gave a throaty shout of sheer joy as, above the tree tops, he saw the smoke plumes from many hearths rise up to the tight, blue sky; and he strode along eagerly—tall and lean, eagle-beaked, most gorgeously black-bearded, with a wide, generous mouth more ready to spread than to tighten, and, across the chasm of fearless, brown eyes, an unbroken ebony line where the brows joined, as is the habit with those of a headlong, stubborn tendency to leap the fences of their own careless building.

Rough? Yes. A man not without a baker's dozen of coarse iniquities. Not precisely a safe customer to meet on a dark road and a dark night. Indeed over-quick to help himself to plunder. Over-quick to smell insult, real or fancied. Over-quick to lash out with fist and slash out with dagger. Over-quick to kiss lips not meant for him at all.

But such is ever the way of the hill-blood. Such, too, the common understanding among us Afghans. And so we do not mind.

HE was turning the trail that led to his village when he heard a rustling of leaves, a snapping of dry stalks, a herder's high-pitched yell: *"Wah-hoo! Y'ellah! Wah-hoo!,"* and out of a rhododendron thicket, driving a flock of goats with pointed thorn stick, came a young girl.

Brown-haired, gray-eyed, in peasant's dun-colored homespun and thick-soled boots, staunch of body and with the promise, some day, of hale motherhood . . . not bad-looking, you would have said and passed on. Nor would you have craned your neck for a second glimpse. But Pir Ali saw more in her than the telling of the words. Lovely he thought her—perhaps because, these last four years, he had known only alien women.

He wondered who she might be. He would have recognized her, in spite of the time that had passed, had she belonged to his tribe; and there were no other tribes near here for her to be herding her goats at the entrance to the Valley of the Red Pilgrim.

So he bowed to her and asked,

"What is your name?"

"I am Zainab."

"And your father's name — your mother's?"

"What matter? My parents are dead."

"May the earth be light to them! May they enjoy the delights of Paradise!" he mumbled decently; and went on, "Which is your clan?"

Her answer was strange, "I have no clan."

Again he wondered; decided, finally, he did not care who she was. She was lovely—that was enough for him—and he said,

"I am Pir Ali."

"The one who has been to the foreign wars?"

"The same. You know my name?"

"I have heard of you."

"Naturally!" was his negligent comment. "My fame is wide-blown throughout these hills."

"Your fame—" she smiled—"and—other things . . ."

"Eh?"

"Your rowdiness—your lawlessness—and ever your sword at the wielding."

He blushed a little—not for shame, but because he felt pleasantly flattered. "Who told you all that?" he asked.

"Your mother. Do you deny the truth of it?"

"Why should I? Am I not the brisk, hearty man? But I wager my mother never told you that I am also a fool!"

"A fool?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I have been storming through the far lands, with steel in fist, hunting for treasure—while here at home is the greatest treasure on earth."

"Your mother?"

"No—though she is dear to me. I mean—another woman."

"Who?"

"Yourself, O bird-song-at-the-lip!" And he added—and, being that sort of man, he believed the words as he spoke them—"I love you!"

Zainab laughed frankly, gaily. "You do not know me," she replied.

"I shall learn you—and you shall learn me, from boot to bonnet. And—another thing!"

"What?"

"Your mouth—tell me—is it soft?"

"I believe so."

"Let me find out for myself!"

He advanced a step, and she receded.

"Allah!" she exclaimed. "You seem an old hand, a shrewd hand, at this business of making love."

"I am," he admitted carelessly. "I have fallen in love a dozen times."

"Only a dozen times?" she mocked.

"Perhaps more. Yet each time I cheated myself. But I shall cheat myself no longer."

"How do you know?"

"Because you are the one woman in the world for me."

"Come on! Come on! The world is full of choice women!"

"Which is no news to me. Only—you are the pick of them all. You are meant for me, as ripe wheat for the swing of the scythe. *Hai-yai*—I came home to get me a wife—and I find her on the very threshold."

"It takes two to marry," she said.

"Yourself and me!"

She shook her head. "No!"

"Yes, O gold-in-my-soul!"

"But—suppose I told you I love another!"

"I would not believe it—for the sake of the other lad's throat."

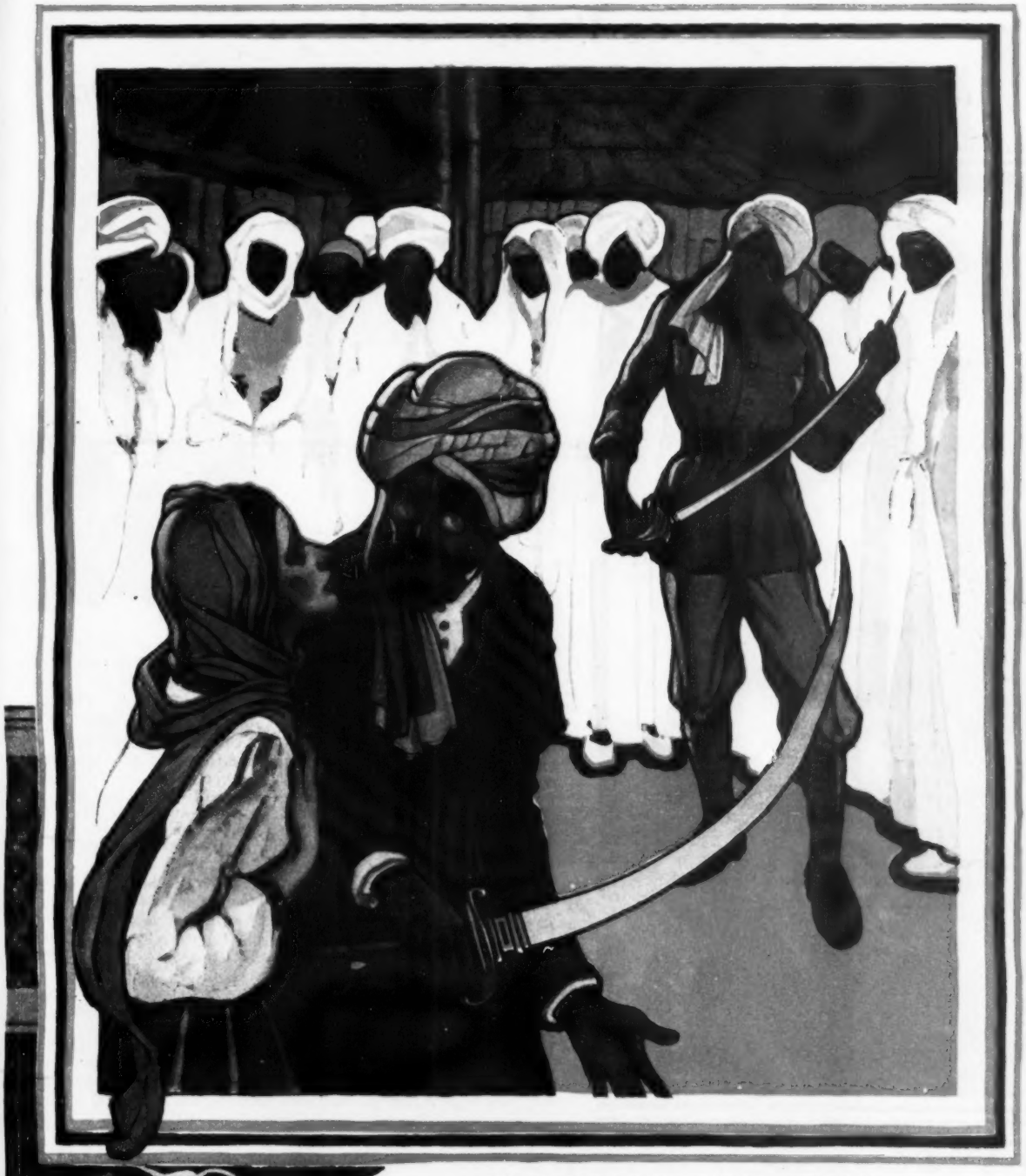
He was about to take her in his arms when suddenly her good-humor vanished, and she struck him across the face with her thorn stick.

He laughed. *"Wah!"*—he shouted as she ran away, followed by her goats—"I love you the more because of your savagery!"

THAT night, having eaten his fill, Pir Ali listened to Ayesha, his widowed mother, telling him that—yes—it was proper that he should choose a wife. In fact, she had already looked about here and there, and she lauded the beauty and lineage, the virtue and wealth, of many a marriageable maiden.

There was Girtha, the daughter of the prosperous grain merchant; Dahgreynia,

**Since gossip in the hills travels swiftly, the graybeards, squatted on their pillows, had already heard that Pir Ali was insisting upon his traditional right to make the girl his chattel**



"No, no! I can not let you do it!" she entreated. "Have you so little faith?" was the priest's stern rejoinder. "Faith in the Lord? Yes. But—" "No faith in me? Ah—the more reason why I must fight!"

the millwright's youngest child; and Anwytha whose family claimed haughty descent from the Prophet Mohammed himself. And what about Furha and Githera, Seba and Hamdy? What about Sumayeh—not to forget el-Lejima of the copper-red hair?

All she praised vociferously and extravagantly, but at the mention of each name Pir Ali shook his head.

This one was too fat, he objected, and that one too lean; this one too proud and that one too meek; this one he remembered as a glutton and that one as a nag—until at last Ayesha lost her patience. Standing up on her toes a little—for she was so small and he so tall—she reached up and soundly boxed his ears.

"*Aywah, aywah*—the conceit of you!" she cried. "Is there in all our fine village nobody good enough for you, O creature with pig's ears?"

Pir Ali laughed. "I have already decided," he said, "who will be the mother of my sons."

"Eh? *You* have decided? Without consulting *me*? Ah, the manners of this day and age!"

"Did you ask *your* mother's permission when you fell in love with my late father?"

A slow smile curled Ayesha's lips, giving to her wrinkled (*Continued on page 291*)

# Frances Parkinson Keyes

## *Ends Her South American Journey in Ecuador, Which She Calls*

# EQUATOR LAND

**The churches of Quito exceed in beauty of architecture and adornment any on this hemisphere. San Augustine, with its traditional cloisters and cross, is one**

DEAR EDNA:

I am sure you remember with pleasure the Minister of Ecuador and Señora Elizalde, who were in Washington when you and I first went there; and you may be sure they have the most agreeable memories of you, for when I met them last fall in Buenos Ayres—Dr. Elizalde's present diplomatic post—they immediately inquired after you with eager interest. I gave them all the news I could about you and other mutual friends; and then they asked about my own plans and inquired whether I had arranged to include a visit to Ecuador in my itinerary. I admitted that I had not; but I had not discussed the question with them for fifteen minutes before I was convinced that I had made a mistake which must be rectified.

This conviction grew with passing months, for every one I met who had been to Ecuador seemed enchanted with it; and this favorable opinion was the same whether the persons expressing it had made a fleeting visit there or had remained for several years. I had no reason to suppose that I would not find it equally delightful, and consequently when John and I sailed away from Peru a month ago, past the ancient fort of San Felipe at Callao where the flag of Spain last floated on the western hemisphere, it was not on one of the big express boats which would carry us directly to the Panama Canal, but on a small freighter bound for the country that takes its name from the equatorial line which bisects it.

The voyage was a pleasant one. The air was mild and hazy, and through the mist a low, blue coast-range was visible, for we were never far from shore. After we first left Callao the translucent water was russet-tinged with the myriads of luge, amber-colored jelly-fish which floated through it; and when we ceased to see these great, glutinous, fringed disks, the ocean was still peopled with playful porpoises and gleaming, malignant sharks. The contemplation of all these extraordinary creatures of the deep proved so absorbing that we were glad we had no duties or diversions to distract our attention from them, and almost sorry when we entered the wide, turgid Guayas River—strangely reminiscent of the stream which flows from Canton down to the sea—and we realized that our indolent cruise was almost over.

Guayaquil, the principal port of Ecuador, lies some thirty miles from the mouth of the river, in the valley of the Guayas, "The Vale of Lamentations," where the Spaniards suffered a signal defeat in the early days of colonization. Perhaps it was this misfortune that first gave this settlement a dismal reputation, and the subsequent prevalence of yellow fever strengthened the conviction among foreigners that Guayaquil was a plague-spot to be avoided if possible. As there has not been a single case of the dread disease there in more than twelve years now—thanks to the splendid work which the Rockefeller Foundation, co-operating with the local health authorities, has done!—and since no other epidemics are general, this opinion is no longer justified; and it is to be hoped that the unreasonable fear of illness—which in some persons seems to attain the proportions of a mania—that has kept many travelers away from one of the most beautiful countries in the world, will be superseded by a more sane and intelligent viewpoint and a more accurate knowledge of the actual situation.

The waterfront of Guayaquil is adorned with two superb new structures with long arcades, high columns, and graceful arches—the Municipal Building and the Government Building; and though aside from these there is nothing particularly imposing about the Maleçon, it is broad, well paved, and well planted. Above the commercial establishments which border it are large, airy housekeeping apartments, in which most of the "best society," both foreign and native, resides, as there are few separate dwellings and no other streets so pleasant as this one. But many of these apartments are extremely attractive, and the imminent opening of a new and up-to-date hotel should make a sojourn in the city for passers-through as pleasant as it is for more permanant inhabitants.

We found the brief time that we were in Guayaquil agreeably occupied. We had—so to speak—pursued the British cruiser

Photograph by J. P. Keyes

With its startling contrasts, great natural beauty, and quaint customs, Ecuador is one of the most attractive tourist countries anywhere in the world

*Despatch* up the coast; and almost immediately after our arrival, we went to a festive reception given aboard ship, and later in the evening, after a dinner at the American Consulate, watched her as she lay gaily lighted with festoons of tiny, sparkling globes from stem to stern. We took tea with the Director of Customs and Mrs. Roddy, and tasted for the first time ice-cream made from *naranjillas*—a delicacy which I can not too highly commend. We lunched with Señora de Stagg, Dr. Elizalde's beautiful sister, and her husband, an extremely interesting and charming gentleman of the old school, and saw some of their treasured and priceless heirlooms. And all too soon the day came when we had to leave and, ferrying across the river at Durán, take the train which left early in the morning—after the manner of all South American trains—for Riobamba.

It is not an easy trip. Nevertheless the journey is one of the most interesting in the world. Regarded simply from the point of view of engineering, it is extraordinary: after crossing about fifty miles of delta, the line ascends, in the next fifty miles, over ten thousand feet, and the double zigzag of the so-called "Devil's Nose," which includes a V switchback, affords a thrill even to the most jaded traveler. The trip offers not only the opportunity of seeing this triumph of constructive mechanical skill, but of beholding greater natural physical contrasts than are to be found in any other excursion of equal length. The fields of sugar-cane on the lowlands which are first traversed emerge, almost without warning, into tropical forests, while above and beyond these lie some of the highest snow-capped mountains in the Andean range. The weather, steamingly hot upon leaving Guayaquil, moderates perceptibly before Huigra—the stopping place for lunch—is reached; and by the time the valiant little engine puffs wearily into Riobamba at seven in the evening, the passengers have all wrapped themselves in their topcoats and descend, stiff and shivering, into the chilly, damp night air.

The houses which border the steep and narrow streets of Quito give little indication of their size or splendor

There are no night trains running in Ecuador, but it is possible to continue (*Continued on page 257*)

# PETER B. KYNE

## Cappy Ricks, *into the Jurbulent*

# SOFT

ON A certain spring morning Cappy Ricks, president emeritus of the Ricks Logging & Lumbering Company and the Blue Star Navigation Company, in the process of justifying his existence and playing hookey from the graveyard, sat glumly in his office, where his services were not in the least required.

"It's terrible," he was thinking plaintively, with his chin sunk on his breast, "to have to grow old and liverish and finally get so feeble one has to sit back from the game."

Then he heard the door open and, looking up, saw Captain Matt Peasley, his huge son-in-law, grinning at him.

"Good-morning—and snap out of the depths, Cappy! If you are as alive as you used to be, there's a nice piece of money waiting for the Blue Star Navigation Company in our office this minute. Will you grab it off for us?"

Cappy sat up like a jack-in-the-box. "Delicate deal?" he queried with hopeful wistfulness.

"Maybe. A motion-picture producer wants to charter one of our old windjammers to shoot some sea stuff."

"They're usually rather soft picking," Cappy murmured pleasurably.

Within the minute Matt had ushered in a young man who laid upon Cappy's desk a card which read:

H. Hetherington O'Neill
O'Neill Productions
Excelsior Cinema Corporation,
Hollywood, California.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Ricks, I'm sure," said the young man, and grasped and shook enthusiastically a hand which Cappy had not extended to him.

"Hu-m-m!" Cappy answered. "How d'ye do."

He looked Mr. O'Neill over with naive curiosity, for the director merited it. He wore a brown checked golf suit, extraordinarily loud checked socks of myriad hues, and a sweater to match. His shoes, of dark-brown lizard-skin uppers and bright tan vamps, constituted a wonder and a glory. He sported a smart, little, waxed mustache, and his hair was roached backward and held in place by some sort of lubricant. He was close-shaved and freshly manicured. To the observant Cappy, Mr. O'Neill appeared to be suffering from youth.

"What I'll do to this advertisement for things collegiate will be a shame and a disgrace," Cappy reflected, but his voice did not betray his thoughts as he said, "Well, Mr. O'Neill, what can we do for you this bright spring morning?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," Mr. O'Neill replied smilingly, "but of one thing I can assure you. It won't be for very much. I've been up and down Rotten Row for two days, and every shipowner I've talked to has jumped to the conclusion I'm a sap and can be harpooned like a fish in a dry creek bed."

"Some men are not very good judges of human nature, Mr. O'Neill," Cappy countered graciously. "We in this shop have a congenital

**"Stop this ship!" the Cappy lifted a hand for announced, "you are romantic South Seas, ing of the ship can pre-**

*Jakes His Best-Loved Character,*

*Seas of the Movies Where Everything is*

# PICKING

yearning for a little profit on everything we tackle, and if we can't make a reasonable profit by delivering the goods, we leave them right where they are. What's on your mind, son?"

"I want to rent your full-rigged old clipper ship, *Starlight*, with a full crew to handle her and meals aboard for my people—who will number fifteen. What will that cost me?"

Cappy clawed his whiskers meditatively. Plainly he had underestimated this young man.

"Must you have a square-rigger?" Cappy asked.

"Absolutely, sir."

"Sure a schooner or a barkentine wouldn't do as well?"

"Impossible."

Cappy took heart of hope. He remembered the *Starlight* was the only ship of her rig on the Coast; hence, as the proprietor of a monopoly, he decided instantly to drive a hard bargain. He pretended to do some figuring; he scratched his head, looked thoughtfully out the window, and finally said,

"A thousand dollars a day."

"You're a murderer," O'Neill informed him kindly. "I want to charter your nautical ruin, not purchase her."

Cappy smiled. "She's the only ship of her kind available, my boy."

"I had an idea you'd be like all the others," O'Neill complained. "Guess I'll have to change the script and use a schooner or a barkentine after all."

"For heaven's sake, don't!" Cappy pleaded. "Why, I wouldn't think of putting you to the expense and annoyance of changing your script. We'll make the terms right. When will you want the *Starlight*?"

"To-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

"Help! Murder! You're too fast. Why, we'll have to drydock the old girl. She has whiskers on her keel as long as the hopes of the Democratic party."

"Never mind them. We do not photograph the whiskers, Mr. Ricks."

"But she can't sail a mile an hour with that foul bottom."

"She doesn't have to. Her sails will fill if we get a breeze, and that's all I want. Will the *Starlight* be ready tomorrow at nine?"

"You're fast on your feet, but I'm faster. She'll be ready."

"Thanks. I'll be in at two this afternoon to sign the contract."

"Not much. You'll stay right here until I've had it prepared, and then you'll sign it."

"But I've got to order my people up from Hollywood. They'll have to take the six o'clock train from the south to-night, which will bring them to Oakland at eight o'clock tomorrow morning. We'll go aboard in the estuary and tow out at once."

"There's a telephone. Phone your orders," Cappy commanded.

He summoned Miss Martin, his secretary, advised her of the details of the deal he had just consummated, and bade her prepare the papers.

company of actors cried. silence. "Listen," he outward bound for the and nothing but the sink- vent your landing there"

*Illustrated*
*By*
*W.E.Heitland*

When O'Neill had finished talking to Hollywood, Cappy gave him a good cigar, cocked one skinny old leg up over the arm of his chair, and prepared to pump the young man free of all available information about an industry that will never cease to be of interest to those who know nothing about it.

"If it's a fair question," said Cappy presently, "what salary do you earn as a director?"

"It's no secret. My people advertise it as four thousand, but just between us business men it's only twenty-five hundred."

"A year?"

"A week."

"Holy Pink-toed Prophet! You don't mean it."

"I do. And if I have any luck with this picture and the expense doesn't run up too high, my share of the profits will be about $75,000 a year."

"I fear," said Cappy drearily, "that I got off in life to a wrong start. I've been sixty years accumulating my wad."

"But you've accumulated it! Huge incomes are common in the motion picture industry, Mr. Ricks, but huge fortunes are not. Easy come, easy go. A star or a director will accumulate a fortune, then go into the picture business on his own and lose it all. Then the other fellows laugh at him and stamp on him, and he disappears like an old sick cat and is heard from no more."

"I hope you save your money, young man," Cappy ventured paternally.

"I expect to. I haven't been in the big money long enough to have saved much, but I'm not exactly a pauper. In this business we're more or less children of the skyrocket, you know."

"But you must be making a great deal of money for the Excelsior Cinema Corporation."

"Yes, indeed. They'll clean up a couple of millions on me this year. Then, next year, they're liable to hand me some rotten stories to do, the pictures will be flops, and the two millions will disappear."

"But why furnish you with rotten stories, Mr. O'Neill? Can't anybody tell a rotten story when they read it?"

"Alas, no, Mr. Ricks. And good stories are pathetically few and far between and cost a lot of money."

"How much, for instance?"

"Well, a play that has made a mediocre success in New York will cost about a hundred thousand dollars, and a best-seller novel may cost more."

"The horse-thieves! I had no idea authors had that much business sense."

"This is the last picture under my contract with the Excelsior people," Mr. O'Neill continued dreamily. "The first picture has just been released and is doing fully as well as we expected. The second picture is in the cutting room, and the one I am on now is half shot. If I had the money coming to me out of the profits of the three, I wouldn't renew my contract. No, sir! I'd get a top-hole release and hop into the game for myself." He gazed sadly at Cappy. "There's a book on the market called 'Love's Old Song,' and the author wants seventy-five thousand dollars for the picture rights. Nobody in this business is educated to the point where he can bring himself to believing that any author is worth that, so they're dickering with the man instead of closing. The result is he's got bored and gone to Europe to write another novel, and nobody knows where he is. Mr. Ricks, if I owned that novel, I'd make a picture with a crackerjack but not too expensive cast and knock their eyes out! I'd make it a super-special and road-show it for a year before putting it into the regular picture houses, and I'd clean up a cool two million so easy it's a shame to talk about it out loud."

"How do you know you could?"

"Because I know my business, sir. Listen, Mr. Ricks. The critics are hounding the producers to make better, more artistic, more true-to-life pictures. Producers take these critics seriously from time to time and strive to please them. The result is bankruptcy. In providing entertainment a wise producer will cater to mass production, which means the

**In the middle of her first scene winked at him. "Don't mind**

**Miss Barrington fainted. Cappy was genuinely concerned, but O'Neill her, Mr. Ricks," he warned. "She's merely starting her dirty work"**

common people, not the intellectuals."

"Intellectual people—the kind of intellectuals you refer to—make me ill," Cappy complained. "They lack horse sense. Is the author of 'Love's Old Song' an intellectual?"

"I imagine he is not. His copy is so simple, so clean, a school-girl could read it."

Cappy rang for Miss Martin. "Run down to the Ferry newsstand and get me a copy of 'Love's Old Song.' It's a novel." he ordered.

"Oh, Mr. Ricks," Miss Martin gushed, "I'm so glad you're going to read that book. It's simply divine."

T. Hetherington O'Neill and Cappy exchanged glances.

"What did I tell you?" queried O'Neill.

"Miss Martin's a clever, smart girl," Cappy defended. "If that book was trash, she wouldn't rave over it. It must have merit."

"Merit? It oozes merit. A sweet, old-fashioned love story with lots of drama. Full of laughter and tears, suspense and menace, happy ending, action from start to finish. It's fool-proof—provided it doesn't fall into the hands of fools. Oh, sweet mama! Wouldn't I love to do that story!"

"What would the production cost you, young man?"

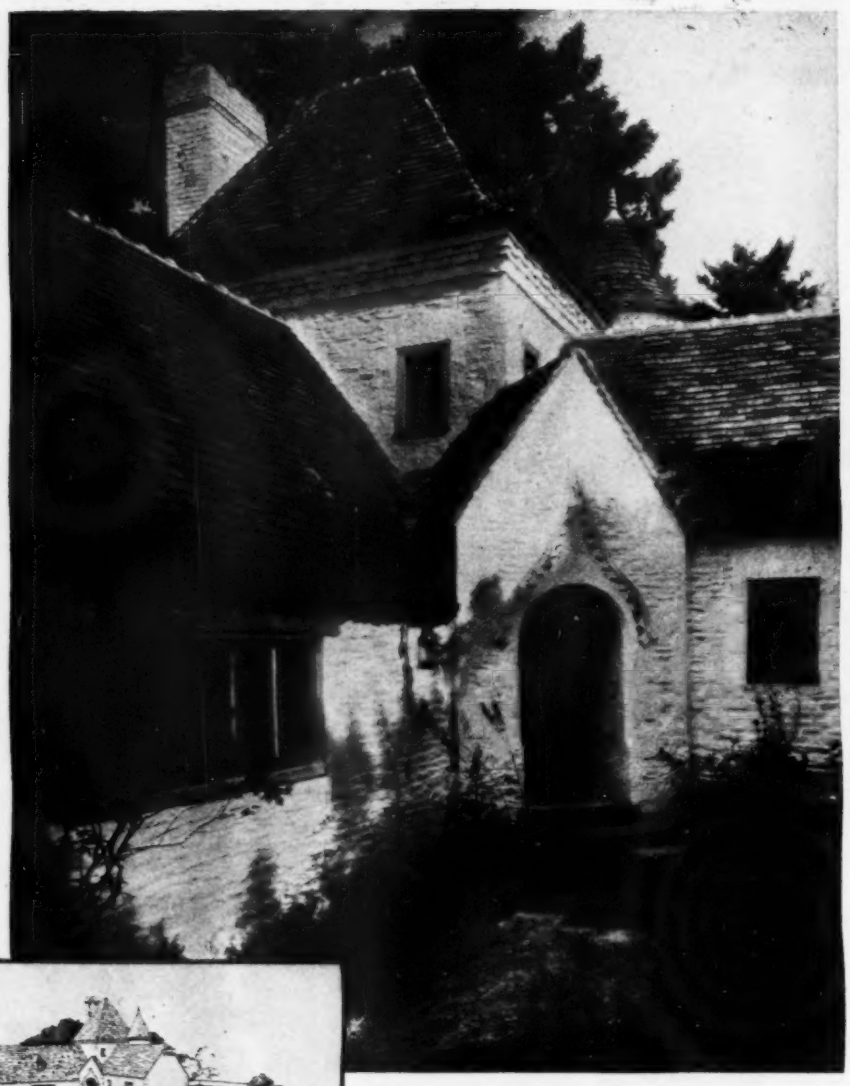
"About two hundred thousand dollars would be the negative cost—and we'd get that back from the distributor immediately upon delivery of the negative—"

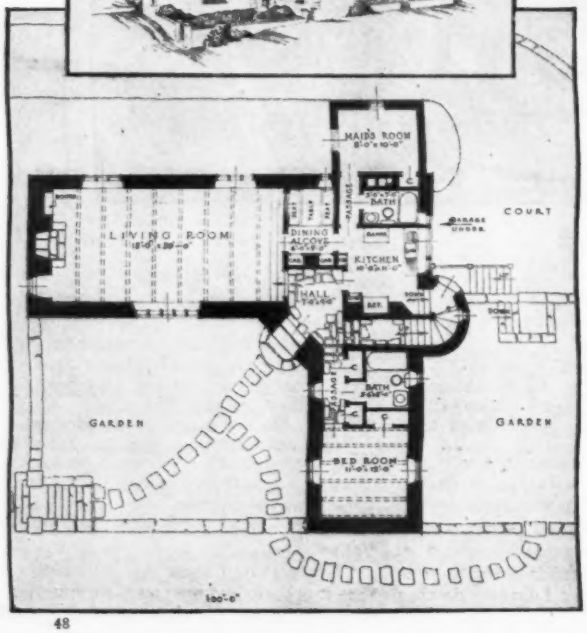
"Do they gamble like that?" Cappy queried. He was inexpressibly shocked.

"This wouldn't be a gamble. It would be a mortal cinch. We could make the picture and have our money back in four months at the outside."

"Where do you get this 'we' stuff?" Cappy piped.

"Why—I don't know, Mr. Ricks, except that it occurred to me you were questioning me because (*Continued on page 303*)






# Good Housekeeping Studio of Architecture & Furnishings

*Helen Koues, Director*

*Dwight James Baum, A.I.A.*
*Consultant Architect*

*Associate Architects*

*Henry Ives Cobb, Jr., A.I.A.* — *New York*
*Myron Hunt, F.A.I.A.* — *Los Angeles*
*C. Herrick Hammond, F.A.I.A.* — *Chicago*

**Frank J. Forster, A.I.A., who has twice received the silver medal awarded by the Architectural League of New York for his outstanding work, designed this attractive small house in the Norman style. The plan shows comfort in arrangement, the garage being under the kitchen wing. Cubic contents: 27,700 feet; approximate cost, $22,160.**

# A Small Country House Of the Norman Type

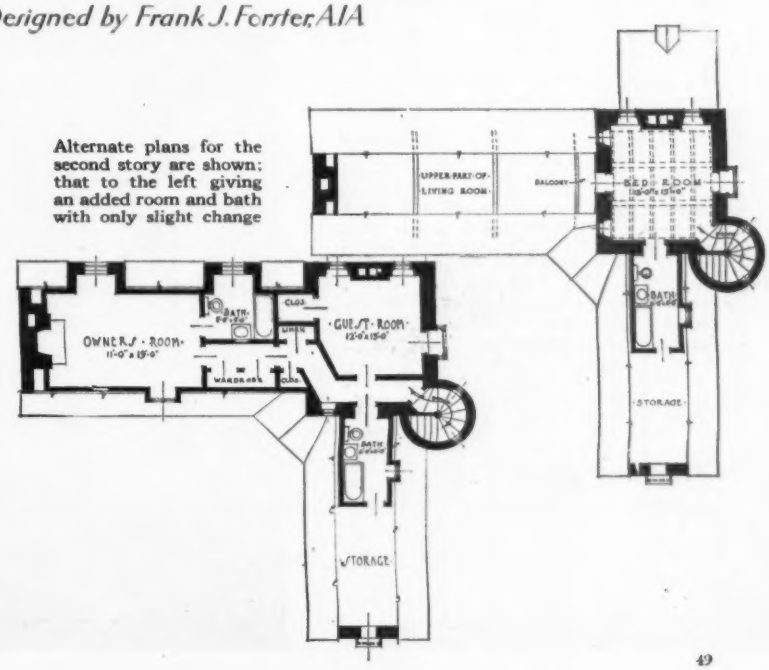
*Designed by Frank J. Forster, AIA*

THE question often arises as to why we Americans should build houses in the type of another country, when we have our charming Georgian Colonial as a national tradition. The answer, as we see it, like the answer to so many questions, is one of *taste* and *suitability*. Taste of the owner and suitability to his needs of living, and to the land on which the house is to be placed.

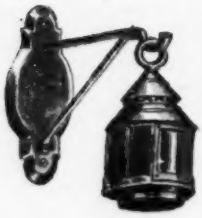
As a matter of fact America and provincial France have much in common in three vital elements of building—materials, climatic conditions, and the lay of the land—and if the small manor houses or farm homesteads of Normandy and Picardy appeal to us as charming for our small country houses, why not adapt them to our needs?

Many of our younger architects became familiar with the type during the war and quickly appreciated not only its charm but also its appropriateness to our own countryside, so that in the past ten years there have been a better understanding and a growing interest in this attractive type.

The house illustrated, designed by Frank



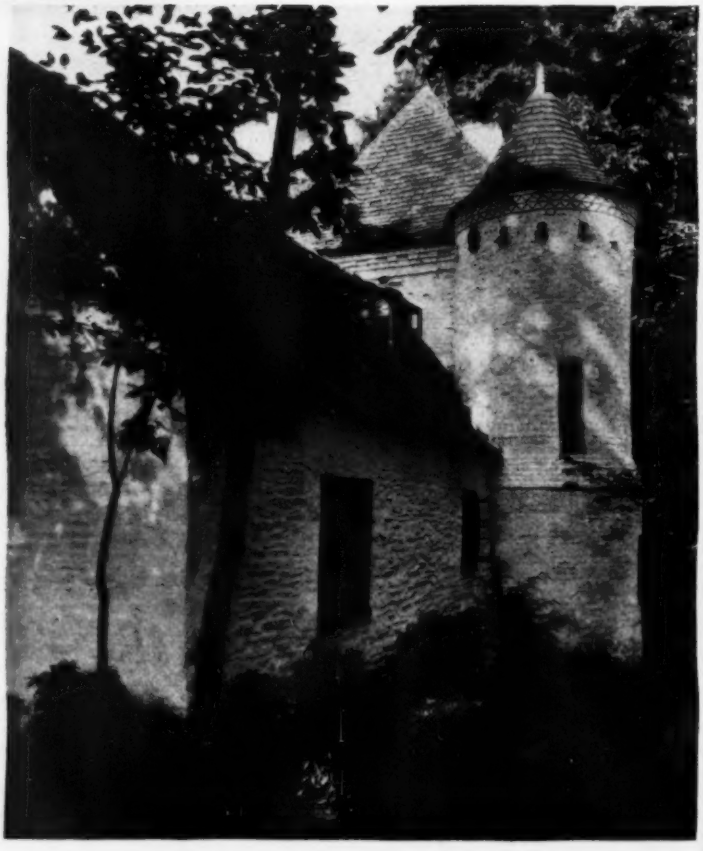

Alternate plans for the second story are shown; that to the left giving an added room and bath with only slight change



J. Forster for James H. Bailey at New Canaan, Connecticut, is a happy example, and one among many that have made Mr. Forster's work outstanding. Although many of these houses are small, with comparatively few rooms, their picturesque roof line and rambling layout give an impression of size. This is especially true of the house here illustrated.

To begin with, it is most attractively placed at the top of a small knoll with a drop in the ground at the back which permits a garage under the kitchen wing (see plan). This was a matter of circumstance. The house could as well be built on a level piece of ground with the garage placed elsewhere. The house is approached on its picturesque wooded side by a rambling walk of broken flagging, from the motor drive through a gateway set in the wall, up a flight of stone steps to the entrance. This wall is a part of the architectural charm of the house and also gives a delightful sense of privacy.

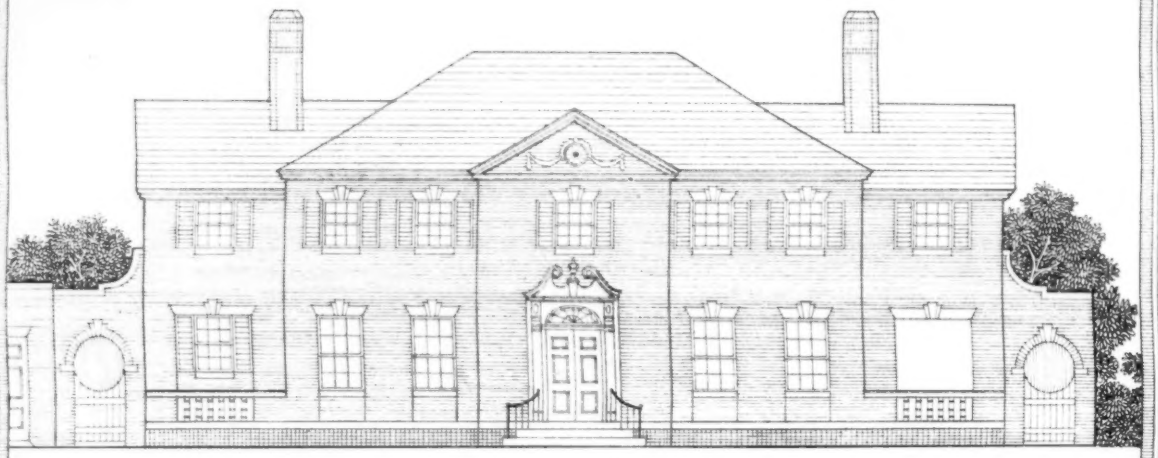
The house is of stone and brick painted with two coats of whitewash, giving an added interest



The simple plaster walls, beamed ceilings, interesting doorways, and casement windows are all shown in the interior views on these pages, as well as the type of hardware which is used. The texture of the stone and brick work, the cornice below the roof line, and the almost medieval feeling of the stair tower are characteristic of the Norman French type of architecture. The view on the opposite page shows the skill and charm with which the house is placed on the ground. The building material used in this house: long, thin local stone laid in random courses; common brick and clinkers, old oak with adzed surfaces for exterior and interior timber; wide oak planks and strip oak for floors; tinted cement plaster for interior walls; whitewash for exterior walls; "Plymouth Tile" for roof, Heinz Roofing Tile Co.; heating, Warm Air System; heating and ventilating, Andes Range and Furnace Co.; plumbing fixtures, Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Co.; incinerator, The Kerner Co.; fireplace dampers, H. W. Covert Co., Linoleum tile floor, David E. Kennedy Co.; medicine cabinets and fittings, Hoegger, Inc.; hardware, Ralph C. Bullard; exterior woodwork finish, Ligni Salvor Oak Stain; interior woodwork finish, Pratt & Lamberts No. 59 Walnut Stain; 16 oz. copper flashing throughout the house

to the texture as well as a chance for the play of light and shade from the surrounding trees. Long, thin local stone laid in random courses, and common lamy brick and clinkers are used. The main entrance, though simple, is distinctive, with a slight touch of French Gothic feeling in the treatment of the doorway. The exterior timber is of old oak hand-adzed, slightly stained. The roof is of shingled tile, copying in both color and texture the roofs of the old houses in France. The casement windows are of wood painted gray-green, forming an interesting color note against the oak-stained frames and window trim.

The arrangement of the house is not usual, but it is one of comfort for a small family. The left wing is a large living room, 18′ x 30′, a story and a half high, with a fireplace at one end and windows on three sides, giving real size and scale. Opening from this is a dining alcove equipped with closets for china and linen. The kitchen is back of it, with a recess for a refrigerator. The usual dining room and pantry were omitted to make one large room and give a (*Continued on page 300*)

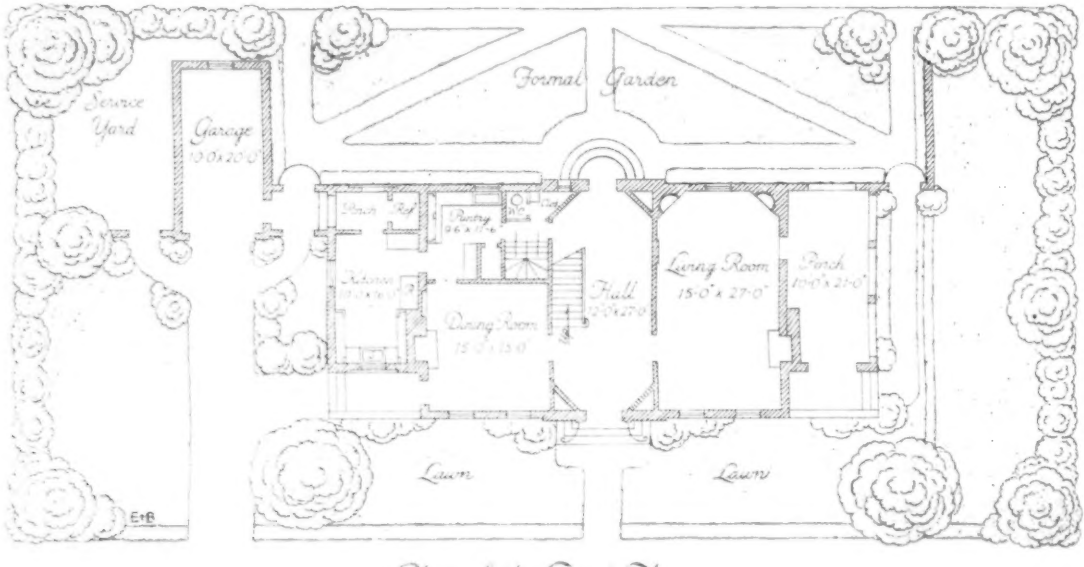


*The Front Elevation*

*A Country Residence in the Manner of the Early 19th Century Designed for*

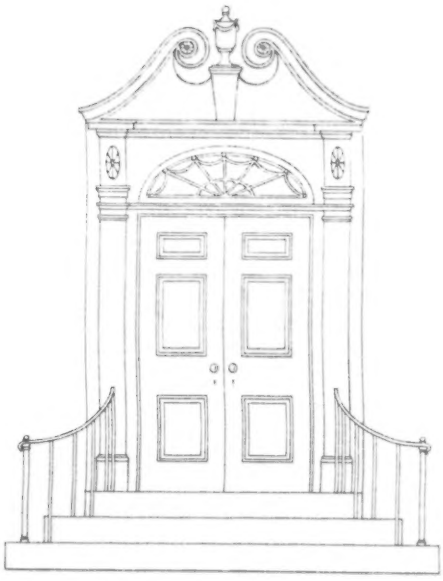
# GOOD HOUSEKEEPING STUDIO

*By Henry Ives Cobb Jr., Architect*




*Plan of the First Floor*

Dignity and classical simplicity mark this Georgian doorway. Below is the floor plan of the second floor, showing the convenient arrangement of bedrooms, dressing rooms, and baths



*A Detail of the Main Entrance*

ARCHITECTURE in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, in both Europe and America, was markedly under the influence of the ancient traditions of Greece and Rome; at this time it underwent what is known as the "Classic Revival."

The charm of this period is its austere simplicity, depending for its effect entirely on good proportions and good materials. The rooms are relatively spacious, the ceilings somewhat higher than in the cottage type, which makes the cubic contents look larger, while the simple rectangular form of the plan, and the simple roof construction, make for economical building.

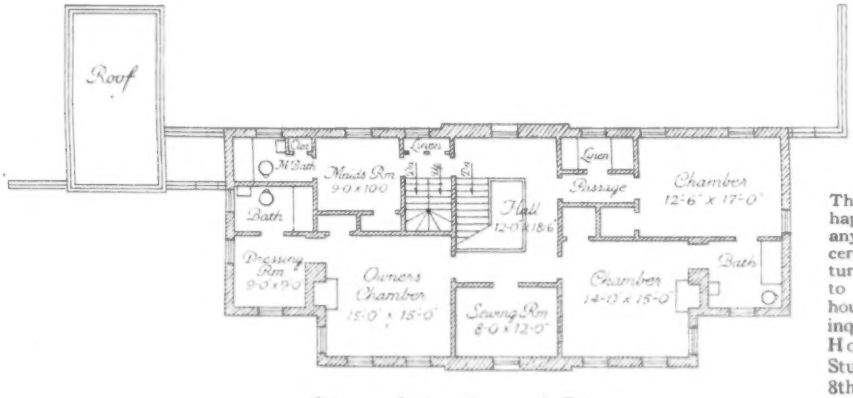
James Pain's "Practical House Carpenter" and Asher Benjamin's "Country Builders' Assistant" and "American Builders' Companion," all published about 1805, had a wide circulation in our young republic. They not only gave much attention to the details of construction, but showed also a large number of engraved plates of complete houses "in the classical mode" as guides to the efforts of the smaller builders throughout America.

This brought a return to the study of the classic art of the ancients. Jefferson, who was the greatest single influence on the architecture of the time in America, was a close student of an Italian, Palladio, and Palladio had inspired many of the builders who created the Georgian style in England in the eighteenth century.

All these books placed great stress on symmetries and geometrical forms, such as the octagon and the rotunda, sometimes largely sacrificing convenience of living to obtaining "balanced" forms and such exterior features as pediments and colonnades.

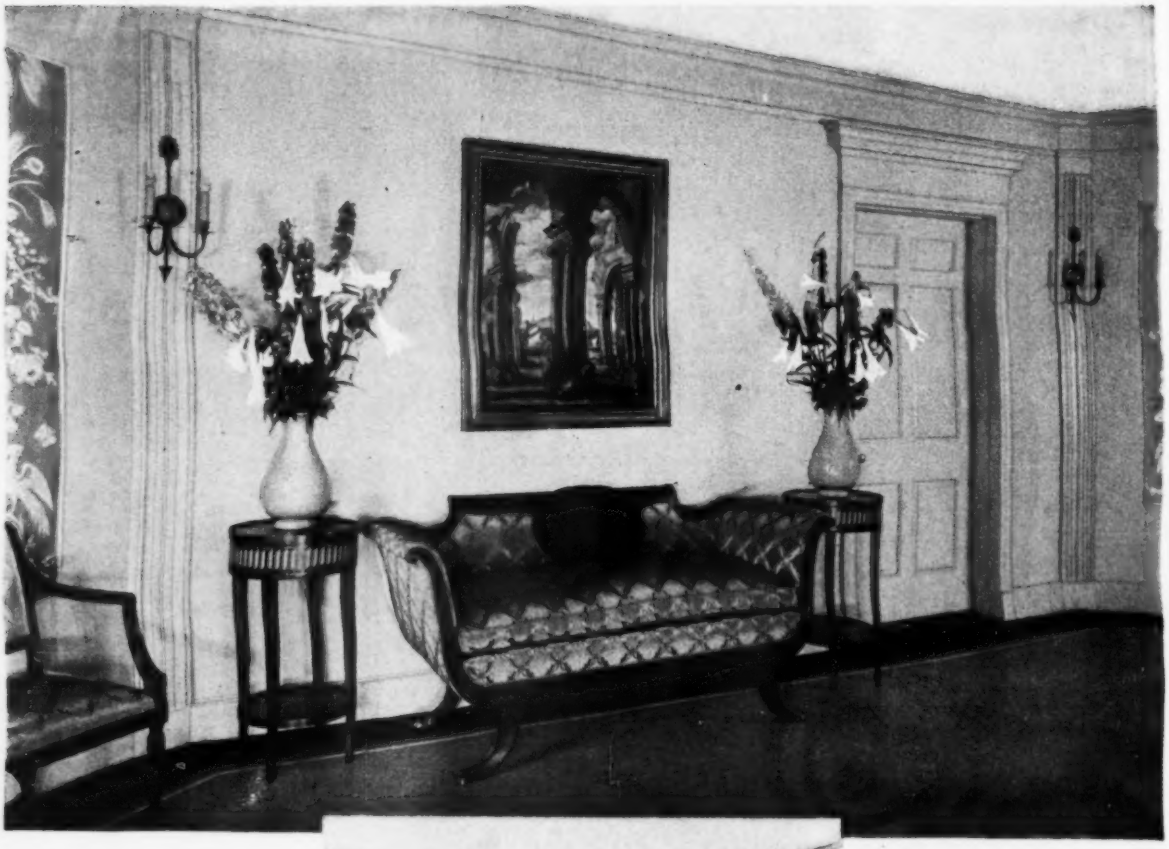
The forms used to portray this period in a modern house, therefore, should be rather stiff and classical, although we, today, are not ready to go as far in the sacrifice of living and housekeeping conveniences to produce the result as the architects of 1805 would have been. The general plan of the house should be simple, even rectangular, with strongly marked axes. The exterior, however simply treated, should recall the motives of classical antiquity in pilasters, over-doors, and so forth.

The house which the Studio is showing this month does this with simple means—balance, and a restrained use of ornament. Even in the presentation of the plans and elevations, the character of the illustrations in Asher Benjamin's "American Builders' Companion," has been followed. Since it is difficult to bring out *(Continued on page 324)*




*Plan of the Second Floor*

The Studio will be happy to answer any questions concerning architecture or pertaining to this particular house. Send your inquiries to Good Housekeeping Studio, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.



## The Studio's New Group

## In the Nineteenth Century Manner

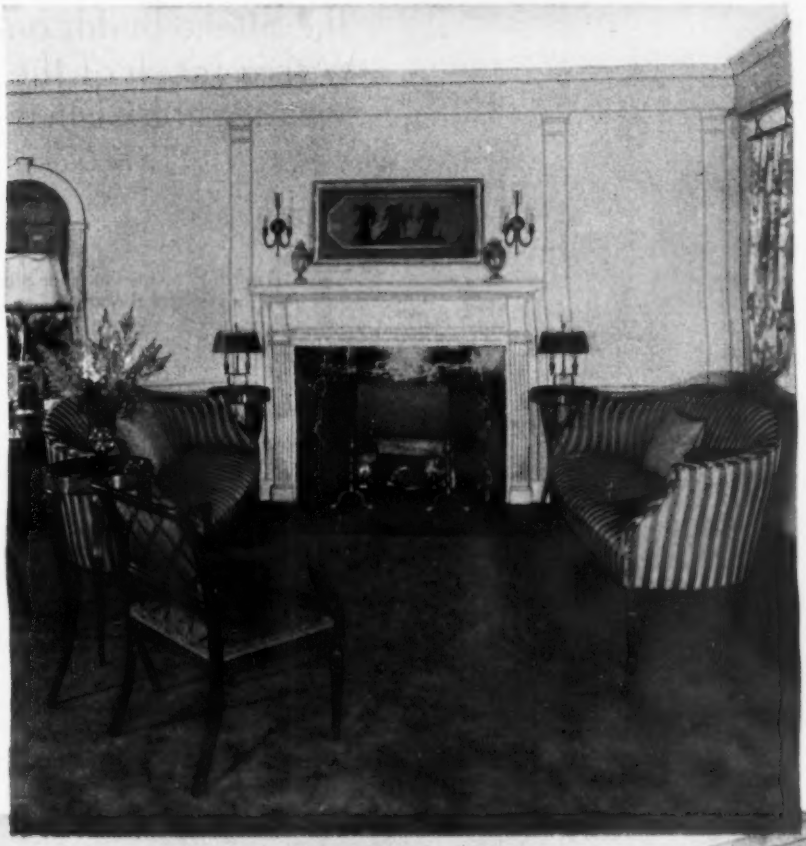
*Good Housekeeping Studio Cordially Invites You to Visit These Rooms Now On Exhibition At The John M. Smyth Store Chicago*

*The New England Furniture & Carpet Co. Minneapolis*

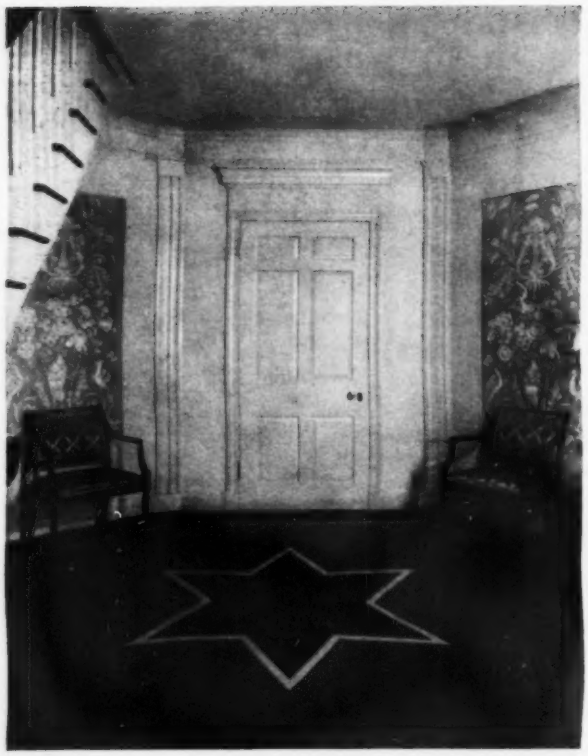
*Bullock's Los Angeles*

Cooperating with the Studio: *Woodwork:* Curtis Companies, Inc. *Paint:* Valentine & Co. *Wallboard:* U. S. Gypsum Co. *Architectural Ornaments:* Jacobson & Co., Friedman Bros. *Mirrors:* Nathan Lyons. *Lighting Fixtures:* G. E. Walter, Inc. *Hall Floor:* Armstrong Cork Co. *Hardware:* P. & F. Corbin. *Fabrics:* F. Schumacher, R. Carrillo, J. H. Thorp. *Rug:* Collins & Aikman. *Furniture:* Michigan Chair Co., Hastings Table Co., Berkey & Gay, Mueller Furn. Co., Barnard & Simonds, Grand Rapids Chair Co., The Furniture Shops, Brower Furn. Co., Baker Furn. Co. *Lamps & Shades:* Eugene Lucchesi, Chas. Hall, Inc., Cassard Romano, Erle Studios. *Accessories:* Little Jones Co., Freeman of London, Carbone, Mary Ryan, Grenville V. McKee, F. Pavel, Japanese Fan Co., A. J. Van Dugteren & Sons, Todhunter, Inc., Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, Charles R. Yandell

At left are two views of the hall, showing a good treatment of the background and the early 19th-century furniture. The Directoire feeling in the living room is emphasized by the classical picture over the mantel, the three-legged tables of maple and satinwood, and by the lyre-shaped silver lamps with metal shades painted a soft olive green. The sofas are covered in blue and gold striped silk



Below is the general view of the living room showing pale blue walls, with the classical feeling built into the background by the use of pilasters, cornices, and overdoors. The rug is of brownish mulberry. The formality of the fireplace grouping is relieved by the informality and livable quality of the easy chairs beside the drum table in front of the end window, and the desk and chair beside the mirror



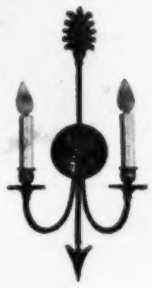
# The Studio Builds and Furnishes With a Touch of the Directoire Against a 19th-Century Background

*By the Director*

THE group of rooms which the Studio has just built and furnished shows the attractive interior of the small Georgian house illustrated on the preceding pages and designed for the Studio by Henry Ives Cobb, Jr. The Studio has chosen the small Georgian house to show this month because it is a type generally liked, appropriate in most sections of the country, and because there is a growing appreciation and vogue for the architectural background and furniture of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

If you will study the plan of the first floor, you will see that a spacious hall is entered from the drive or street by double Georgian doors, and has a door to the garden at the opposite end. This garden door and a glimpse of the stairway are illustrated to the left, while below is a view looking toward and through the front doors. In color on page 54 is one side wall (opposite the stairway), and a detail of it showing the architectural treatment and color of this hall.

Just as the exterior architecture was under the influence of the classic revival in the early nineteenth century, so were the interiors, the more stately houses having very beautiful woodwork. Although in England the Georgian houses were large, those in America were *(Continued on page 298)*



The classical feeling of the English Georgian period, which made itself felt early in the nineteenth century in America, was often blended with the Directoire of France, due to the friendly relations which existed at this time between France and the American Republic. This hall and living room show a happy use of a background in the Georgian manner, with the star, the laurel wreath, the lyre and urn motifs so much a part of the French period. The woodwork of the hall is pale gray with chintz panels of yellow; the floor is gray linoleum. The living room walls are pale blue. The Studio will gladly send specifications of the woodwork requirements for these rooms on request

*The Studio Will Help You With Your Decorating Problems*

If you can not come to the Studio for advice, let these interesting folios come to you to help you with your problems of decoration:

| | |
|---|---|
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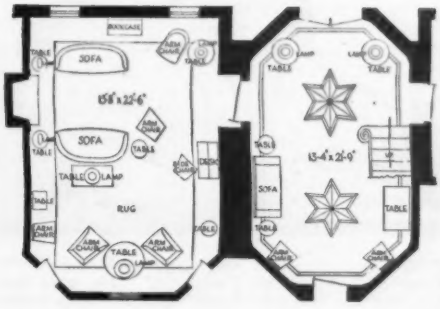
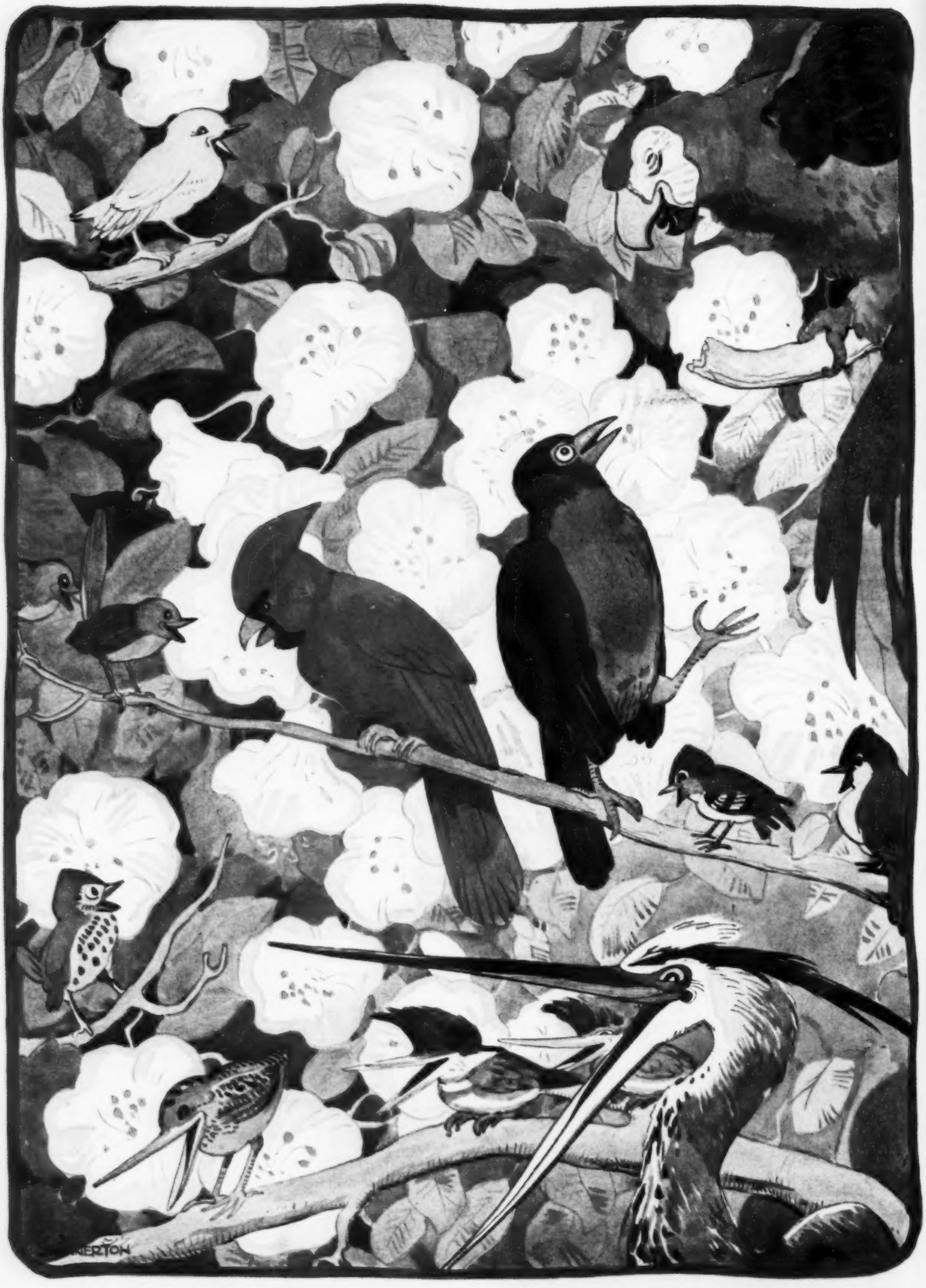
**Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.**



THE cardinal could sing only three notes, "I am red, I am red, I am red." He tried and tried, but he couldn't make another note come. The other birds gathered round to laugh at him

*Drawing by*
*James Swinnerton*

# The CARDINAL and The XCOK

## *A Legend of Old Mexico*

### By Idella Purnell and John M. Weatherwax

THIS is one of the stories that Grandmother Chich told Little Boy Tilim, as he swayed in his hammock at evening in far-off Yucatan.

WHEN the world was new, long long ago, Ku came out of the skies and walked on the earth.

Ku was the maker of the whole world. He saw how sweet and fragrant it was, stretching out before him, blue and green and yellow and white. He saw all the birds flying about, and the butterflies that blew on the wind like fluttering leaves.

Then Ku remembered something important! Red was one of his favorite colors. He had made red roses, red butterflies, red wildflowers, red men—but no red bird! He clapped his hand to his forehead and hurried back to the high skies. There he sat from early morning to late afternoon, dreaming of the lovely red bird he would make.

Sunset came, and the sky was as red as fire. Ku reached his hand into the sunset. He picked the reddest, brightest cloud out of the sky's clear, shining last light. He molded the cloud, and ruffled it, and polished and smoothed it. He made it into a little red bird—oh, a most beautiful little red bird!—one of the most beautiful of all the birds he had ever made.

Evening came, and the stars began to shine. They called to Ku:

"It is time to make dreams for the good children who go on errands for their mothers and their grandmothers, and who help shell the corn and the peas."

Ku knew then that he must hurry. He picked one of the tiny stars and put it in the beautiful red cloud-bird for a heart. The little bird came alive.

"Fly away, little cardinal bird, and make the world bright with your beauty!" he said.

Then Ku went to make dreams for good little children, feeling very happy.

For a while the cardinal also was very happy. He hopped and he flew and he stretched his little wings. He preened his feathers with his beak. Every time he saw a pond or a lake, he would go to look at himself.

"How happy I am!" he would say, and he would admire the bright red coat Ku had made of the sunset cloud.

One day the cardinal saw Xcok flying about. Xcok is an ugly name. (It is pronounced *Shkohk*.) Now Xcok was a homely bird. He had a plain gray coat and a plain black tail. His feet were ugly, and his voice was harsh. His body was clumsy, and he was most unmannerly. But he had a kind heart. His friends always said his heart was pure gold. Perhaps it was!

The elegant cardinal flirted his neat tail scornfully. He flew to a little pool to look at himself. What a trim, graceful, beautiful bird he was! He turned around and around, admiring himself, thinking how fine he was! He decided to sing a special song about his great beauty!

He opened his beak wide and stretched himself up to sing! He didn't know that Ku had been in a hurry and hadn't really finished making his voice.

He could sing only three notes, "I am red, I am red, I am red!"

He tried and tried, but he couldn't make another note come.

The other birds, hearing this, gathered around to laugh at him. You see, the cardinal had been so proud and unkind that they thought it great fun to be able to mock at him now.

"Is that all you can sing?" one asked.

Another bird said: "We all know *that!* Tell us something new!"

They made fun of the poor cardinal until he hung his head in shame.

Xcok heard them mocking the cardinal and flew down on the branch above them. He began telling them in his hoarse, ugly voice how unkind they were.

"We all have our failings," croaked Xcok. "None of us is as beautiful as the cardinal, so what does it matter about his voice? We can't *all* sing beautifully!"

The other birds felt ashamed then and stopped their mocking. Soon most of them flew away home.

But the cardinal did not like being rescued by such an ugly bird. Without even thanking Xcok, he flew away to find Ku.

Ku had not been very well pleased with the cardinal's haughty behavior. But when he saw the poor little bird fly up and sit on a cloud in the high skies, looking so sad and crestfallen, he felt sorry for him.

"What do you want, my cardinal?" asked Ku.

"I want a song to match my feathers. You told me to make the world bright with my beauty, and I should really like to do it," said the cardinal pleadingly.

Ku laughed kindly. He was really very fond of his little red bird.

"I'm afraid you have been thinking more of yourself than of the world, my little cardinal," he said. "But be in the jungle where the morning-glory grows over the *mamey* trees at *prima* tomorrow morning. As the sun rises, I shall teach you a new song to match your feathers."

The cardinal flew away rejoicing. Ku sat up all through the evening and all through the night, thinking of a song lovely enough to match the cardinal's beautiful red feathers. He listened to the sighing of the wind and the singing of rivers; he listened to the voice of the forest and the breathing of roses. He heard the laughing of babies and the beating of the hearts of parents. From these he made a song, a song as beautiful as the cardinal's lovely red feathers.

At *prima* the next morning the cardinal was in the jungle. He hopped along under the trees, thinking of Ku and his promise, and of how the other birds would envy him his song. Then he saw a little pool of bright water.

"Oh, how fortunate!" he said. "Now I can make myself look beautiful!" Gazing into the bright water, he began to preen his feathers. "How beautiful I am!" he breathed. "How beautiful! How glad I am that I am not that common Xcok! How wonderful it will be to sing a song more lovely than any bird has ever sung! And how glorious it will be to have them all standing around me, applauding, and saying to each other: 'I wonder how he does it! How wonderful for so young a bird to sing so well!' It will serve them right, too, for laughing at such a good-looking bird as I am!"

Now, while the cardinal was so busy admiring himself, Ku came into the jungle where the morning-glory grows over the *mamey* trees. As the sun rose, he sang the song he had made for the cardinal.

But the only one to hear it was the awkward, ugly Xcok. Xcok was out early in the morning, trying to find some worms for his ugly babies. Hearing Ku's song, his kind heart, which his neighbors said was pure gold, filled nearly to bursting with happiness. He opened his beak wide to thank Ku for letting such an ugly creature as himself hear it.

And to his surprise he heard himself singing it! Singing the lovely, lovely song!

"Oh," cried Xcok in his heart, "I must fly away and sing it so that the whole world may hear its beauty, as soon as I feed my babies!"

Presently the cardinal found Ku, and he said, "I've come to learn my song!"

But Ku said gently: "You have come too late! Xcok is singing it now—he learned it while you were busy admiring your coat. You will have to continue singing, 'I am red, I am red, I am red!'"

THAT is why—as Grandmother Chich told Little (*Continued on page 182*)

*By*

Evelyn Gill Klahr

# Two Ghosts

GHOSTS do not thrive in America. They like best ancient places, and we never permit anything to become ancient over here. England is better for ghosts.

It wasn't until Dickie Hutchinson went to England that he ever met personally any one who had actually seen a ghost.

And likewise he never fell in love until he went to England. Yet you might say that from the time he had grown up (or even a little before) the cream of American girlhood had been offered him. That was because of the Hutchinson name and the Hutchinson money and the Hutchinson position. Clever, spirited, smartly-clad, daring, beautiful American girls. And he looked them over and left them alone.

And in the end the girl who did for him so completely, swept him from his perfectly capable feet, held his eminently desirable heart in the hollow of her thin young hand, was that lovely, shabby, English young thing at Lady Joan Cuthington's house-party.

He was so much in love that he did not even know that she was shabby; but the chances are that if you told him—and it would have been the truth that you told—that there was scarcely a servant girl in America who would have been willing to appear in that dowdy brown velvet she wore, or in those well-built but well-worn brown satin slippers, he would have found her, just for that, the more uniquely adorable.

At first the girl, Catherine Brinsley—Lady Joan's guest and god-daughter—had seemed naturally to fall into step with him: they were the two youngest of the house; they played tennis together while the others golfed; they rode side by side; they danced with each other always except when good manners demanded that they pay a little attention to the others of the house-party.

That gentle fever which we all know entered their blood and changed the very atmosphere they breathed. When either of them entered a room, that one's eyes unconsciously sought the other's. As they sat diagonally from each other across Lady Joan's table, again their eyes would meet, and invariably they would lose the thread of the conversation.

Then one night he kissed her.

They met on the way to dinner in the dimly lit spaces of the upper hall. He stopped as if he were going to speak to her. And instead of speaking he stared at her in her shabby, sleeveless brown velvet.

Then somehow she was in his arms. She was half sobbing as he kissed her, but she returned his kiss. But then she struggled free, and they stood staring at each other, wide-eyed, dazed, until the sound of an opening door made them turn and go down the stairs to dinner.

After that she avoided him. Avoided him assiduously, completely. He was never able to manage even an hour alone with her, that hour which he knew he must have.

Then with horror on Sunday morning he made the discovery that she was leaving right after lunch that day.

In desperation and in front of the others (since he had no opportunity of having her to himself), he asked for her address, for, as he told her, he was planning to make her a visit before the week was over.

Charmingly, but a little insultingly, she withheld it from him. With lips that were smiling, but with eyes that were a little frightened, she withheld it.

Every one laughed to make it seem like a joke, but he knew it was no joke. He felt himself seared through and through, but nevertheless he was not defeated.

After breakfast she went upstairs to superintend her packing. He waited below in the great hall, together with the moose-head from America and the bearskin from Russia and the lionskin from Africa. There

Cath happened to glance up at the window — before she could look a second time it was gone — but in that brief, blood-chilling instant she had seen the face of a ghost

*Illustrated by Pruett Carter*

# WALK — *And What Could It Mean But a Wedding?*

was no one else to bear him company, for the others were all at church or golf, except Lady Joan who was in her garden, and that girl who was upstairs packing.

It seemed to him that he waited an exceedingly long time. But finally there she was, coming down the great stairs, slowly, her eyes bright and thoughtful.

He invited her somewhat insistently to come out into the garden.

"I have arranged a treat for your last day," he told her. "A radio sermon. I have fixed up an extension so we can take it out into the garden and listen."

She laughed nervously and answered him in kind.

"There is a streak of deviltry in you American men," she said. "Who else would have thought of a radio sermon for my last lark!"

He knew a secluded, shrubbery-walled nook outside the library, and passing the radio through the window, he placed it on one of the two stone seats in the nook, which left the other for the two of them. Then he tuned in on a sermon which he hoped was dull enough to prevent any one else from lingering, should some one else come strolling their way.

And then he explained to her how important it was for her to marry him without delay, because life was short, and there was at best too little time for love.

All this she did her best to keep him from telling her, interrupting him, begging him to stop, because, as she said, there was a reason. No, it was not a reason she could tell him.

He would not be put off. Absolutely he must know that reason—until at last, pale, harassed, she blurted out that she was frightfully sorry and did not want to hurt his feelings, but how could one marry if one did not love?

And because he was very young and because he did not know girls very well—he had only looked at those American girls without really knowing them—he believed that she was saying that she did not love him and that there was a finality about what she said.

His stomach felt queer. The world about him took on a sort of floating quality. The cultured English voice preaching a placid sermon through the loud speaker sounded suddenly loud and strange.

Then Lady Joan with garden hat and shears came wandering their way, and the girl hailed her urgently.

"Come listen to a lovely sermon," she begged her.

Lady Joan came and sat down beside the girl, giving her thin shoulders in her shabby, gray traveling dress a little hug. She looked from one to the other, her eyes half-smiling, half-questioning.

"Don't you make love to her and take her 'way off to America," she warned Dickie teasingly. "Rather than that I'll find some one over here, a better man than you."

Dickie, who had gallant blood in his veins, managed to gather himself decently together. "Who may it be, if any?" he inquired coolly.

"The richest (*Continued on page 206*)

# The SEARCH for OUR

THE announcement last month of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING's plan to select America's twelve greatest women has received a most heartening response. People are interested—tremendously interested. Across the country and up and down the length of it a census of achievement is being taken. Public opinion is the census enumerator—public opinion in the form of our two million readers, not including their unnumbered relatives and friends.

One of the most noteworthy and permanent features of this nation-wide search will be the series of twelve four-color, full-page paintings to be printed in the magazine, one each month, immediately following the close of the balloting.

For the painting of these portraits GOOD HOUSEKEEPING has commissioned Leon Gordon, a brilliant young artist whose canvases have given him a place of genuine importance in contemporary American art. Dr. Frank E. Washburn Freund, critic and writer for *International Studio*, speaks of Mr. Gordon as "a portrait painter of distinction, power, and insight into character." Reviewing his exhibition last year, the Mid-Week Pictorial of *The New York Times* emphasized "this remarkable artist's technique," adding, "Sincerity is there, an eye that sees reality, and a firmness of grasp that retains it."

It is the honesty in Leon Gordon's brush that fits him ideally for the work of portraying women whose honesty of purpose has made them outstanding figures. Many notable men and women have posed for Mr. Gordon, but it rarely falls to the lot of any painter to build up such a gallery as this.

**Gordon's "Portrait of Natalie," a study that shows something of the painter's suave vigor contrasted with a medieval romanticism**

"GOOD HOUSEKEEPING has honored me," he writes, accepting the assignment, "with the most unique commission perhaps ever tendered to an artist. I have a full sense of the responsibility entrusted to me.

"To paint the twelve great women of our day is a task that should inspire any one. To know these women, as an artist must inevitably come to know his subjects, is in itself a tremendous privilege.

"That the selections made by your distinguished jury will give rise to comment and controversy is to be expected and hoped for. It is discussion of this kind, fostered on a broad scale, that should serve to hold up a mirror of true values for all American women.

"I may be permitted to hope that something of the fine spirit that has guided these women will help to inspire me as I undertake this work."

*Photograph by Pirie MacDonald*

**Leon Gordon, internationally known artist, will paint the portraits of America's twelve most eminent women**

Leon Gordon's career is only slightly less colorful than his canvases. He was born in Russia in 1890. As a boy he worked for a fresco painter, doing odd studio jobs of fetching and carrying and mixing colors. His journey alone to this country at fourteen was the beginning of such a struggle for survival as goes into the making of the vivid and attractive personality that every one finds in him today. He earned his way through the Chicago Art Institute, progressed to the Art Students' League in New York, and graduated into the ateliers of Paris, London, Vienna and Italy. There is a lasting tradition in Chicago about the revolutionary qualities of color and design that as a newcomer years ago he brought into the advertising field—and about the prices that his work commanded.

Of late years he has concentrated upon portraiture, interrupting himself frequently to return to Europe for further observation and study.

When the twelve paintings of America's great women have been completed, they

## RULES, CONDITIONS, AND PRIZES

1—Fill in the ballot with the names of the women, native-born or naturalized, whom you consider the twelve greatest American women now living. Give your first choice on the line marked 1. Your other nominees may be listed in any order.

2—The ballot must be accompanied with a letter of not more than 200 words stating the reasons for your first selection—the first selection only. Four ballots in all will be printed—in the September, October, November, and December issues, but no more than one list or letter will be considered from any one person. No lists or letters can be returned.

3—Any one, whether a regular reader of this magazine or not, without reference to age, is eligible to submit a letter and list on the official ballot.

4—The awards, consisting of 177 cash prizes totaling $5,000.00, will be made to the contestants who give the best reasons in 200 words or less for their first selection.

5—The competition, covering about four months, opened in the September issue and closes Saturday, December 20, 1930, at midnight, a few days before the publication in our January issue of the first portrait. Awards will be announced as soon thereafter as the judges will have reached a final decision.

| | |
|---|---|
| First prize | $ 500.00 |
| Second prize | 250.00 |
| Ten prizes of $100.00 each | 1,000.00 |
| Twenty-five prizes of $50.00 each | 1,250.00 |
| Forty prizes of $25.00 each | 1,000.00 |
| One hundred prizes of $10.00 each | 1,000.00 |
| 177 prizes — Total | $5,000.00 |

# GREATEST WOMEN

## Good Housekeeping's Readers *Aid in Selecting a Famous Gallery that Will Be Painted by* Leon Gordon

Mary Roberts Rinehart's life story will be printed in seven instalments, the second of which, next month, tells of her trying days as a student nurse

will be presented publicly at a formal exhibition in one of the Fifth Avenue galleries in New York. This exhibition probably will tour the big cities later. The paintings will take such important rank for themselves and as an unprecedented collection that the full-page reproductions of them in this magazine should make a valuable portfolio for readers who cut them out and mount them. Each portrait will bear the signature of the sitter. A short biography will accompany the painting. When assembled, these pages will constitute a pictorial Hall of Fame confined exclusively to women, and unlike anything available.

At present the board of judges, composed of Henry van Dyke, Bruce Barton,

©*Keystone View Co.*

Joseph C. Lincoln examines a curio from the Orient. His story "The Castaway" appears next month

Newton D. Baker, Booth Tarkington, and Otto H. Kahn, are considering lists of the names of eminent women submitted to them by our editorial staff. To these they have added candidates of their own choice, and from the total they will elect three women who, in their opinion, should be included unquestionably in any roster of twelve. When the ballots from our readers have been totaled upon the close of the voting, the figures will be put before the judges for their consideration preceding their final decision. The award of prizes, it should be clearly understood, will be based solely upon the merits of the letters that accompany the ballots.

The first portrait will appear in the January issue. The names in the complete gallery will be announced as soon thereafter as practicable.

### "Our Own Four Walls"

For want of space the department called "Our Own Four Walls" had to yield its place last month to the announcement of the project for our Gallery of Great Women. This month also there can be only the briefest mention of the excellent things being prepared for the November issue.

Joseph C. Lincoln, master of New England character study, comes to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING with a short story that will be followed later, we are delighted to say, by a full-length novel. The official government geographers at Washington supposedly put Cape Cod on the map long ago, but actually it was Joseph Lincoln who did that superb piece of cartography in more recent years. His Cape Cod people are loved not only by remote inlanders but by the coast natives themselves — a stern test of authenticity.

Nellie Tayloe Ross, Governor of Wyoming in 1925 and '26, will contribute a timely and significant article on legislatures. Rita S. Halle, author of "Which College?" writes what she calls a balance sheet on the virtues and evils of fraternities and sororities after charting her investigation between Columbia and California Universities on the coasts, and Wisconsin and Rollins, north and south. Dr. Alfred Adler, renowned psychiatrist, figuratively sits down opposite every GOOD HOUSEKEEPING father and tells him, out of a long clinical experience, how to face the highly complex problem of rearing his children successfully in these mad, modern days.

As engrossing as you must have found the first chapters of the life story of Mary Roberts Rinehart in the front pages of this issue, the real crescendo of her experiences begins in the second instalment, during the two years between seventeen and nineteen that she spent as a probationary nurse in a Pittsburgh hospital. "I entered a world so new," she writes, "so strange, and at times so terrible that even now it hurts me to remember it. Not the hospital itself, a fine institution magnificently managed; not even the labor, (*Continued on page 254*)

### OFFICIAL GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BALLOT NO. 2

*(Two additional ballots will be printed—in the November and December issues. These ballots are printed for your convenience; their use is not compulsory)*

To the Contest Editors, Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, N. Y. C.
I submit below my recommendations for your Gallery of Great Women, and enclose a letter giving my reasons for my first choice.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1..... | 7..... |
| 2..... | 8..... |
| 3..... | 9..... |
| 4..... | 10..... |
| 5..... | 11..... |
| 6..... | 12..... |

Name.....

Address.....

A rifle roared in the woods. Black Cloud seemed to stumble, and went down. Dick snatched his pistol from its holster and opened fire

# LONESOME

## *The Story of a Man Who*

THE rôle seemed a simple one when Doctor Grant first thought of it—to assume the part of a young man going to join the father and sister who had not seen him since he was ten. Even as Dick Foster lay dying in the hospital, he bore a certain vague resemblance to the young doctor who bent over him, using every resource of his extraordinary skill to save a life doomed almost from the first. They even had the same first name—Dick.

It was such a chance for the young doctor who saw nothing ahead of him but endless drudgery. The dying boy was on his way north to claim a fortune, which his father had piled up for him at Lonesome River, far north in Alaska. But a knife-thrust received in a brawl in a gambling house had cut his life short.

Without a moment's reflection Dick Grant resolved to make the fortune his. With the money Dick Foster left behind him when the grim struggle was over, he gave the boy decent burial. With his tickets he started north, first discarding from his own belongings every possible betrayal of his real identity. One thing only he kept—a small, exquisitely fitted surgical kit, which was to figure largely in his future.

Even when he met the father and the sister Molly, of whom the dying boy had told him so much, he had no fear—but suddenly the greatest threat of all developed. Dick Foster's father was a doctor—and his fortune was in furs accumulated in twenty years' medical practice among the Indians in the richest fur-bearing country in the world. It seemed almost impossible that a surgeon—an inspired surgeon like Dr. Grant—could avoid betraying his medical knowledge.

It was odd the way Dick Grant fitted into the Foster family life as if he had been indeed the missing son and brother. With Molly the fictitious tie was especially strong—and he soon found himself called upon to advise her in a love-affair.

# RIVER

## By Edison Marshall

*Illustrated by Dan Content*

### *Could Fight Everything But Love*

Stephen Hathaway, the trader at the post, was strongly urging her to marry him. But Molly shrank from him, and all her father's entreaties had not reconciled her to the match.

One day, as he and Molly were coasting down a steep slope on skiis, Molly had a bad fall, and sprained her ankle. In spite of Dick's help, darkness fell while they were still far from home. Together they watched beside their campfire, and shivered as wolves ringed them in.

At last, worn out, Molly fell asleep in Dick's arms, and as he kept his vigil he realized at last that he loved Molly—loved as he had never thought he could.

CHAPTER XI

AS YET Dick Grant would not let himself think what this would mean. It was enough to hold the sleeping girl in the hollow of his arm—to watch her sweet breathing—to try hard not to waken her with his kisses, because he knew that when she stopped dreaming he must stop, too. In the firelight she was the incarnation of an image he had always carried in his soul, the fulfillment of his life-long search for beauty—that quest every soul makes between earth and sky.

Only a few months before, in his talk with old Doctor Hollingsworth, he had denied all that was not material. Of the spirit he had had no comprehension and no hope. He still did not understand the term, but he would never again question its everlasting truth. He himself had just gone through a spiritual experience—the wakening of his love for Molly. True, it had its physical side—the beauty of her form and face made his heart glow—but its greater aspects were surely of the soul. He could pore over all the medical books ever written and never find its scientific explanation. It was the final rebuttal and reproof to the cynical philosophy of his earlier years.

The physical world about him had new beauty, new meaning. The firelight on the snow, the dark trees mute beneath their

white burden, the silence, the vastness, the notched line of the spruce against the rising moon, the calm, sweet vigil of the stars overhead—all these proclaimed a glory he could share, an eternal harmony he could, in the long last, possess, a truth and a fulfillment higher and better than he had ever dreamed.

And now strength came to him to look his earthly fate in the face. He began to talk to Molly, but although his lips moved, no sound came forth to waken her.

"What have you brought me to, sweetheart?" he asked with glowing face. "Look what you've done to me, with your black eyes, and your red lips, and the sweetness of you, and the glory of you. You have turned the tables on me. You have made the punishment fit the crime.

"I tried to steal from you, but instead you've stolen my heart. I tried to fool you, but instead you've made a fool of me, the happiest in the world."

The girl stirred and sighed. The train of his thoughts was checked. But when she slept peacefully again, he resumed his silent discourse.

"What can I do now? Can I tell you who I am? No, if I do that, you will despise me. I haven't forgotten that you said you couldn't bear a cheat in any kind of game, because it's so mean, so ignoble. And if any one harmed or played false with your father or your brother, you would hate him always and never forgive him, no matter what excuse he had.

"You meant it, too. If you knew how I've tricked you and betrayed the trust your brother put in me, you couldn't bear me in your sight. You would think of him lying in a neglected grave under a false name, and that would be the end of me.

"I couldn't bear for you to hate me, sweetheart. I'm not worthy of your love, but I want it and need it more than you'll ever know. With it to inspire me, I can go on and justify my life. Always it will give me something to live and work for. It is a star for me to follow to the end."

He mused a long time. Then: "I can never have you for my own, but I'll have your love, and that's better than your hate and contempt. And it's a sweetheart's love, not a sister's. You have hidden the truth from yourself, but you can't hide it from me.

"Never, never, can I let you know the truth. If I guarded my secret before, I must guard it ten times more closely now. I'll be happy with you as long as I can, then at last the man you know as Richard Foster will go out of your life. Perhaps he will pretend to go on a journey, and word will come back of his death. And you will mourn for him, and love him, and look up to him—and Dick Grant, practicing surgery in some far country, will have a memory that will always lead him on and make him a better man."

Again he paused to kiss lightly the lips half-smiling in sleep. When he resumed, his fine eyes were glowing with emotion.

"So what have you done to me, Molly, with your beauty and fineness and your love? Listen to me, dearest. I give over my scheme against your father. I will help him in his fight to preserve the tribe, and help you find happiness in every way I can. When this play is over, and I can resume my own name, I will go straight. And then I'll try to atone for my breach of faith to your brother by keeping faith with those who trust me in my medical practice—by being true to my profession as a doctor. Last of all—I will always love you, Molly, and give thanks that I found you, even though I had to lose you in the end."

When the miracle of the dawn was reenacted on the hills, Dick put down the sleeping girl and with his hand ax made a rude sled. He had no nails, but by notching the runners and laying sticks across he fashioned a seat for Molly. Wrapping her warmly in his big coat, he began the long trek home.

He had never known so bright a morning, such a joyous task. Over glistening hills, down into silent, haunted glens, and on to naked plateaus where the wind howled all day over empty white, across frozen streams and ice-bound lakes, his lean shoulders tugged the sled. His muscles rippled under his skin. His eyes kindled, and his heart glowed.

At last they saw the village hovering white-roofed under the spruce trees. A search party was being organized, headed by Chief Strongheart.

"I knew you'd take no harm from the wild creatures," Foster explained, "but I was afraid you'd fallen in with some of the ruffians from the gold camp, and they'd made trouble for you. Thank God, you're safe!"

So the first act of the drama was over. What the second might hold for him, Dick hardly dared imagine. One thing was sure: that he could not bring it to a close one moment short of its fated end. Fate had cast him in this part, and he must continue to play it to the final curtain.

One of the first problems that he must face was that of Molly's decision about Stephen. Stephen had been especially persistent of late, wooing the girl with all the energy and determination of his strong, vigorous character, and now he was demanding a definite engagement.

"And I should like to see her settled before next year," Foster said. "I don't know how much longer I'll be with her—I may go north with the tribe, or anything may happen—and Stephen would protect her and look after her so well. Dick, won't you urge her to accept him?"

"I feel like urging her to turn him down." Dick spoke straight from the shoulder. "However, you and I have no right to try to influence her either way."

"I agree with you that we have no right to put pressure on her. But good advice from a father or an older brother saves a girl many a mistake. I only want her to be happy."

"And she wants *you* to be happy—that's the trouble. She loves you so much that she'll do almost anything you want her to, even against her own desires."

"Bless her heart! Yes, I must guard against that. . . . But you watch Stephen, Dick, and see if you don't think better of him."

So Dick kept watch of Stephen. To do so it was necessary to keep a sharp eye on Breed Paul, Stephen's clerk and under-trapper, who had not yet been cleared of the charge of liquor smuggling. The time soon came when he suspected Paul of even bolder crime—and this was one of the most stirring episodes in his whole northern adventure.

It was a clear, cold night in the dark of the moon. As on many previous nights, Dick lay sleepless in his bed, his thoughts shuttling endlessly between hope and fear. Staring with sleepless eyes out his window, it seemed to him he saw a shadow glide slowly across the snow.

For all he knew it was a trick of his eyes. In the starlight the snow itself was one gray shadow from the North Pacific to the Arctic Sea. This was the hour when the imagination, harried by the ancient, hereditary fear of the dark, runs riot, warping the judgment and misleading the senses.

But if this were a phantasm, it persisted all the way along the house, until it disappeared in the region of the fur depot in the rear.

Dick got up silently and leaned out the window. Shivering with cold, and not at all sure but that he was following a will o' the wisp, he watched and waited. Just as he was about to give up and go back to bed like a sensible man, a dim, reflected light brought a pale gleam to the snow, as though some one had pressed the button of a small flashlight half-smothered in his hand. It disappeared instantly, but it cleared up all doubt in Dick's mind. There was some one—some one who came in stealth—at the door of the fur depot.

Hastily Dick slipped into his clothes.

## *ONLOOKER*

By Margaret E. Sangster

*I WATCHED a last tall flower die,*
*That stood against my garden wall;*
*And when the frost-touched wind was high,*
*I saw the last red oak leaf fall.*

*I WATCHED the forest turn to brown,*
*I watched the skies grow slowly gray,*
*I watched the twilight settle down*
*Like velvet, at the close of day.*

*I WATCHED the smoke wreaths curl above*
*A group of village homes that stood*
*Serenely wrapped in peace and love*
*And in the faith that God is good!*

*I WATCHED a flock of birds fly south,*
*Swift moving through the autumn weather—*
*I pressed my hands against my mouth*
*And thought of days we spent together . . .*

**"I hate Dick Foster like a wolverine," said Stephen, "but I won't have any killing." The Sicilian's black eyes lighted. "You haf changed," he remarked in gentle tones**

They were not easy to find in the pitch-black of the room, and he wasted considerable time. When he tried to put his hand on his pistol, he groped about the table in vain. True, he did not always keep it here. Sometimes he left it downstairs for cleaning. Meanwhile time was passing, and the thief might accomplish his purpose and escape.

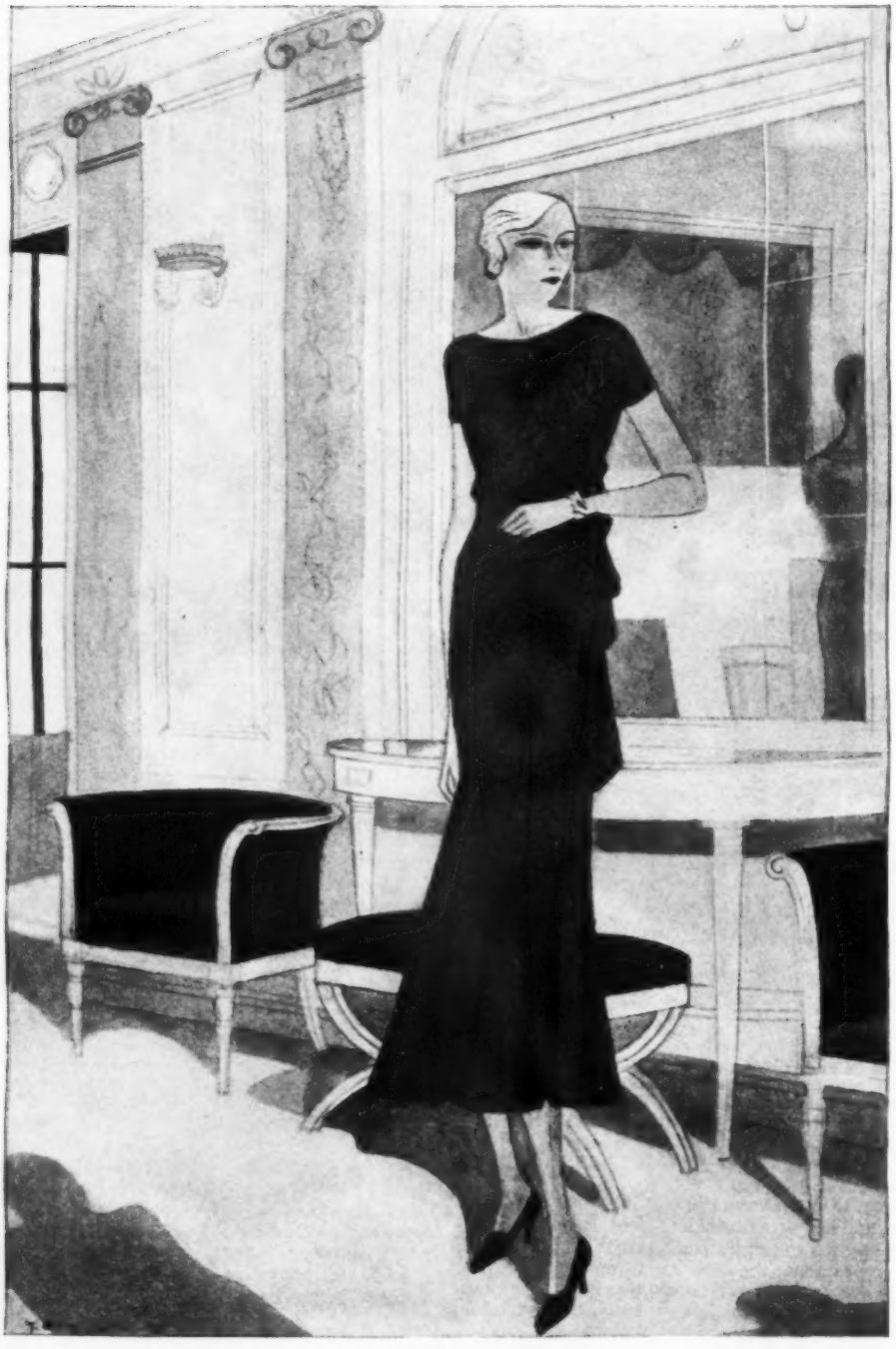
Finally Dick was faced with the alternative of either turning on his light or going forth unarmed. Grimly he decided on the latter course. In the first place, if the square of his window lighted up, he might as well not go at all; the visitor would slip away in the darkness. In the second place Dick was in a reckless mood. Since that night by the camp-fire in the winter forest, he had brooded many hours alone. The man known as Richard Foster must soon disappear from these scenes—this fact he realized ever more clearly—and whether he vanished through some chicanery, as he had come, or whether he departed with his head up, on the crest of some magnificent adventure, really did not matter a great deal to Richard Grant. This was the bitter truth. His was a strange soul to start with. He was no longer tormented by a contempt for life—Molly and Doctor Foster had cured him of this—but a cold, grim contempt for death abided in him still.

He walked softly over the packed snow to the entrance of the fur depot. By now his eyes were adjusted to starlight, and he could see that the door was wide open. Noiseless as a shadow, he stood at one side and groped for the padlock. To his astonishment it had not been forced, but had been opened (*Continued on page 266*)

# FASHIONS

## From the Paris Openings

*Helen Kouer, Director*



WORTH

Presents the Draped Silhouette with Short Sleeves

# MOLYNEUX And GROULT

## Show Fur On Scarf Or Jacket

MOLYNEUX

GROULT

### RÉSUME OF THE PARIS OPENINGS BY CABLE

*Paris*

*GENERAL silhouette shows waistline one inch above normal for daytime, two above for evening. Sports and street skirts to the middle of the calf, a little longer for afternoon, ankle length for evening, trains for formal gowns. The figure generally molded, more diversity of silhouette than last year, strong tendency toward the Empire and Grecian. Street coats three-quarter length or the jacket. Afternoon coats long, tight, lapped over, tied at high waistline. Formal evening coats, long; less formal, short. More color contrast between gown and coat. Many short fur jackets, muffs, and short fur capes. Separate fur scarves and stoles of material bordered with fur. Evening furs, sable, ermine, fox; day furs, black astrakhan, beaver, ermine, seal. Off-shoulder effects, berthas, cape and scarf collars. Sleeves with trimming or fulness above elbow. Flowers for evening and with tailored suits. Blouses tucked for sports; the over-blouse or tunic has returned, sometimes long. Tweeds superseded by bouclette woolens, broadcloth, or coatings; much velvet, wool crêpe, lamé, flamenga, and heavy silk crêpe for daytime. Dull materials best. Colors: dark brown, dark red, dark green, black for day; for evening, black, all white, light blue, various reds. Hats show off-the-face tendency revealing the hair; crowns are shallow, brims draped and softer. Hats look larger, some are trimmed.*

AT THIS season of the year, when so many models are presented by all the designers in Paris, when so many conflicting statements are made, it is wise to pause a moment before buying anything, and sift out, if possible, the few important facts about winter clothes. It is false economy to buy the style that is passing, and wise to buy that which is new, provided it is not eccentric. This is true in more than one sense—the right style in cut, the right tone in color, the right fabric, the right costume for the occasion. And in the cable printed above you will find the important, established facts as presented at the recent openings in Paris, sent by our Paris Editor who was present.

Perhaps the season of 1929 was as epoch-making as any we have had since the war. Fashions follow a general cycle, and for ten years after 1919 we followed along the line of short skirts and long waists and

LELONG

CHÉRUIT

# LELONG and CHÉRUIT

## Mold the Line, Lengthen the Skirt In a Bolero Frock and One that Ties

extreme simplicity. We followed that, modified it, lowered skirts a bit or shortened them, played with details, without actually changing the feeling or the inspiration until last year. By that time simplicity and youth and the sports feeling had been used to the fullest extent of their elasticity, and a change was inevitable. With a suddenness and thoroughness that was almost unbelievable, what we still call "the new line" crashed in. Now we are once more completely settled into another cycle, very long as to skirt, normal or high as to waist, a cycle that created much controversy at first, as does every radical change, but which looks to be as deeply embedded in the feminine consciousness as was its predecessor. And this season the evolution of the present silhouette has reached a certain degree of perfection. The rough edges of the uncertainty of last year have been smoothed away, and what may have seemed impractical then has now been made wear-

RÉGNY

LYOLENE

# RÉGNY and LYOLENE

## Send from Paris, a Street Suit and Frock, Both Tailored, Both in Wool

able and graceful. To illustrate all this, on these six pages of clothes from the autumn openings, you will see how great has been this change in the last year, yet how graceful and wearable the new fashions are. For instance, see the two charming frocks on the opposite page. The one at the top, designed by Lelong, was sent from his collection and is as lovely as it can be. It shows the continuance of the boléro presented last season, and it is made in a navy-blue woolen, trimmed with white ermine. Chéruit designed the other frock, made of heavy crêpe marocain, in dark green, draped and tied at the waist and neck. And what could be more wearable than both the suit and frock on this page, the suit Régny's, a model from her new collection. It is made of green plaid basket-weave woolen, trimmed with a fur collar, the coat a smart length. The simple black jersey frock from the Lyolene collection is trimmed with stiff white moiré.

WORTH

# PREMET WORTH & YTEB Adhere to the Ankle Length, Formal Skirt

*Worth presented the black and white velvet gown, above, with a panel train; Premet designed the frock at left, of deep mauve chiffon, with scarf neck and petal skirt; Yteb sent the black velvet gown at right, skirt drapery lined with red*

PREMET

YTEB

# MOLYNEUX Launches the Empire Line For Evening

EVENING gowns portray the fullest expression of the form and beauty of the new mode. Especially is this true in the examples of period types of gowns sponsored by some of the leading designers and shown at the autumn openings in Paris. There are the Empire silhouette, the Grecian line which first appeared last spring, and gowns recalling the fashions of 1830, 1880, and 1890. All this emphasizes the trend toward more elaboration which started last year, and shows the diversity of silhouette from which you may choose.

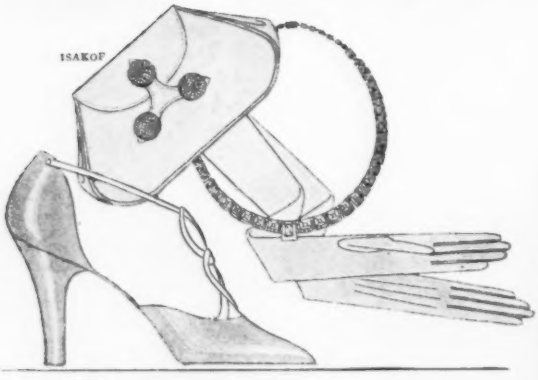
All evening skirts are long, however, no matter what type of gown is chosen. This fact is definitely established, and the hems reach to the ankles, or just a little below, and for very formal occasions there are gowns with trains. One of these is the black and white velvet gown from Worth's, on the opposite page. Flounces appear in many skirts; some hang perfectly straight with fulness from the waist; some are cut circular; some have low fulness. Decollettés vary even more than silhouettes and skirts. The 1830 line with ruffles off the shoulders, as seen in the frock below, is a dominant new type and will surely prove popular, as will scarfs and ruffle sleeves.

Black and white, individually, lead the color list for evening, then red in various shades, pink, pastel shades, and dark and light blues. The leading fabrics for evening are chiffon, velvet, satin, lamé, lace.

*On extremely Empire lines with skirt fulness falling straight and heavily from the high waistline, the Molyneux gown, below, illustrates one of the best of the period types of gowns presented at the collections in Paris, as well as several important fashion points of the new season—lace for its fabric, black relieved by rose for its color, ankle length in the skirt, a high waist, and the fichu type of shoulder and the bow in back*

ANTOINE

*The drastic change in fashions has developed new, softened coiffures, for hair is longer—but not long—if it is to be smart. It may be shoulder length, or shorter, but no more. In the illustration at left, Antoine draws long hair back over the ears and coils it in a modern version of the French twist, the ends being curled to form a sort of diadem*



ISAKOF

GRECO

# Paris Sponsors Longer Hair Which Ends in Soft Ringlets

*That the chignon has returned to fashion importance is proved by the Desfosse coiffure at right, where a coil of hair is used low at the nape of the neck and fine, thin bangs in front. A charming way also of doing the hair is to form a soft, flat roll at the nape of the neck, the short side pieces being waved and arranged to reveal the ear. Smart for evening are the accessories in the group above: Isakof designed the pouch evening bag of white velvet with three rhinestone buttons, and Greco the black crêpe de Chine slipper trimmed in gold kid. Long white kid gloves are essential; the short necklace is of square-cut diamonds*

DESFOSSE

ALBERT

*An important point in the new coiffures is to remember that a small head is essential, and that the hair must be thinned and shaped to give this effect, as shown in the Albert coiffure at right, in which short hair is worn straight until it reaches the ends, when it is curled into soft, flat ringlets, a mode excessively smart at the moment*

HELLSTERN

ALBERT

# Chignons Return to Fashion, But the Head Remains Small

*Particularly suited to growing hair of medium length is the Albert coiffure at the left, which swirls one of the longer strands across the back while the shorter ones are curled into soft, flat ringlets and the ears revealed on either side. Waving is light and natural-looking and should never be fluffy in order to be smart. Charming evening accessories are shown above: The bag by Lecomte is of antiqued silver and white lamé mounted on a silver frame and ring, and Fouquet's necklace is of opaque rock crystal set with diamonds. Smart is the large chiffon handkerchief as is also the Hellstern pink satin pump finished with a coral buckle*

JAY-THORPE BONWIT-TELLER FRANKLIN SIMON

# Suits Adopt Coats Of Various Lengths For Autumn Sports

SUITS, which made their first appearance last spring, promise continued popularity this autumn for sports. A difference, however, is to be noted in the length of the coat, which this autumn may be long or short, and as the season advances the longer coat undoubtedly will take first place. A number of suits for active and spectator sports are here shown. One of the most charming—illustrating the fashion for longer coats—is seen at left. Its coat, furred in natural wolf, and skirt are developed in a deep-red imported woolen, while the blouse is eyelet-embroidered *café au lait* jersey. Should you be planning to lunch at a smart country club or to go to the polo matches, nothing could be more appropriate than this type of suit.

Tweeds, of course, are more distinctly for sports, but they are not permitted such liberties as they have had in the past. Their domain is the country, and there they reign supreme, especially in monotone and duo-tone weaves. A duo-tone tweed is used for the short-coat suit at left, in a mixture of bright blue and black. Its belted effect is typical of this autumn's silhouette, while its fur, gray caracul, is always a favorite. Even sports blouses have a feminine touch, and here it is drawn-work at neck and cuffs on gray wool crêpe.

A perfect suit for general country wear

is the four-piece model of brown, white, and yellow tweed mixture at right—coat, jacket, skirt, and blouse. The coat, cut on raglan lines, shows a new cravat collar lined in the same yellow knitted material which makes the cardigan. The skirt of tweed matches the coat, while the blouse is of yellow silk. This suit is appropriate for golf or any smart country event. A béret, which should preferably be of a matching material, complements the costume.

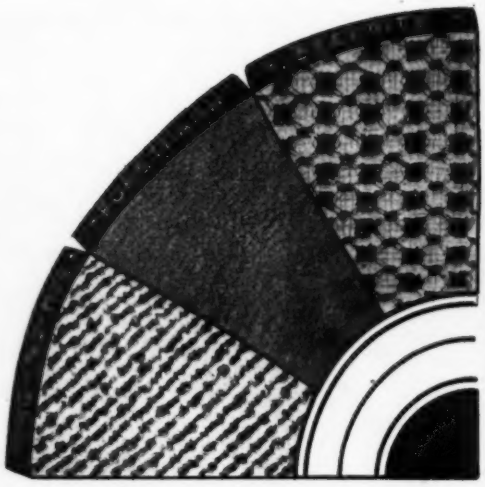
For the woman who prefers the dress and coat type of costume is the brown-and-white tweed model in center at right. New is the use of a white-velveteen, one-side ruffle on the dress, which stops at the left shoulder to end in a matching flower. Slightly fitted at the waistline, the seven-eighths coat is furred in dark brown Persian lamb. Like all clothes this autumn, it is intricate in cut though simple in effect.

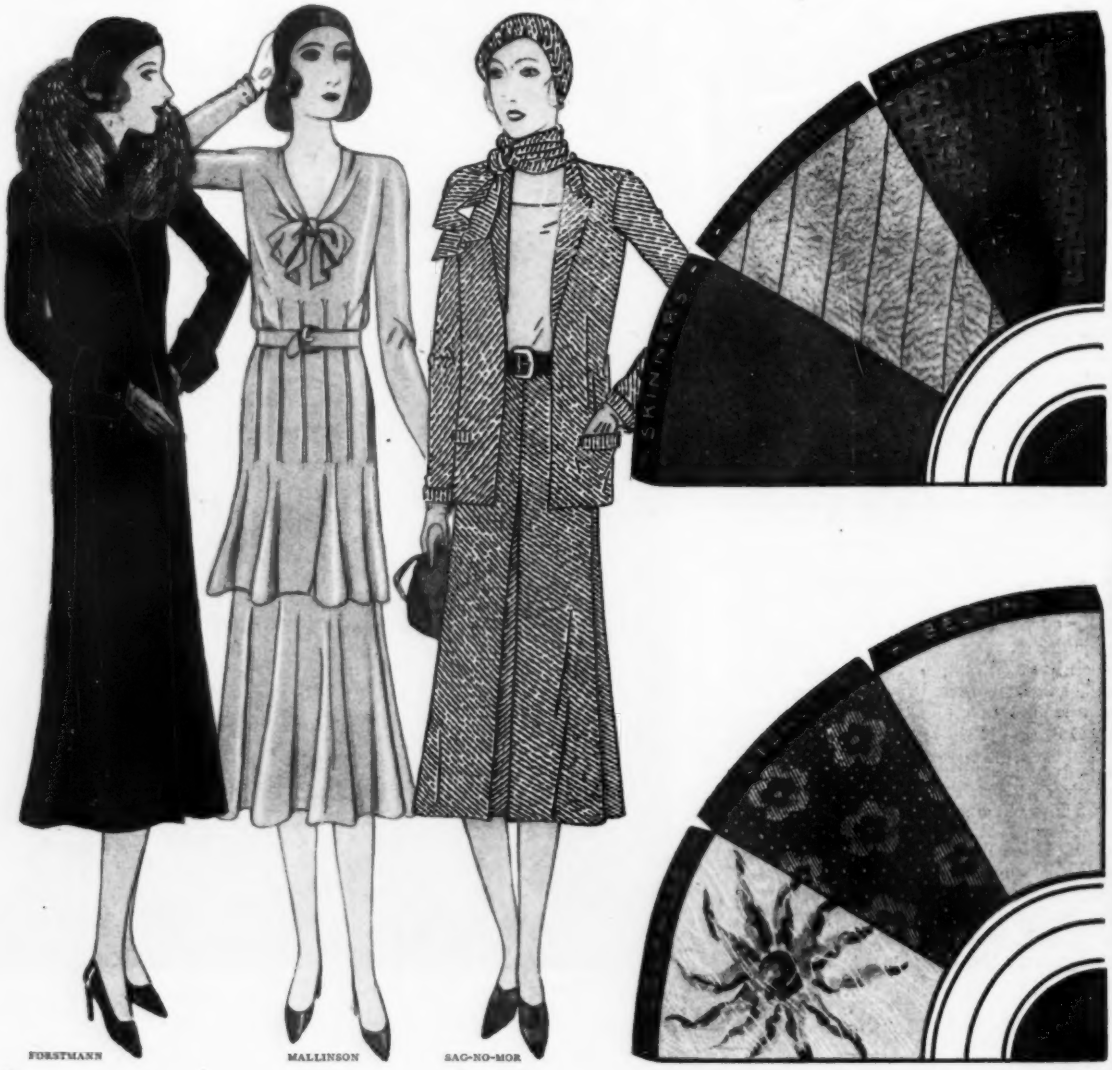
No wardrobe is complete without a tweed coat, and the model at right, in green and black mixture, indorses the popular belted silhouette. The collar is white wolf. A perfectly tailored jumper dress, which in no way hampers the best golfer's swing, is shown on the opposite page in a black-and-white tweed piped in red leather. This note of color is repeated in the belt, while cashmere in tones to harmonize with the tweed makes the blouse.

BONWIT-TELLER BONWIT-TELLER JAY-THORPE

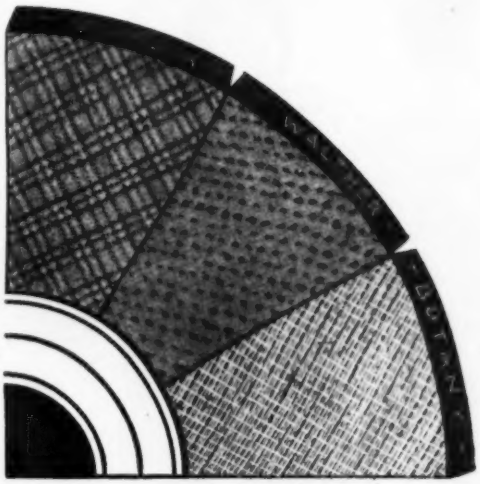
# American Designers Present Autumn's Smart New Fabrics

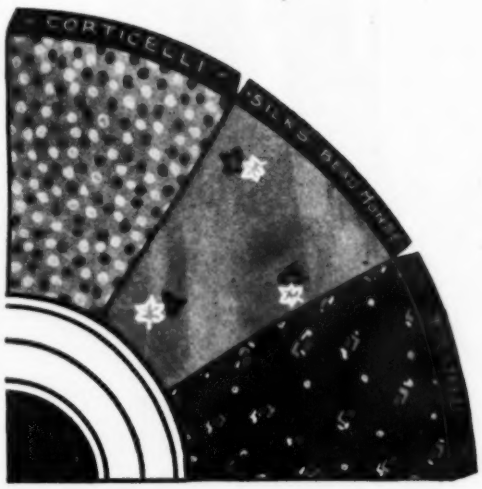
BEFORE selecting your winter wardrobe, study these new fabrics which are right in design and weave. Woolens are more important than ever this season, for much is expected of them in light-weight, novelty dress weaves, such as crêpes, thin dress tweeds, and sheer crêpes. Smooth-finished coatings lead, broadcloths are with us again, and bouclé weaves are revived. Knitted fabrics in tweed effects are smart. In silks Canton crêpe proves most popular for daytime, while for evening it is excessively smart. Some satin is noted for formal afternoon wear and much for evening, where both the stiff and clinging varieties rule. Jacquard weaves are new for daytime wear, replacing prints to a marked degree. All the velvet family is important, as are also the heavy sheer crêpes. Plain and printed sheer metal cloths take a prominent place for evening; moirés are good, too.






FORSTMANN MALLINSON SAG-NO-MOR



# Silks Favor Canton Crêpes And Woolens, Novelty Weaves

THE fabrics illustrated on these pages were selected from the best American manufacturers and carry a national trade-mark. They are as follows: Top, woolen group: Sag-No-Mor, knitted fabric in checked diagonal weave; Fortmann's Kashmirita, smooth-finished coating; Security, drop-stitch knitted woolen in tweed design; Viyella, washable flannel in plaid design; Walther, duo-tone tweed; Botany, thin dress tweed. Middle, silk group: Skinner's heavy georgette; Bemberg and silk in herringbone design; Mallinson's Montecito, jacquard woven crêpe; Corticelli, silk and wool printed crêpe; Silks Beau Monde, printed Canton crêpe; Truhu, printed, washable silk crêpe. Bottom, evening fabric group: Celanese, printed moiré; Stehli, Canton Doré; Belding, taffeta; Schwarzenbach, crêpe-back satin; Haas, printed chiffon lamé; Cheney, all-silk Lyons velvet.

# Let Us Buy for You These Smart Frocks from Fifth Avenue Shops

*New is the lovely Canton crêpe frock (1st, above), with soft scalloped jabot of contrasting georgette, the circular flare on the sleeves, plaits in the front, and a bow at the left side. It is semi-made, with all difficult sewing completed, just sew up the seams and hem, easily done. It comes in black with white, or brown, or green, or navy with beige; 34 to 44; $8.95*

*For parties, the newest Paris frocks are trimmed with beads, as is the one of flat crêpe (2nd, above) with beading in a band and a bow design at the neck. The skirt has circular pieces like plaits in front and back, the sleeves a band with a bow. It comes in black with white beading, or green with white beading, or brown with tan beading; in sizes 14 to 20 and 36 to 42; only $16.50*

## HOW TO ORDER

**All you have to do to buy these new clothes is send a money-order, or your check, together with description of size and color wanted by you, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, N. Y., and any one or more of them will be mailed. If, for any reason, the frock is not satisfactory, you may return it to us, and your money will be refunded. These were chosen from New York shops, and all are of the new winter mode. Remember, the address is 57th St. at 8th Avenue, New York City**

*The tunic dress is new as well as flattering and slenderizing, and the semi-made tunic frock (3rd, above) is made in georgette with a soft cowl neck and detachable lace gilet. The cuffs are split, and all the difficult sewing is finished; just sew up the seams and hem; it comes in all the new autumn and winter shades, wine-red, brown, green, navy, or black; 18 to 44; $9.80*

*Semi-made is the pretty dress of flat crêpe (4th, above) which comes in the new winter shades of brown, green, wine, or navy, with surplice effect in collar and buttoning. The collar is plaited georgette with beige lace, the skirt is rather circular, and all difficult sewing is completed, all material and complete directions are included; in sizes, 14 to 40; only $8.95*

# Silk and Wool Frocks to Suit Your Daytime Needs

*The jumper dress is new, and the one above, which comes with a separate jacket, is semi-made, of wool crêpe, the blouse of crêpe de Chine with blanket stitch. All the difficult sewing is finished, and it comes in black with red blouse, navy with blue blouse, or brown with beige blouse; sizes, 14 to 20, 34 to 40; complete with jacket, see both sketches, $10.85*

*Left: Smart jersey frock with detachable, hemstitched linen bow collar, two plaits in front, one in back, buttons and a belt; green, brown, black, navy, or wine; 14 to 42; only $7.95; new, tweed-knit, woolen frock, with tri-color silk scarf, belt, bolero effect, box-plait in front, two in back; in black, brown, or green mixture; 14 to 20; $10.75*

*With all difficult sewing finished, the two frocks above (center) are semi-made; the first, flat crêpe, buttoned, with detachable vest, comes in navy, brown, wine, or green; 14 to 40; $6.95; the second of jersey with narrow, white-piqué collar and bow, applied bands and front plaits; in navy, green, brown, or tan; in all sizes, 14 to 40; $5.95*

*The jersey dress above (last figure) is new and smart, with an outer detachable collar of white piqué, also white piqué cuffs, the front trimmed with buttons, and two plaits both front and back. Just the frock for the office or shopping or the country; brown, hunter-green, or black; comes in sizes 16 and 18, and 38 to 44; only $16.75*

# Making an Autumn Hat and Beret

*By Grace Henderson*

TO BE smart this winter, you will wear your hat off your forehead, and charming is the model above, which may be made of felt or velvet. Its effectiveness belies the simplicity with which it is made. It does not require a pattern, but accurate directions are given, and by following them you need have no difficulty in making it. As the double-brim treatment is the distinctive feature of this model, be sure to buy a felt hood with a turned double brim, not a straight one—millinery supply shops carry both.

Have the crown blocked by a professional to fit your head size, and for safety's sake have it made one-fourth of an inch deeper all around than the actual depth. When this is done, cut the crown from the brim on a line which indicates where the crown and brim are joined, and you will have a cap-shaped crown which fits your head. Put it on and adjust it snugly.

If it is too deep—and it will be if your measurements were correct and if your safety allowance really is extra—it will wrinkle in back and slip too far forward on your forehead. Mark this extra depth with pins, remove the crown, and trim it off. Put the crown on your head again, mark the exact center of the front and back, and with pins indicate a line two inches above the edge of the crown in front and decreasing to one inch on the sides. Next, starting at the double edge of the remaining piece of felt, indicate a line three inches deep for the brim, make a tiny turn in the upper edge of the felt, and adjust it to the crown as shown above. If the brim is too large, slash it behind the right ear, cut off the extra material, and sew flat with the edges together. In the back the crown slips between the two edges of the brim—the upper portion follows the line indicated with pins around the crown, and the lower acts as a foundation underneath. The brim extends beyond the crown in back, closely follows the nape of the neck, which it fits, and is folded back off the face in front above a narrow bandeau.

The bandeau is made of one and a fourth inch satin ribbon. It starts and ends at nothing, widening in the center over the right eyebrow. It extends from a point two and a fourth inches to the left of the center of the crown over to the right side where it ends in a bow tucked under the brim a little back of the right ear. There is no lining except a one and a half inch bias band around the bottom of the crown.

Most useful for sports, the béret, below, is made of two thicknesses of jersey. It is cut in three sections—a round crown and an under section which is made of two duplicate pieces joined on the sides with half-inch seams. The seams are pressed open and stitched on the right side on each side of the seam, then joined to the crown in the same way. Duplicate this exactly for the lining, turn in a half-inch seam on the edge, and stitch the two sections together with all the seams inside.

The easiest way to make a pattern is to cut two circles, one, one inch larger than the other. Assuming for convenience a twenty-two-inch head size, the smaller or crown will measure twelve inches in diameter, and the under section thirteen. On the larger one indicate a circle six inches in diameter which is three and a half inches all around from the outer edge. Cut away the inner circle, fold the remaining piece in half, cut on the crease, and you have the two pieces of the under section.

Be sure to cut and join all the sections on the straight of the material to insure their stretching evenly. Half an inch is allowed for all seams. As the crown and under section are joined without fulness the side seams are wider at the top than at the bottom where the hat fits the head.

## HOW TO ORDER

*Have you ever considered how many more pretty evening dresses you could have if you made them yourself? It is easy, too, with the help of patterns and directions. To order patterns for the two dresses and wrap on this page, send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping Pattern Service*

*Distinctly smart is the short evening wrap, design L-24, 35c, of black velvet, below. The Canton crêpe evening gown, design L-25, 50c, at right, features unpressed plaits, while design L-26, 50c, in chiffon, is typical of the new Grecian silhouette. All 3 models come in sizes 34 to 42*

L-24

L-25 L-26

# Make Your Evening Clothes This Winter and be Smart

*By Caroline Gray*

SOFT, graceful lines characterize the new evening gowns, which are ankle length or longer, with slim fulness at, or a trifle above, the normal waistline, as illustrated above. Charming for a young girl or young matron is the dress of chiffon, crêpe roma, or transparent velvet, at right. The bodice is draped front and back, while the severity of the armhole is relieved by a soft ruffle. A full circular skirt gathered around the top joins the bodice at the waist under a tied fabric belt. That the fulness starts at the waist, not below the hips, is an important point of the new evening fashions, and simplifies dressmaking.

The dinner gown of Canton crêpe at left above, appropriate for any figure, features the new handling of unpressed plaits. The slightly bloused effect above the waist is gained by the cleverly cut hip-yoke which is one with the bodice, while the peplum and skirt are box-plaited and stitched for a few inches at the top and joined to the hip-yoke. The resulting fulness is not pressed in flat plaits when the dress is finished, but is allowed to fall softly.

A short, black velvet wrap, as shown at left, is ideal with the new dresses and should be in every wardrobe. Smart and easy to make is the draped cravat collar which is faced with white velvet or satin to match the lining, and circular cuffs. In ruby velvet it would also be effective.

# Making an Autumn Hat and Beret

*By Grace Henderson*

TO BE smart this winter, you will wear your hat off your forehead, and charming is the model above, which may be made of felt or velvet. Its effectiveness belies the simplicity with which it is made. It does not require a pattern, but accurate directions are given, and by following them you need have no difficulty in making it. As the double-brim treatment is the distinctive feature of this model, be sure to buy a felt hood with a turned double brim, not a straight one—millinery supply shops carry both.

Have the crown blocked by a professional to fit your head size, and for safety's sake have it made one-fourth of an inch deeper all around than the actual depth. When this is done, cut the crown from the brim on a line which indicates where the crown and brim are joined, and you will have a cap-shaped crown which fits your head. Put it on and adjust it snugly.

If it is too deep—and it will be if your measurements were correct and if your safety allowance really is extra—it will wrinkle in back and slip too far forward on your forehead. Mark this extra depth with pins, remove the crown, and trim it off. Put the crown on your head again, mark the exact center of the front and back, and with pins indicate a line two inches above the edge of the crown in front and decreasing to one inch on the sides. Next, starting at the double edge of the remaining piece of felt, indicate a line three inches deep for the brim, make a tiny turn in the upper edge of the felt, and adjust it to the crown as shown above. If the brim is too large, slash it behind the right ear, cut off the extra material, and sew flat with the edges together. In the back the crown slips between the two edges of the brim—the upper portion follows the line indicated with pins around the crown, and the lower acts as a foundation underneath. The brim extends beyond the crown in back, closely follows the nape of the neck, which it fits, and is folded back off the face in front above a narrow bandeau.

The bandeau is made of one and a fourth inch satin ribbon. It starts and ends at nothing, widening in the center over the right eyebrow. It extends from a point two and a fourth inches to the left of the center of the crown over to the right side where it ends in a bow tucked under the brim a little back of the right ear. There is no lining except a one and a half inch bias band around the bottom of the crown.

Most useful for sports, the béret, below, is made of two thicknesses of jersey. It is cut in three sections—a round crown and an under section which is made of two duplicate pieces joined on the sides with half-inch seams. The seams are pressed open and stitched on the right side on each side of the seam, then joined to the crown in the same way. Duplicate this exactly for the lining, turn in a half-inch seam on the edge, and stitch the two sections together with all the seams inside.

The easiest way to make a pattern is to cut two circles, one, one inch larger than the other. Assuming for convenience a twenty-two-inch head size, the smaller or crown will measure twelve inches in diameter, and the under section thirteen. On the larger one indicate a circle six inches in diameter which is three and a half inches all around from the outer edge. Cut away the inner circle, fold the remaining piece in half, cut on the crease, and you have the two pieces of the under section.

Be sure to cut and join all the sections on the straight of the material to insure their stretching evenly. Half an inch is allowed for all seams. As the crown and under section are joined without fulness the side seams are wider at the top than at the bottom where the hat fits the head.

## HOW TO ORDER

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Romney Waring, pale-faced and intensely earnest, was talking in a low voice to Alicia. "You know you love me." "Yesterday, perhaps," she admitted smiling

*A Man from Home Calls on*

# The AMERICAN MARQUIS

## *Who Learns that Money Really Does Talk*

CONCLUSION

CORAL was the first to catch her balance. "Well, if they're coming, they're coming," she said. Falling into a regrettable Americanism, she added: "And the sooner we get busy, the better. Archey and I are dusting the drawing room. You'd better get dressed, Aunt Joe, so you'll be ready to receive Their Belleview Highnesses when they arrive."

"If only Sowersby had stayed—if only to answer the door," half groaned Aunt Joe.

"Ah, but he didn't," said Coral. "Listen. You go and get dressed, and then you can be strolling out on the terrace when their car comes up the drive, and nobody need answer the door. Thank heavens, it's too late for tea, and you can pretend we're going out for dinner."

"But with a chance like this—"

Coral cut her short by hurrying back to Archey.

"We've got to make tracks," she said, snatching up her dust cloth. "Friends from America are calling to see us, and they'll be here in half an hour. Aunt Joe's nearly crazy. And it *is* too bad that they couldn't have called yesterday when all the servants and all the company were here."

Aunt Joe appeared in the doorway—another Lady Macbeth who couldn't rest for thinking of things which might have been.

"If only Sowersby had stayed!" she said again with a deep sigh; and not seeing Archey, who was under the piano, picking up music, she added: "He could go to the door and wait on table, too. Because—I've been thinking—Mizpah will have everything cooked, and she could easily carry the dishes up to the butler's pantry and put them in the warming oven there. And Sowersby looks so *beautiful* in his uniform. Mrs. Chandler would have talked about it back in Belleview as long as she lived."

"Oh, I say," said Archey, coming up from under the piano. "If you want Sowersby, I think I can get him. I know where he lives in Marlebone, and I can probably get Barslow, too. Suppose I run

*By*

George Weston

*Illustrated by*

*W. Smithson Broadhead*

down and find them. I can be back in twenty minutes."

"Do you really think you could get them?" exclaimed Aunt Joe, her eyes now shining and hopeful.

"Of course, I could. Why not?"

"Archey!" beamed Coral.

"And suppose I telephone Major Middlemass," exclaimed Aunt Joe again, her eyes brighter than ever. "Then it will look more like a party."

"Right-o. And if you want him to appear particularly impressive, ask him if he'd mind putting on his full uniform. It's a treat to see the Major in full fig. He's one of the handsomest Christmas trees in England."

"Oh, lovely!" exulted Aunt Joe—as high in the air as she had been down in the depths a minute before. "I'll telephone right away."

By that time Archey was on his way to the door; but as he passed Coral, he received such a stimulating glance of admiration that he had another inspiration.

"Look here," he said. "If you want a regular party, I'll call up the Kinetons and the Leominsters as soon as I've bagged Sowersby. I'll tell them, if you like, that you have some American friends coming, and that you want to be particularly nice to them—"

"Oh, you Archey!" cried Aunt Joe. "I can't think of anything on earth that would impress the Chandlers more. 'Lord and Lady Kineton!' 'Lord and Lady Leominster!'—"

"Right-o," said Archey, suddenly glancing at the watch on his wrist. "I'm off."

Aunt Josephine crowed with pure joy.

"Now let me see," she added. "Alicia's straightening upstairs. I'll run up and have a look at Lady Phoebe's room; and if everything's all right, Sowersby can take the Chandlers there when they come. And then I'll run down in the kitchen and tell Mom how many are coming for dinner—so Mizpah will know how much to cook—"

The Marquis of Marlebone appeared in the doorway; and even as Aunt Joe had looked like Lady Macbeth a few minutes

before, so now the Marquis looked like the Thane of Cawdor himself.

"Well?" he asked. "What are we going to do?"

"We're going to have a party, *une grande soirée*," said Aunt Joe, pressing Archey's dust cloth in his hand. "Now you stay here and help Coral—she'll tell you all about it!"

## CHAPTER XXXIX

THE Chandlers didn't arrive till after six, having been delayed on the road by a punctured tire, but it was still light when their car came splashing through a sudden shower to the entrance of Marlebone Towers.

"Some place!" muttered J. Montague under his breath, and indeed he had been growing quieter and quieter since the car had passed through the lodge gates five minutes before.

"A real old family," murmured Mrs. Chandler. "I knew it the moment I saw Miss Marlebone, back in Belleview."

"Mmm," said J. Montague, who had never told his wife about his first and only meeting with the Marquis.

The door opened, and Sowersby advanced with gray-haired dignity down the steps. "Mr. and Mrs. Chandler?" he asked. "His Lordship is expecting you. Will you have your man bring your luggage, sir?"

"No; we aren't stopping," said J. Montague, "just dropping in to say 'Hello'."

"I am sure there is no mistake, sir. The Marquis was particularly clear that I should attend to the luggage, for he said, 'At the very least they must stay for dinner, and they will wish to dress.'"

"Very well, Montague," said Mrs. Chandler, suddenly settling the point. "If you will tell the chauffeur to bring the two suitcases—"

"I will take you to your room now," said Sowersby as the procession started up the steps. "I believe the family is dressing for dinner; and when you are ready, you will find the drawing room at the end of the Long Gallery here."

"What a beautiful old house!" gasped Mrs. Chandler, glancing down the vaulted corridors into the stately vistas beyond.

"Yes, madam," said Sowersby gravely. "This carved staircase, I believe, is one of the oldest in England."

"And what a lovely old room!" continued Mrs. Chandler, when she and her husband were at last alone in Lady Phoebe's late apartment. "Oh, how I wish I had my trunk! But never mind—that Paris dress I bought yesterday—I might have known when I put it in my suitcase that I'd need it for something like this."

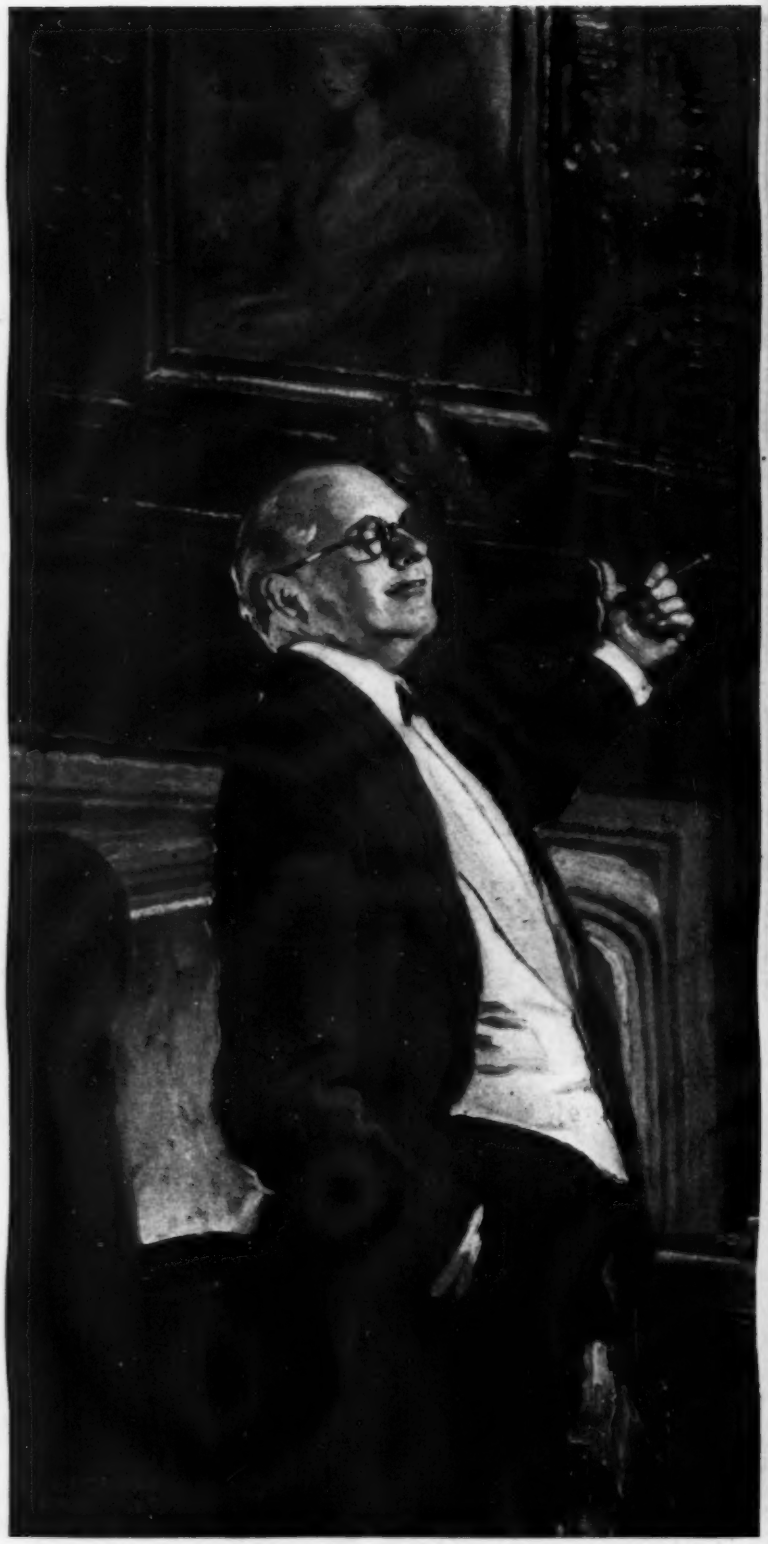
"Do you suppose these are his deer?" asked J. Montague, looking through the window.

"Of course, they are. Everything we saw after we came through the lodge gate belongs to him. You'd better get your tuxedo out of your suitcase, Monty. I hope it isn't too terribly full of wrinkles."

Meanwhile, down in the butler's pantry, Sowersby was reporting to Master Archey that the guests were upstairs and presumably dressing for dinner.

"Lovely!" beamed Archey, who was busy at one of the drawers. "Do you know, Sowersby, I'm beginning to feel pleased that Barslow went to London this afternoon. Remember how I used to help you set the table when I was only so high? Invaluable practice. I'm going to help you now."

"Oh, I can get along all right now, sir. It's when the serving comes that I'm afraid I shall bog down—always having had a second man to help me. How many did you say were coming to dinner?"



When dinner was over, coffee was served in the drawing room—the Marquis "A great picture," said the latter, glancing up at the portrait over the

standing in front of the fireplace, Mr. Chandler joining him there. mantel-shelf. "Yes, a Gainsborough," said the Marquis carelessly

"The Marquis and his sister—that's two. The two young ladies—four. Our American guests—six. The Kinetons—eight. The Leominsters—ten. Mr. Waring—eleven. Major Middlemass—twelve."

"You left out the Marquis's mother, sir."

"Yes, I believe she wishes to be excused—for reasons not unremotely connected with the culinary department. I saw her in the kitchen a few minutes ago, looking like a presiding goddess supervising a banquet on Olympus. A noble old lady. But that, of course, is your secret and mine: we shall say no more about it."

"And you overlooked yourself as well, sir. Ah, I don't like this, Master Archey. You'll be the thirteenth at table."

Placing his finger on his lips in a mysterious manner, Archey opened the clothes cupboard in which Barslow's uniform hung on its hanger. In less than a minute a new second man was respectfully standing in front of the butler as though awaiting instructions.

"But, Master Archey," quavered Sowersby. "You—you can't do this."

"All my life," said Archey, "I have had intermittent ambitions to be a butler. I can see, of course, now, that I aspired too high. But at least tonight I am sufficiently freed from maternal authority to play the part of second man."

"But the other guests, sir!" the butler still staringly protested. "Lord and Lady Kineton—Lord and Lady Leominster—all the others who know you! How do you suppose they're going to take it when they walk into the dining room and see you in a plum-colored coat and scarlet waistcoat standing behind the chairs?"

"How are they going to take it?" repeated Archey. "Like Britons. For one thing, you see, I've already warned them—"

"Then you knew you were going to do it?"

"At least I've had a strong suspicion—ever since you told me that Barslow had gone to London. But now let's see how well I can set the table, for I think the guests are arriving. Didn't you hear a car roll up to the steps. Yes; there's the bell."

The first guest to arrive was Major Middlemass. Fortunately Aunt Josephine had come down into the drawing room and so was there to receive him. And indeed, as Archey had hinted, the Major was well worth receiving in his full-dress uniform of red and black and gold, his epaulettes like golden waterfalls, his double row of ribboned medals, his black plumed hat which he carried under his arm—

"Turn around slowly, please," said Aunt Joe.

Nothing loath, the Major turned slowly around, his left hand resting as usual upon his martial mustache, and when the circuit was completed he saw that Aunt Joe had slipped down on one knee.

"Go ahead and knight me," she said in a deep whisper. "Make me a 'lady'—anything. I'm only an 'honorable' now!"

The next to enter the drawing room was the Marquis himself. If anything, the worry of the last two days had added to the majesty of his appearance—the solemnity of his deportment.

"It is very good of you to come on such short notice, Major," he said. "Some friends of my sister's are unexpectedly calling. I suppose she has told you."

"I've been too busy admiring him," said Josephine, unashamed. "Doesn't he go beautifully, Lucius, in this oak-paneled room?"

Next to arrive were the Kinetons, genially wrangling with each other all the way down the Long Gallery.

"No, no, my dear. You're thinking of 'Pinafore' or (*Continued on page 188*)

# Good Housekeeping INSTITUTE

*Katharine A. Fisher, Director*

# Making The Kitchen This Year's Model

The refrigerator and the worktable space with storage space for the supplies and utensils used at the worktable in the preparation of food

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute Conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE SERIAL NO.

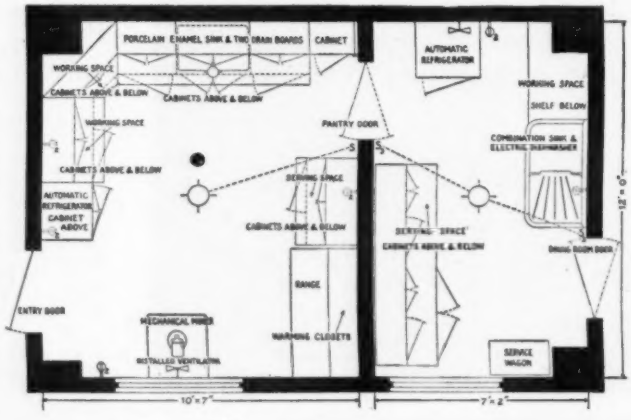
AN AUTOMOBILE of 1920 is out of date and would find a place in few, if any, garages today. It is of historical interest only. Unfortunately we do not change our kitchens as we do our automobiles. We are likely to keep on using equipment that belongs to past decades in kitchens that are too often so poorly arranged that we travel many unnecessary miles and waste much energy in preparing the daily meals. In modernizing our old kitchens then, we may, in addition to rearranging our equipment, need to consider the advisability of replacing some of it.

This year's models in kitchen equipment, approved by the Institute, offer new conveniences, but one must know how to take advantage of these improved standards. Here at the Institute we are constantly working out the widest and best use of this up-to-date equipment. And we have recently planned the kitchen, illustrated on these pages, in which modern equipment may be used in a labor-saving and a step-saving way.

The ideal kitchen remains to be planned. If we are bringing our kitchen up to date, its size and shape may present some difficulties in placing the equipment conveniently. And in planning for the arrangement of equipment in a new kitchen we are often limited by such factors as the way in which the kitchen space has been fitted into the general plan of the house, and the location of doors and windows. So when planning a new house, do not pass on the space alloted to the kitchen, or the location of doors and windows, until you have a definite idea of how you wish the kitchen equipped. And that is not all. You should find out as nearly as possible the floor space that each piece of equipment will require, then prepare small pieces of paper drawn to scale to represent this floor space and fit these pieces into your plan.

Many manufacturers of kitchen cabinets have for some time offered to home builders, and those replanning their kitchen, a kitchen-planning service in fitting their cabinets conveniently into the kitchen plan. Other manufacturers of kitchen equipment are now offering the same service. Those planning new houses should take advantage of this service.

A floor plan of the new kitchen and pantry, showing location of convenience outlets and lighting fixtures




FAN

DOUBLE CONVENIENCE OUTLET

CEILING OUTLET

$S_3$ 3-WAY SWITCH

Planning a convenient kitchen would be a comparatively simple problem if in the beginning we based our plan on the fact that the *equipment will be used for four main types of work.* We have first the preparation of the food, then the cooking, followed by the serving, and last of all the washing up. Of course, these processes sometimes overlap in the course of preparing a meal, but *each type of work should be given a space or center to itself,* and each center should be so placed in the floor plan as to follow as nearly as possible the general order of work in the kitchen.

Generous worktable space should be provided for preparing the food for cooking. Of course, some foods, such as fruits and vegetables, are usually prepared at the sink. But do not use your work table space for setting dishes ready to

The range, with heat-regulated oven and a warming closet for heating serving dishes

The surface used for setting dishes ready for serving is conveniently near the dining room

The dishwashing sink and even the simple wire dish-dryer and spray for rinsing have transformed dishwashing

serve. Have a space for this purpose near the dining room door if possible. It may be a service wagon, or a table on castors that can be wheeled to sink or range to receive dishes ready to serve. Or, as in the Institute kitchen pictured here, it may be a cabinet unit, with space for setting dishes ready to go to the dining room and with cupboards above and below for storage of dishes and linen.

Another important thing to be kept in mind in planning a convenient kitchen is that each of the four types of kitchen work already mentioned means the handling of utensils or food supplies or both. *These food supplies and utensils should be kept at or near the working center where they are to be used.* Cutlery, mixing bowls, measuring cups, sifters, beaters, and so forth are needed at the worktable, and if you consider for a moment the preparation of a typical meal, you will think of other utensils you use there. Most of the dry groceries on your shelves are used there, too, so you should have a cabinet or shelves above or beside the work table to hold these.

Perishable supplies, such as butter and eggs, are also needed at the worktable, but vegetables and fruits usually go directly to the space at the sink to be prepared for cooking or serving. For this reason the refrigerator should be near both the sink and worktable. It should also be near the back entry door for convenient delivery of food supplies, with a table near by for setting these on, should they not go into the refrigerator or on the shelves at once.

A rack, with hooks, at the sink and one at the range will hold the utensils first needed at these two working centers. And of course a comfortable chair or stool of suitable height should be provided in every kitchen.

Now turn to the plan of the Institute kitchen given here and note the arrangement of the equipment as to working centers. A unit built to fit two sides of the kitchen includes a refrigerator, with a cabinet above, near the back entry door, with worktable space next to it. Above and below the worktable are cabinets for the food supplies and utensils used at the worktable. The sink and drain boards occupy most of the other wall space, with storage cabinets above and below. Near the dining room door is the serving space as already indicated, and the range is placed beside it, while below the window and convenient to the worktable is the mechanical mixer. The entire kitchen space is 12′ x 10′, and so it is but a step from worktable and refrigerator to sink, and from worktable to range.

Do we need a pass pantry between dining room and kitchen? This, in the opinion of the Institute, depends upon the needs of each household. Many of the dining rooms and dining alcoves of today provide little or no storage space for dishes, silver, and linen, and therefore cabinet or cupboard space must be provided for this elsewhere. If there is a large family, or if much entertaining is done, generous storage space is needed for dishes, linen, and silver, but there is usually limited wall space in the kitchen for such storage needs. The pantry will provide wall space for these, and also more space for serving and dishwashing. It is also a great convenience to have additional refrigeration space available in the pantry, especially if much entertaining is done.

The up-to-date kitchen is easily cared for, as all surfaces are washable. Walls painted or with a washable covering or a tiled wainscot with paint above, floors with linoleum or a printed floor covering, or with a coat of paint, varnish, or other washable finish, all spell ease in care. Porcelain, stain-resisting enamel finishes on table tops and sinks are now available, while stain-resisting (*Continued on page 254*)

Onions large and small, leeks and shallots, scallions and garlic—all of the onion family—are indispensable seasonings

Chives will grace the kitchen window sill and provide an increasingly used seasoning

# The Versatile ONION FAMILY

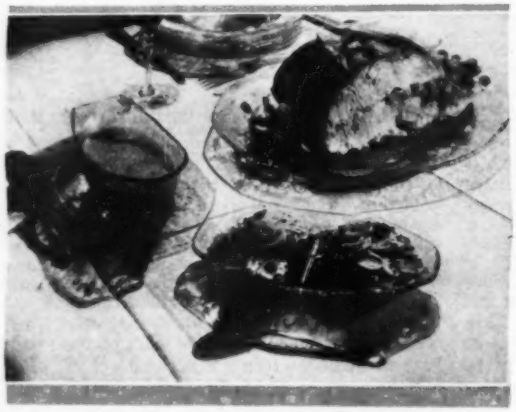
By Katharine A. Fisher, Director

*Photographs by H. I. Williams*

"TOO often the poet sees but the tears that live in an onion; not the smiles."

And yet the art of cookery owes much to the onion family. What is more widely used as a seasoning? What can take the place of the onion or some member of its family in achieving that tantalizing flavor in soups and stews and salads and a host of other dishes? It is a flavor that gives the finishing touch to many a culinary masterpiece, but all good cooks know that it must be used with artistry and discretion, for as a seasoning the onion family "clamors for moderation." An epicure will enthuse over just a hint of onion flavor in the cream cheese used as a sandwich filling or in a salad, but add a few drops too much of the precious onion juice, and the dish will not prove to be very popular.

Of course there are dishes in which onions play a more prominent part, as in the famous onion soup of Dumas, in *bouillabaisse*, and in the stews of many nations. And onions, provided they are cooked to suit the family's taste, are one of our most delicious vegetables. Beware of cooking them too long, however, for this will spoil their fine flavor. But if your family prefers the full, fresh, onion flavor cook them in a covered pan in a small quantity of water, or in a steamer or "waterless cooker" as outlined in our article on this page in June, "Shall We Cook Without Water?" For a milder flavor use more water and keep the pan uncovered during cooking. Baked onions are delicious, but use only about one-half cupful of boiling water in a covered casserole if a full flavor is desired. On request we will send you our Time Table for Cooking Vegetables, including onions.



A tasty relish to serve with baked fish is one of sliced onions and mint with vinegar and sugar

The white or silver-skinned onions, the red or yellow onions, are all used commonly in this country, but Bermuda and Spanish onions are often the favorites when onions are served raw, as in salads or sandwiches. These are milder and sweeter onions than those native to a northern climate.

The little spring onion, the scallion, is accepted by onion enthusiasts either raw or cooked. Like the mature onion it is delicious cooked, either served with a little butter or in cream, or in a smooth, velvety cream sauce. Grated cheese sprinkled generously over creamed onions just before serving will prove to be a master touch.

For a relish with stuffed baked fish we have found nothing more tasty and inviting than an *Onion Relish* contributed by one of

our readers who tells us that it is an old English recipe. A mint sauce is made using one-half cupful vinegar, one tablespoonful powdered sugar, and three-fourths cupful fresh mint leaves chopped fine with a sharp knife. This is heated gently or infused thirty minutes, then a cupful of thinly-sliced small onions is added. If there is not enough vinegar to cover the onions, add more, then chill to crisp the onions before serving.

This relish makes a delicious sandwich filling, and a little added to stuffed or deviled eggs gives a new and alluring flavor to this salad or picnic dish. Any vinegar left over from this relish may be used in making a flavorsome French dressing.

And there is the garlic that festoons the Italian fruit shops. "All Italy is in the fine penetrating smell; and all Provence; and all Spain." It brings up visions of sunny slopes and olive orchards and stately rows of pointed cypress trees. But use this member of the onion family with great restraint if you would have your family cultivate a taste for it. In making salad merely rub the salad bowl with a clove or bud of garlic, or let the garlic lie in the dressing just until the dressing is flavored to taste. Cook a bit of garlic in the pan with the next roast of lamb or mutton, or rub a clove over the roast before putting it in the oven. To protect your fingers, use a fork in peeling the garlic.

Then we have the delicate green of the long, slender chives. A root can be obtained from a market gardener and planted in a pot to grace the kitchen window sill. It will furnish an increasingly used seasoning. Add a little finely-minced leaves to stuffed eggs, to vegetable salads, to savory sandwich filling, and to cheese custard or soufflé. It will give the right touch to the dish.

Here are a few selected recipes using onions, some of which have been contributed by readers, while others have been developed in the Institute kitchens. You will find, if you have not already done so, that many are the dishes that are better for the "friendly companionship" of the incomparable onion or one of its family.

For *Onion Soup*, slice six medium-sized onions and cook in 2 tablespoonfuls of fat until light brown. Add 3 cupfuls plain stock, or 3 cupfuls boiling water in which have been dissolved 4 beef bouillon cubes, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful kitchen bouquet, ⅛ teaspoonful celery salt, and a speck of pepper. Pour into a casserole. Place six rounds of bread on top and sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Bake uncovered at 350° F. until the cheese is melted and well browned. Serves 6.

For *Spanish Onion Rarebit*, make 1 quart of medium white sauce using 4 cupfuls of milk, 8 tablespoonfuls flour, 8 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 teaspoonful salt, and ⅛ teaspoonful each of pepper and paprika. Season this sauce with ¼ teaspoonful tabasco sauce and 1 teaspoonful prepared mustard. Add 1½ cupfuls of chopped cooked onions, ½ cupful chopped pimiento, and ½ cupful grated cheese. Serve hot on toast. Serves 6.

For *Cheese Custard with Chives*, soak one cupful of cracker crumbs or one cupful of small cubes of bread in two cupfuls of milk. Add three eggs well-beaten, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of dry mustard, and a few grains of red pepper. Add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one and one-fourth cupfuls of grated cheese and one tablespoonful finely minced chives, and beat all together. Turn into buttered custard cups or a casserole. Set in a pan of boiling water and bake at 325° F. for 60 to 75 minutes. Serves 6.

For *French Fried Onions*, select onions at least 1½" in diameter. Peel and cut in slices ¼" thick. Separate slices into rings and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Make a batter by beating one egg yolk and adding to it ½ cupful milk, and ½ cupful flour. Dip the onion rings in this batter and fry in deep fat at 395° F. about 4½ minutes.

For *Scalloped Onions and Tomatoes*, cook 2 cupfuls of sliced onions in a tightly covered saucepan with salted water to just cover the bottom of the saucepan for 15 minutes. Drain. Fill a buttered baking dish alternating the layers and using 2 cupfuls tomatoes, 1½ teaspoonfuls salt, ⅛ teaspoonful

(*Continued on page 207*)

**Many are the dishes that are the better for the friendly companionship of the incomparable onion or one of its family**


## BULLETINS FOR AUTUMN NEEDS

Have you a list of our Institute bulletins? If not, Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service at 57th Street and 8th Avenue, New York City, will gladly send you one upon request. Here are some of our bulletins which you will find particularly useful at this season

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Easy Methods in Cleaning* | 25c | *Frozen Desserts and Frosty Drinks* | 25c |
| Convenient Kitchens | 25c | Salads and Salad Dressings | 25c |
| Heating the American Home | 25c | Jellies, Jams and Pickles | 25c |
| House Wiring and Lighting for Service | 15c | Cooking for Large Groups | 25c |
| Managing the Family Income | 25c | Time and Temperature Cooking Chart | 25c |

**If you are planning your club programs on home projects send to Good Housekeeping Institute at the above address for our list of suggested topics for club study of housekeeping problems. Our Time Table for Cooking Vegetables will be sent free of charge by Good Housekeeping Institute at the above address**

# *Simple Ways are* COOKING

*By Dorothy B.*

*Photographs by H. I. Williams*

With fresh pears so plentiful during autumn months and canned pears available the year round, we need not lack for variety. Fresh pears are delicious cooked as a breakfast fruit or as a dessert—but one of the most tempting ways is to bake them in the oven until they are juicy, tender, and delicate in flavor

Canned plums have all the fragrance and flavor of the fresh fruit, and if we consume the can liquor with the fruit, we are practically certain of receiving all that was in the fruit before packing. However, during the fleeting weeks when fresh plums are in season, we should serve them in as varied ways as possible. To the right we have illustrated the method of making Plum Compote

EXPLORERS have never searched for new lands with keener anticipation than the housekeeper feels in her hunt for new recipes. Yet often, in her eagerness, she overlooks the simple dishes which are always sure to appeal if only they are done to perfection. And this is just as true in the cooking of fresh fruits as of any of the more complicated combinations we may contrive.

There are sound health reasons for the widespread practice of eating raw fruit every day. Not only are many of the fresh fruits natural combatants of acidosis, but they enrich our meals with energy, bulk, minerals, and three important vitamins. But even with fruits, we need to introduce some variety into the ways of serving them if we hope to keep them as interesting eating.

There are bananas! Always available, always in season, and economical in price—in them we have one of nature's most wholesome fruits. Like all other fruits, they should be thoroughly ripe to be eaten raw. Fortunately it is easy to tell when this stage has been reached, for as the banana ripens, the skin turns from green to yellow. Finally all the green—even at the tips—disappears, and the yellow becomes flecked with brown. The fruit is then ready to eat, easy to digest, and nourishing.

But the distinctive flavor of the banana is most pleasantly varied by cooking, and even the not-quite-ripe green-tipped fruit becomes delicious and digestible. No dish could be more tantalizing than juicy baked bananas—served as a variation from rice or potatoes with the main course. Yet how seldom we see them served! Here is the Institute's pet method of preparing them: For *Baked Bananas In The Skin,* peel down one section from the desired number of bananas and carefully loosen the pulp from the skin, replacing the strip of skin to keep the bananas from discoloring. Then arrange them in a buttered baking dish and bake in a hot oven of 400° F. for 25 minutes or until the bananas are juicy and tender when tested with a fork. Remove from the oven, slip them out of the skins, arrange on a hot platter, and serve with meat, fish, or other main dishes, in place of rice or potatoes.

*Baked Bananas Out Of The Skin* make a tempting dessert dish for either summer or winter. Peel and lightly scrape the surface of six bananas. Cut in halves crosswise or lengthwise, as preferred, and arrange in a shallow buttered casserole. Sprinkle with 4 tablespoonfuls of granulated or maple sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls of melted butter or margarine, and 2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice or orange juice. Add 3 tablespoonfuls water and bake in a moderate oven of 375° F. for about 30 minutes or until tender when pricked with a fork. Serve hot or cold and with or without cream. Serves six.

The business housekeeper may find it time-saving to sauté the bananas and then serve them either as a vegetable or as dessert. For *Sautéed Bananas,* peel and lightly scrape six bananas, then cut them in halves crosswise or leave whole. Sprinkle each banana lightly with salt, pepper, and paprika, dip in milk, and then sprinkle with flour. Arrange in a frying pan containing a small quantity of hot melted fat or oil, and cook

# the Best Ways of Fresh FRUITS

Marsh *Of the Institute Staff*

gently until tender and golden brown on both sides. If preferred, the bananas may be dipped in lemon juice, then lightly dusted with flour before sautéing.

Often when the broiler is being used for chops, meat balls, or the like, bananas can be broiled at the same time, to take the place of potatoes or rice. Peel and lightly scrape the desired number of bananas and leave them whole, or cut in halves lengthwise. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and paprika, brush with melted butter or oil, and dust with flour. Arrange on the broiler rack and broil until tender and golden brown (in the broiler oven, which has been preheated 10 minutes), turning once.

For *Fried Bananas*, peel six bananas, cut them in halves crosswise, and then in halves lengthwise if desired. Sprinkle with salt and pepper or with lemon juice. Next coat them with beaten egg, allowing 1 tablespoonful of water to each beaten egg. Then roll them in finely-sifted dried bread or cracker crumbs. Fry in deep fat which has been heated to 360° F. for 2 minutes, or until tender and golden brown on all sides. Serves six.

Autumn would be incomplete without the orchard fruits—apples, pears, peaches, and plums, to mention only a few. Fresh from the tree, crisp and juicy, apples are now at their prime for baking, and what tastes better for breakfast or dessert! The Institute bakes them in two ways: For *Baked Apples* I, core and peel six firm apples about one-third of the way down from the stem end. Arrange in a shallow, covered saucepan and pour over them a sirup made by boiling 1 cupful sugar and 1½ cupfuls water together for 6 minutes. Cover tightly and *simmer gently* until the apples are nearly tender when tested with a toothpick, basting them frequently with the sirup. Then arrange the apples in buttered, individual, heat-proof glass, baked-apple dishes, or in a shallow baking dish. Fill the cavity of each with 1 teaspoonful sugar and sprinkle some sugar over the surface. Place under the broiler heat or in a hot oven of 400° F. and cook until the sugar has melted and the apples are glazed. Baste once or twice with some of the sirup in which the apples were cooked. Serve hot or cold, with or without cream; or if desired, blanched almonds may be stuck over the apples' surface before baking; or a spoonful of jelly may be placed in the center of each and then topped with whipped cream. One cupful of maple sirup may be substituted for the sugar used in making the sirup, above, and imparts a delicious flavor to the fruit. Serves six.

For *Baked Apples* II, core six apples, arrange in a baking dish, and fill the cavity of each with a mixture of sugar and spice, allowing ¼ teaspoonful cinnamon or nutmeg and ¼ cupful sugar. Cover the bottom of the baking dish with boiling water and bake the apples in a hot oven of 400° F. until they are soft, from ½ to 1 hour, depending upon the size of the apples. Baste them frequently with the sirup in the dish. Serve hot or cold. A few drops of lemon juice and a little grated fresh lemon peel may be substituted for the spice in the above recipe. Serves six.

Even so simple a dish as Apple Sauce can be colorful, fragrant, and delicious if correctly made. If your apples are rosy red, wash, core, and quarter eight of them. Arrange in a saucepan with about ½ cupful water or sufficient to keep them from burning, add about one cupful (*Continued on page 288*)

In the banana we have one of nature's most wholesome fruits — always available, always in season, and economical in price. The ways of cooking them are numerous, either as a vegetable in place of rice or potatoes, or as a dessert. Above is shown the method of sautéing ripe bananas to be served with the meat

In the fall apples are just at their prime for baking, since they are fresh from the tree, crisp and juicy. One of the nicest ways of baking them is to peel partially and then cook them in a sugar sirup on top of the stove until nearly tender. Next sprinkle them with sugar, arrange them in a baking dish, and either bake or cook under the broiler heat until glazed. Serve them hot or cold

# One Thousand Women Meet

## To Discuss Home Problems

### By Dorothy B. Marsh and Helen W. Kendall

*Of the Institute Staff*

AT THE end of last century a group of ten women, with the late Mrs. Ellen H. Richards as chairman, met to discuss plans for some united action on the part of those interested in home economics. This meeting really marked the beginning of the American Home Economics Association which held its annual meeting this year at Denver the last week in June. Several thousand women now belong to this Association, and one thousand of these came to the Denver meeting.

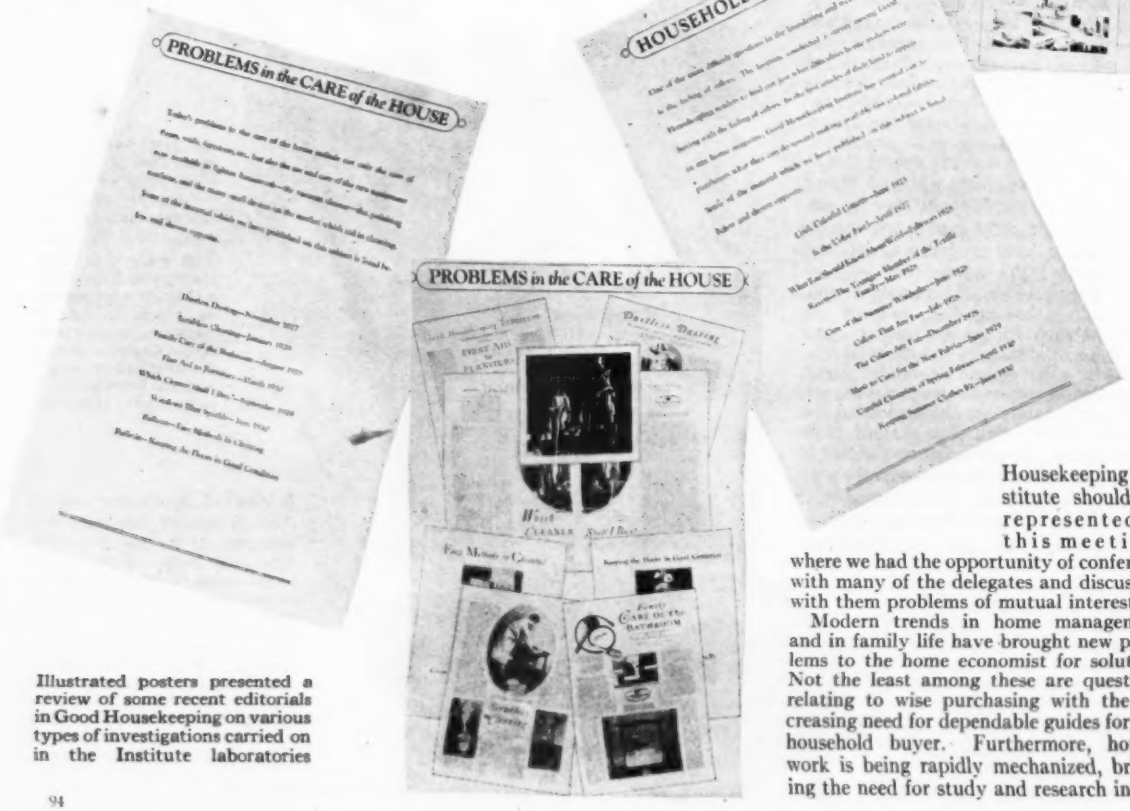
The home economics movement has developed along various significant lines since that first group met at the Lake Placid Club, and this growth is reflected in several well-established sections that now make up the Association. There is a large section devoted to the study of food and nutrition, and this year the consideration of food fads and fancies and facts was given a leading place on the program. Another section is confined to a broad study of textiles and clothing, while government extension workers make up an important group.

The many women trained in home economics who are now directing housekeeping and food departments in institutional households also have the opportunity of meeting as a group, and homemakers themselves form one of the sections. Directors of educational departments, in many of the leading industries serving the home, make up one of the youngest sections in the Association, but one which is developing in an interesting way.

Since one of the main sessions this year was devoted to a discussion of the activities and purposes of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection, the welfare of children was given much attention. The improvement of national housing standards and the standardization of household commodities were among the topics discussed at other sessions.

It was the twenty-third annual meeting of the Association, the members of which are devoting themselves broadly to a study of home problems. And it is nearly twenty-three years since GOOD HOUSEKEEPING established the Institute as a service for our readers for the purpose of developing modern methods of housekeeping. It was fitting, then, that Good Housekeeping Institute should be represented at this meeting, where we had the opportunity of conferring with many of the delegates and discussing with them problems of mutual interest.

Showing some of the Institute work on the care of fabrics, including the problem of fast colors and newer fabric materials




Illustrated posters presented a review of some recent editorials in Good Housekeeping on various types of investigations carried on in the Institute laboratories

Modern trends in home management and in family life have brought new problems to the home economist for solution. Not the least among these are questions relating to wise purchasing with the increasing need for dependable guides for the household buyer. Furthermore, housework is being rapidly mechanized, bringing the need for study and research in the

Many delegates came to our exhibit at the Denver meeting to discuss special problems with us

A poster which shows some of our work on managing the various types of approved kitchen ranges

field of household equipment. In this field Good Housekeeping Institute has been the pioneer. Through our testing service, which has been carried on ever since the Institute was established, we have been able to offer the household buyer a dependable and unbiased guide in the purchase of household equipment. Each type of equipment is tested at the Institute on the basis of definite standards, and all equipment awarded the Good Housekeeping Institute seal of approval has measured up to these standards.

Through the many years the Institute has been established, we have used and become familiar with practically all the equipment offered to housekeepers during that time. We have also kept in very close touch with housekeepers and the needs of the American home. Consequently, in subjecting each piece of equipment to extensive performance tests, we are doing so with a broad understanding of what will be expected of this equipment by the ultimate user. This is why growing thousands of housekeepers have learned, as they tell us, "to follow the star" which is the Good Housekeeping Institute Seal of Approval.

. The Institute work by no means ends with our testing service. Through investigation and research our large staff of highly trained men and women is developing the best methods of using approved equipment. Our testing service is also the nucleus for the development of source material on housekeeping and home management problems in general. The results of our work are available in our editorial pages in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING and in our bulletins.

For this reason those in the field of home economics, teachers and extension workers, specialists and research workers in the various branches of home economics work, as well as home-makers, turn to the Institute for information which is not available elsewhere. So at the Denver meeting, as a basis for discussion, we presented, through the medium of illustrated posters, a review of some of our more recent editorial work. These posters covered a wide range of home problems, including such questions as Controlling the Weight, Household Refrigeration, Household Textiles, Waterless Cooking, Cooking by Temperature, Budgeting the Income, Managing the Kitchen Range, Meals That Keep the Family Fit, House Wiring and Lighting, Home Laundering, The Care of the House, Developments in Small Electrical Cooking Devices, A Guide to Buying Foods in Cans and Packages, Planning the Housework, and A New Day in Dishwashing.

Many came to the GOOD HOUSEKEEPING exhibit to discuss special problems, to find out further details concerning our testing service, and to go over with us our findings on the various investigations carried on in our laboratories. We found that in the home economics departments of many schools and colleges our editorials in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, as well as the Institute bulletins, were being constantly used as reference material. Extension workers, directors of home service departments in industry, and other home economics specialists also told us that they were using the Institute editorials and bulletins in their work.

Discussions with the visitors to our exhibit ranged from vegetable cookery methods to marketing problems and those relating to the management of the family income. The question of the best and widest use of modern household equipment, as well as present developments in the various types of equipment tested in the Institute laboratories, came up often for discussion.

It was a great pleasure to us to meet personally many of the leaders in home economics and to come into closer touch with their work.

Technical tests at the Institute determine efficiency, ease of control, and simplicity of design of ranges

# The TOP of YOUR RANGE

## *Is a Partner of Your Oven*

By Demetria M. Taylor and T. L. Henderson

*Of the Institute Staff*

AS WE look back upon the work which Good Housekeeping Institute has done in helping housekeepers to plan and prepare three meals a day, this would seem to be a fitting time to discuss the management of the top stove, the partner of the oven.

In furnishing oven heat controls on ranges, manufacturers have greatly simplified the use of the oven. They have made it possible to cook at any desired temperature without constant watching. As a further aid, Good Housekeeping Institute has prepared a Time and Temperature Chart for use in cooking various types of foods in the oven. But how many of our readers realize that top-stove cookery can be made as great a convenience as oven cookery, and that it is an art as well?

The first rule that you must remember and obey, if you wish to make the most of the top of your stove, is this: *Use proper equipment and use it correctly.* We are convinced that when housekeepers feel that top-stove cookery is irksome, it is because they are using worn-out or poorly designed utensils. Are you guilty of using a tea kettle minus its hinge? Or a utensil which has lost its cover and is forced to get along with another two sizes too small? Or a saucepan so badly dented that it tips over at the slightest provocation? No wonder you are discouraged with your results! It is important, and particularly so with an electric range, to have utensils which fit, or are adapted to the burners or heating elements, since otherwise much heat is wasted.

We have illustrated a collection of interesting and well-designed utensils which are merely representative of a wide variety of cooking utensils available in the up-to-date house-furnishing department. For example, a skillet cast in heavy metal with a self-basting cover, has so many uses that we can name only one or two here, such as the preparation of fried chicken with gravy, or Swiss steak. A Dutch oven, in which a whole meal of meat and vegetables in the form of a stew or pot roast may be cooked over one burner, might be just the utensil you need to make your collection complete. How many of you are familiar with the "waterless" cooker with cleverly

### Six Dinners Cooked on Top of the Stove

I

Cream of Spinach Soup
Sautéed Hamburg Balls — Sautéed Bananas
Salad of Mixed Greens — French Dressing
Junket with Preserved Strawberries

II

Swiss Steak
Buttered Broccoli — Mashed Potatoes
Grapefruit and Red Apple Salad
Cheese Wafers

III

Fricassée of Chicken
Buttered String-Beans — Potatoes Julienne
Sliced Tomatoes in French Dressing
Bread Sticks
Raisin Rice Pudding

IV

American Beef Stew with Vegetables
(Potatoes, Carrots, Turnips)
Romaine Salad — Roquefort Dressing
Cherry Gelatine Fluff

V

Calves Liver and Bacon
Creamed Potatoes — Stewed Tomatoes
Hearts of Lettuce Salad — Cooked Dressing
Compote of Fresh Fruit

VI

Sautéed Cod Steaks — Mushroom Sauce
Buttered Peas — Parsley Potatoes
Bartlett Pear Salad
Chocolate Steamed Pudding
Sunshine Sauce

designed inset pans which make it possible to cook several foods over a single burner? If your family likes steamed vegetables, you will find many steamers listed among our tested and approved devices. Coffee-making appliances are an important item in the equipment of any kitchen. In the brewing of this delicious beverage, whether your family prefers drip, boiled, or percolated coffee, the device must be well designed and properly used if full flavor is to be obtained. The indispensable tea kettle may be had in colored enamelware to match your kitchen color scheme, or aluminum, according to your preference. Those who are limited as to top-stove space would do well to consider triplicate saucepans which are so shaped that all three can be placed over one burner.

Many housekeepers think that keeping a high heat under utensils speeds up the cooking process. Actually, the heat needs to be just high enough to maintain constant boiling. *For since the temperature remains exactly the same whether boiling is rapid or slow*, the food does not cook any more quickly when the heat is turned high to make the water boil rapidly.

Good usage of both stove and utensils means that constant scrubbing is quite unnecessary. Of course, if you insist on too high a heat, you will have the disagreeable task of clearing up coffee which has boiled over, of scouring burned pans, and of sorrowing over cracked enamelware that once was beautiful. Washing pots and pans and putting them over the heat to dry is almost certain to warp or crack, and ruin them.

The tests which Good Housekeeping Institute makes on cooking utensils include those which determine their general utility and durability, and also the chemical reaction of foods on the kind of material used in the utensil. In this work the Institute cooperates with the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health. These chemical tests show that the utensils approved by Good Housekeeping Institute do not have any injurious effect on foods. We have on our approved list utensils made of aluminum, enamelware, tin, cast iron, cast aluminum, and the new stainless steel, which have all been molded into carefully designed and good-to-look-upon utensils for your kitchen.

There are two kinds of thermometers which can be of great help to you in top-stove cookery. One is the candy thermometer, which enables you to cook candies, frostings, sugar sirups, etc. to exactly the right degree of heat for perfect results. The other is the fat thermometer with which you can *know*, not guess, whether the fat is just the right temperature for croquettes, doughnuts, French fried potatoes, etc. Upon request we shall be glad to send you a list of thermometers which we have tested and approved.

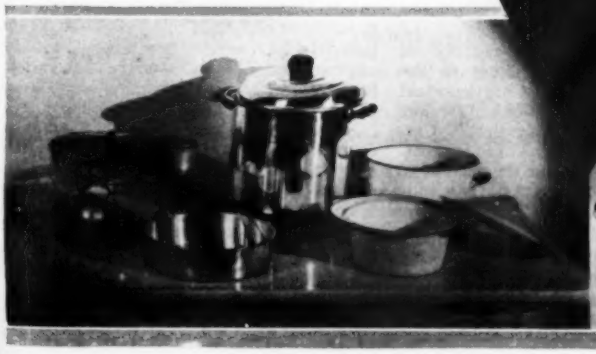
Good Housekeeping Institute has prepared a carefully worked out time table for cooking vegetables in many different utensils, such as tightly covered saucepans, steamers, steam pressure cookers, or the so-called waterless cookers. We shall be glatl to send you this time table upon request.

Some manufacturers of cooking utensils occasionally recommend roasting or baking on top of the stove in a large, heavy utensil. Obviously, the temperature within the utensil can not be regulated except by manipulation of the burner. This is inconvenient, and is not taking advantage of what range manufacturers have done in making roasting and baking results controlled, and therefore more certain, through the heat regulated-oven. In other words, we feel that while good top-stove results may be obtained under certain conditions, they are not so satisfactory or so dependable as (*Continued on page 253*)

Whatever method of preparing coffee you prefer, the goodness of the beverage depends largely upon a well-designed and properly used device

A delicious stew, cooked in a Dutch oven over one burner, using low heat, is really a meal in itself, with a salad of greens and a light, cold dessert

In a waterless cooker a whole meal may be cooked over one burner. A steamer is also a splendid piece of equipment to own



Sturdy, well-built, tightly-covered utensils which fit the burners give long service, produce good results, and save fuel

*If You Really Wish To Benefit By Your Reading, Here Are*

# BOOKS YOU WILL NOT FORGET

*Selected by*

## Emily Newell Blair

**Henry Handel Richardson's trilogy, "Australia Felix," "The Way Home," and "Ultima Thule," meets the superlative test of a work of genius—it increases and deepens our understanding of life**

"WHAT I object to," writes a correspondent, "is making a sieve of my mind. I do not like to have books drip through it one by one, leaving me nothing worth while in my mind. That may be all right for those who read as they go to movies, merely to pass the time. But my time is valuable, and I can not afford to waste it like that. The kind of books I like to read are those that stay with me, that I don't forget and don't want to forget."

I can sympathize with her. For undoubtedly many of the books offered to us do just exactly what she complains of. Sometimes, as I read book after book that is merely a plot or a clever use of words, my own mind seems to me like a railroad station through which trains have run without depositing a single passenger. Yet I should disagree with her to this extent: Entertainment has its place. A mind that devotes itself wholly to serious thoughts gets stale and heavy. Books that amuse and divert us have their place, too. The wise reader, therefore, reads different kinds of books at different times—or even keeps several books going at once, taking up the serious ones when his mind is rested and he has several hours before him, the lighter ones when he is tired and wants refreshment. Just as a balanced diet keeps the body in good condition, so does well-balanced reading keep the mind keen and fit.

October is a good month to suggest a balanced list. For then the forward-looking plan their fall reading. Not content with hit-or-miss reading, they carefully make a list of the books that will, they hope, yield them something valuable, and refuse to be diverted by others.

Many of these readers head their list with some classic which they feel will broaden their education. They often choose a long work in several volumes, setting themselves the task of getting through it during the winter by reading several chapters a day. One of the best educated men I know tells me that he has by this method read all of Frazer's "The Golden Bough," Guizot's "History of France from the Earliest Times to the Year 1789," Hallam's "Constitutional History of England," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Certainly the reward of such reading is great.

Others, however, confine themselves to current books, but books that cover a wide range. Every fall, indeed, brings me many requests for a list of new books including history, biography, poetry, travel, and the drama, from both individuals and clubs. Such a list would necessarily be headed by those books which give the greatest promise of becoming permanent additions to our literature. For the reader who reads for education will certainly not wish to miss the debut of a classic.

Of course, one is rash to prophesy concerning the lifetime of any book. Yet it is the opinion of critics that the two books of Henry Handel Richardson (Henrietta Richardson), "Australia Felix" and "The Way Home," which W. W. Norton & Company have now published at $2.50 each, will stand upon bookshelves longer than most of those now being written. Those who recognized the author's power in "Ultima Thule," which had such a spectacular success last year, will understand why. For here is an author who can so present characters that they seem to us more real than our next-door neighbors. In fact, we can never hope to know our neighbors as she makes us know Richard and Mary, for we see only a part of the lives of real people, at best. We can not know what causes their acts, or even all those acts. But the revelation of character is not her only gift. She also creates the world they live in—rural England, the Australian gold fields, the continent on which they traveled, the Australian outland—and does it with such detail that it appears to us more vivid than the one about us.

The three books form a trilogy, the last being "Ultima (*Continued on page 131*)

# More good housekeepers buy it than any other soup!

Tested and approved by millions and millions of the strictest and most competent women in the world—the home-makers of America! So complete is their confidence in Campbell's Tomato Soup that you seldom hear nowadays of anybody making tomato soup in the home kitchen. No other soup in the world has such a record of popularity. Surely your table deserves such a soup!

**Your choice**

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

October 1930 Good Housekeeping

# Let JELL-O put a thrill in your dinner, today!

### TART TOMATO SALAD

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 pint stewed tomatoes, strained
1½ teaspoons lemon juice
Dash of salt
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ cup celery, diced
½ cup sweet pickles, or ripe cucumber pickles, diced

*Dissolve Jell-O in boiling tomato juice. Add lemon juice, salt and Worcestershire sauce. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in celery and pickles. Turn into molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 8.*

### JELLIED PINEAPPLE RELISH SALAD

Made with the new *Lime* Jell-O

1 package Lime Jell-O
1 pint boiling pineapple juice and water
1 tablespoon vinegar
3 slices canned pineapple, diced
1 cucumber, diced
½ cup stuffed olives, finely chopped
¾ cup sweet pickles, finely chopped

*Dissolve Jell-O in boiling pineapple juice and water. Add vinegar. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in pineapple, cucumber, olives and pickles. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 8.*

### MAGIC ICE

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
1 cup green Malaga or other grapes, halved and seeded

*Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in grapes. Chill until firm. Break with a spoon and pile lightly in sherbet glasses. The irregular mass looks like ice. Serves 6.*

Like this? Simple, isn't it? The *free* booklet tells of 80 such desserts!

### PEAR WHIP

1 package Strawberry Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
1 cup pear pulp

*Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice-water and whip with rotary egg-beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in pear pulp. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 6. (Canned or fresh pears may be used.)*

*All measurements on this page are level*

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## Cost? Next to nothing at all!

"Just home folks" meals needn't be "same old thing!" No! For see what Jell-O can do!

Jell-O can make you a vegetable salad—Tart Tomato Salad—that is so gay and tempting, a smart New York tea room features it proudly in a menu *de luxe!* Yet it costs—just a few pennies a serving.

Jell-O can make you a fruit salad—Jellied Pineapple Relish Salad, made with that brand-new *Lime* Jell-O—that's gloriously *different*. Yet the cost—less than many an every-day dish!

Or . . . a sweet that looks like a million dollars, tastes like a "company" treat—and costs the fraction of the cost of most desserts! Pear Whip or Magic Ice!

Do you like these thrills? Learn of 161 more! Send for the new Jell-O booklet full of interesting and inexpensive new appetizers, entrées, relishes, salads,—and hosts of desserts . . . With it comes the new booklet of luscious Lime Flavor Jell-O recipes. Both are FREE. Write to-day. For all these good things, use Jell-O—genuine Jell-O—none other. Each package sealed tight by a special process, so that its goodness arrives intact.

Jell-O is so easy to prepare! So sure to turn out right. So free of last-minute bother! Buy your Jell-O, in the six pure-fruit flavors, six packages at a time. Then you'll always have the makings of a surprise on hand!

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*Jell-O is a product of General Foods Corporation*

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*Photograph by Ruth Alexander Nichols.*

One thing you can be sure of—picnics are successes or failures in direct proportion to the adequacy of the lunch-box contents

# EAT, DRINK, *and* BE MERRY

## *The Institute and the Bureau Plan a Balanced Picnic Lunch Described by*


Walter H. Eddy, Ph.D. *Director Good Housekeeping Bureau Of Foods, Sanitation and Health*


PICNICKING is an almost universal custom in America. As soon as winter breaks, we begin to plan excursions into the nearest available open country. To me, however, October is the picnic month *par excellence*, perhaps because I am conscious that the picnic season is nearly over, perhaps because the crisp air and cooler temperature encourage a fuller enjoyment of country beauties with less fatigue.

At any rate, I am sure of one point. Picnics are successes or failures in direct proportion to the adequacy of the lunch-box contents. It seemed to me, therefore, that mothers and guests might be interested in an October picnic lunch already worked out for them.

I am under no illusion that nutritional adequacy is the measure of a successful lunch by the participants. The lunch must, first of all, be delectable, must taste good. Therefore I asked the Institute to fashion a lunch that before all else would appeal to the appetites and palates of the picnickers. At the same time there was no reason for such a lunch's lacking in health values, and it is eminently desirable that it provide properly balanced food values. Here is what the Institute decided on:

**AN OCTOBER PICNIC LUNCH**

*(Planned for five adults and three children)*

Broiled Meat Cakes Wrapped in Bacon
Toasted Buns — Crisp Celery
Currant Jelly — Sweet Pickles — Stuffed Olives
Doughnuts — Ginger Cookies
Cheese
Apples — Bananas
Cocoa — Coffee

Because the warmth of a crackling fire is almost indispensable at a fall or winter picnic, we have planned in the above menu to broil the meat cakes and toast the buns over the glowing coals. The meat cakes should be seasoned, shaped, wrapped in bacon and then in wax paper all ready for broiling, before leaving home. Buy the buns from the baker.

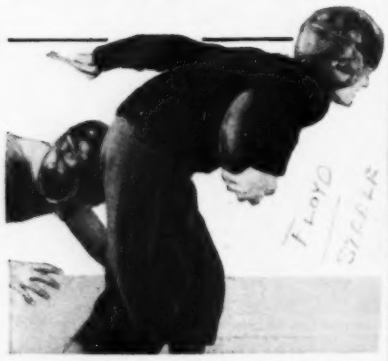
The celery should be prepared all ready for eating, and wrapped in moisture-proof paper for carrying. The currant jelly, sweet pickles, and stuffed olives may be carried in and served right from their jars. As for cheese, the many varieties in jars and packages, all so convenient for picnic use, suggest a wide choice. The coffee and cocoa may be cooked over the fire or carried from home in vacuum bottles.

In broiling the meat cakes, either a frying pan or a wire broiler for broiling may be used. If you prefer a frying pan, lay the cakes in it after it has been thoroughly heated, and quickly sauté them on both sides until golden brown and cooked to the desired degree of doneness. Or arrange the cakes in a wire broiler and broil them over the coals, turning them frequently until done.

Meanwhile, let some other member of the picnic group toast the buns after splitting them. Then spread one half of each toasted bun with currant jelly, the other half with butter, and lay a broiled meat cake between them. The buns may be left untoasted if preferred; also the currant jelly can be served separately.

The above menu combination seemed to provide materials which most of us like. We measured the ingredients, and I calculated food values. Here is my tabulation of what the combination actually offers in protein, fat, and carbohydrate calories, and in vitamins A, B, and C:

# You too can give your children ADVANTAGES



GIVE your youngsters every chance to meet life happily and successfully. Start planning now, today, a definite investment program that will bring them all the advantages that education can give. Establish a backlog of good, safe bonds that bring in a secure income. Then buy seasoned dividend-paying securities of the highest grade in a number of different well established companies. Buy from a house with a solid reputation for safety.

***What Should I Know about***
**INVESTMENTS?**

We have recently prepared an interesting new booklet entitled, "The Road to Wealth." It explains simply and concisely an investment formula, used for years by millionaire investors, now available to men and women of moderate means. Every serious investor should read this story immediately. Simply mail the coupon below for your complimentary copy.

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# Eat, Drink, and Be Merry

APPROXIMATE VALUE OF PICNIC LUNCH

| Amts. | Food Stuffs | Value of Protein | Fat | Carbohydrates | Calories | As Vitamin Sources A | B | C |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 21 | Buns | 72.09 | 24.03 | 434.14 | 2241 | ... | | |
| 6 ozs. | Butter | ..... | 147.00 | ..... | 1323 | ††† | | |
| 21 | Meat Balls | 321.18 | 211.88 | 736.5 | 3485 | ... | † | .. |
| 8 ozs. | Sweet Pickles | 1.80 | 0.65 | 8.00 | 43 | ... | † | † |
| 2½ ozs. | Celery | 5.82 | 0.65 | 15.82 | 92 | ... | †† | † |
| 8 ozs. | Olives | 2.48 | 32.10 | 26.10 | 403 | † | .. | .. |
| 8 ozs. | Currant Jelly | .... | .... | 123.20 | 493 | ... | † | † |
| 8 ozs. | American Cheese | 66.60 | 86.22 | ..... | 1042 | ††† | †† | .. |
| 12 | Doughnuts | 42.88 | 38.66 | 346.44 | 1905 | † | † | .. |
| 24 | Ginger Cookies | 7.76 | 27.35 | 177.02 | 985 | † | † | .. |
| 1 qt. | Cocoa made with milk | 27.97 | 34.29 | 77.08 | 729 | †† | † | .. |
| 10 cups | Coffee made with cream and sugar | 5.63 | 130.07 | 10.13 | 1233 | † | .. | † |
| 8 | Apples | 0.67 | 0.84 | 23.86 | 106 | † | †† | † |
| 8 | Bananas | 3.78 | 7.56 | 277.20 | 1192 | †† | † | †† |
| | | 558.66 | 740.90 | 1592.44 | 15272 | | | |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Protein calories | 2235 | Protein calories are 14 percent of the total. |
| Fat calories | 6668 | |
| Carbohydrate calories | 6369 | |

This food table will repay some study by the student of nutrition. Our contribution from the practical viewpoint of suggesting an adequate lunch is complete with the presentation of the lunch itself, but you may be curious as to why we hold it nutritionally adequate. Let us assume that our group consisted of two adult men, three adult women, a five-year-old, a seven-year-old, and a ten-year-old child. Making allowance for their activities on such an occasion, the following is a fair estimate of their calorie needs for the entire day:

| | |
|---|---|
| 2 men at 3,300 calories | 6,600 |
| 3 women at 2,600 calories | 7,800 |
| The five-year-old | 1,400 |
| The seven-year-old | 1,700 |
| The ten-year-old | 1,800 |
| Total | 19,300 |
| Lunch | 15,272 |
| Balance to be provided by breakfast and supper | 4,028 |

You notice we have put nearly all the day's requirements into the luncheon. Evidently, then, there is no need of a hearty supper when the group gets home. A light meal and then to bed. That way lie health and happiness. Many a picnic has had a bad aftermath by stuffing after returning home, loading the stomach with a lot of material it doesn't need, and reflecting its over-load of work in broken slumber and a bad after-effect.

There is another virtue in this lunch. Once we thought that when we exercised muscles we must necessarily replace them with more muscle, eat meat or protein in some form to repair the ravages of exercise. We know better today. Our repair bill for protein remains practically the same whether we exercise heavily or lightly, provided we meet the fuel demands of the muscles with the proper amount of fat and carbohydrate calories and provided the protein we do eat is of the right quality.

The textbooks state our protein needs as follows:

"It need not exceed 15 percent of the total calories, provided the protein be of good quality and the total calory intake meets the fuel needs of the body."

If you will look at the figures at the bottom of the food value table, you will see that the Institute menu makers have met this condition exactly. The protein calories provided are 2235 in number, the total calories 15272; 2235 is almost exactly 14 percent of 15272. Further, they knew that while flour protein is lacking in certain qualities necessary to the repair of body tissue, it is exactly supplemented by the proteins of milk, eggs, and meat. They put that factor of safety in the meat balls and in the milk and eggs blended in the flour products and beverages.

The milk and fruits also insure against the excess of acid-forming material in the diet. You will have no danger of acidosis from eating this lunch. Neither will you lack iron, lime, phosphorus, and the rest of the minerals your structural materials require.

What about vitamins? I have indicated in the table the main sources of the vitamins that we must get from foods and their relative richness therein. I expect you to get all the vitamin D you need on the day of your picnic from sun exposure, but be careful not to get too sunburned. Take your sunbath with moderation. The lunch may seem a little low in vitamin C, the anti-scurvy vitamin. The fruits are intended to help this situation. The ones selected are not the richest of fruit sources of this vitamin, but they are good sources. We selected them as typical of the season and generally available.

Obviously the cocoa is primarily for the children and the coffee for the adults. These beverages should be served hot at this time of the year. Use vacuum bottles or brew them at the site of the picnic. Their heat will prove a grateful contribution in addition to their food values as listed.

In every household today there are certain meals that have proved specially delectable to the family. We look forward to these combinations as treats. It is doubtful if many housekeepers find time daily to balance the family meals in all nutritive particulars. I have an idea that if we would work over some of these particularly pleasing combinations, learn how to supplement them to make them adequate, and then stack them away in terms of recipes and amounts, we would in time accumulate a set of menus specially suitable to family tastes and at the same time nutritionally sound in content. It has always seemed to me that preparedness procedure would be the simplest manner in which to keep the family happy, remove the drudgery and worry over food preparation on a given occasion, and insure health to all the members. We have prepared this picnic lunch on that basis. We have dissected it for you to show how it was built and how to plan other equally nutritious combinations. Perhaps you like other types of picnic foods. It would give us pleasure to hear your views on what is liked by your family.

Following are favorite Institute recipes for preparing the Broiled Meat Cakes and Ginger Cookies included in the picnic meal:

*For Broiled Meat Cakes Wrapped in Bacon* combine 2½ lbs. chopped beef, 2½ tbsp. chopped onion, 2½ tsp. salt, ¾ tsp. pepper, and 1⅔ cup. soft bread crumbs. Beat 2 eggs slightly, add ½ cup. milk, and combine with the meat mixture. Form into 21 round, flat cakes ¼ in. thick. Then wrap each cake with a strip of bacon and secure with a toothpick. Broil or sauté in a frying pan until golden brown and of the desired degree of rareness. Make 21 cakes.

For the *Ginger Cookies* cream 4 tbsp. shortening and ½ cupful brown sugar together. Add ½ cup. molasses and 1 egg beaten. Sift ¾ tsp. ginger, ½ tsp. salt, ½ tsp. soda and 2½ cups pastry flour together and add to mixture alternately with ½ cup sour milk. Drop by teaspoonfuls about 2 inches apart on greased baking sheets and bake in a moderate oven of 375° F. for 10 mins. Makes about 50 cookies.

## Genevieve Gertrude

IS ONE of those characters no editor ever sees enough of. Her red curls and pessimistic humor have started many a delightful complication—but never more so than on the day when the circus came to town. Mariel Brady calls her latest escapade "A Song Before Breakfast." It will appear

In November

# WHAT A KITCHEN KNIFE CAN TELL YOU ABOUT WASHDAY

A KITCHEN KNIFE and easier washdays! They may seem miles apart. And yet . . .

Unwrap a bar of Fels-Naptha and cut into it. As the blade eases through the big, generous bar, what do you see? . . . from top to bottom a smooth, velvety texture that plainly says, "This is unusually good soap!" But don't stop here, for the best is yet to come.

Hold this soap up to your nose and sniff. Naptha! You can smell it. Plenty of it *all through the bar*. Naptha, you know, is an unusual dirt-loosener. It is combined with the good golden soap by a special process that keeps it there, on the job to the last thin sliver.

So every time you use Fels-Naptha, you get the help of two safe, active cleaners instead of one. Plentiful naptha working hand-in-hand with good golden soap. Briskly, busily, this sturdy pair loosens the most stubborn dirt and washes it away without hard rubbing. And that's why millions say Fels-Naptha is the real washday bargain. It brings you not more bars, but more help. *Extra* help that saves *you!*

Next washday, use Fels-Naptha and have this *extra* help. See how much quicker and easier it makes your washing; how sweetly clean and fresh it gets your clothes. Notice, too, how gentle Fels-Naptha is to the hands. That's because it loosens dirt so quickly that you don't have to keep them in the water long.

Another advantage—there's no fussing, no special directions for you to follow with Fels-Naptha. Use it *your* way. Use it in tub or washing machine. Soak your clothes with it or boil them, just as you wish. Being a soap, Fels-Naptha naturally works best in hot water. But unlike many other soaps, Fels-Naptha will turn out a sparkling wash in lukewarm or even cool water.

Your nearest grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get a few bars to-day. Or better still, ask for the convenient 10-bar carton—then you'll have *extra* help aplenty for all your washing and household cleaning tasks.

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now! © 1930, FELS & CO.

G. H.—10-30

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to help cover postage.

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*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In using advertisements see page 6

*Drawing by T. D. Skidmore*

# *Public Utility* SECURITIES

## By Ruth Boyle

I ASKED my investment banker, in whose opinion I have confidence, whether he felt the high prices of public utility stocks were justified.

"In most cases," he answered. "It is true that these stocks are selling on a higher times-earnings basis than any other group. While industrial and railroad stocks are averaging around the traditional price of ten times yearly earnings per share, the utilities are still selling from fifteen to twenty times earnings. The bonds of the best utilities, too, are high in public favor. I believe this confidence is justified, both because of the innate strength of the industries represented, and because of the brilliant future which they seem to have."

The inherent strength he referred to has been brought about by the following factors:

1. Public utilities supply services, which, according to modern standards, we regard as necessities of life. Water, of course, we can not live without, and if one of our great cities were suddenly deprived of gas, power, electric light, telephone, and transportation service, almost complete paralysis would result.

2. Being essential to public welfare, these companies operate under franchises granted by the community. Usually franchises restrict competition so that in return for a guaranty of service the public utility has a local monopoly. Under these conditions, a well-managed company is bound to progress at least as fast as the growth of the community.

3. The demand for the service of public utility companies is normally steady.

4. The inventories of materials which they must carry are quite small compared to those of other types of business, and thus they avoid the large losses caused by a shrinkage in the value of materials already contracted for at higher figures, to which many businesses are subject.

5. They have few bad debts. Generally, either an advance deposit is required of customers, or prompt payment is demanded on penalty of having service summarily disconnected.

6. Nearly all states have commissions to regulate public utilities. They protect the public from burdensome rates and unsatisfactory service, at the same time setting rates high enough to give a fair return on invested capital. They also pass on new security issues, preventing inflation and stock watering—a protection both to the public and to the investor.

All of these factors give the investor assurance of safety and stability, but alone they would not have made public utility securities as popular as they have been recently.

"Their most attractive feature," the banker explained, "is their ever widening market, especially in the case of gas and electricity. In these fields the demand has increased much faster than the population rate of increase would establish as normal, and the future is full of possibilities. There are still millions of homes without electricity, and every woman knows how the installation of electric light leads to the purchase of an electric washing machine, an iron, and a vacuum cleaner and then to a radio, a refrigerator, or a mangle. The work of electrifying the railroads has only begun—about one percent are electrified—and here is a vast field for expansion. The gas industry has similar possibilities for growth. As a fuel for cooking and for heating the home, it has shown substantial increases during the past twenty-five years, and new consumers are constantly being added. But it is in the industrial field, as a fuel in factories where perfect heat control is demanded, that the greatest increase in the use of both natural and manufactured gas will occur. In the last ten years, the industrial use of gas is estimated to have increased 1000 percent, and as yet scarcely ten percent of the possible users have adopted it."

In spite of these inviting possibilities, however, discriminating investors will pick and choose among public utility securities with the same care they give to other investments. Here are some of the points to look into when selecting securities in this field:

Does the company serve a prosperous, growing community? Thickly-settled, up-and-coming sections with a literate population, high living standards, and varied industries are ideal locations.

What is the attitude of the public toward the company? Has it the reputation of being fair, well-managed, and obliging? Or is it constantly involved in labor difficulties and troubles with the civic authorities? Unless the management deals fairly with the public and cultivates good-will, it is faced with the constant threat of losing its franchise by municipal ownership or otherwise. Consequently the reputation of the company is of great importance to the investor.

What are the conditions of the franchise? If competition is permitted, or if the franchise must be renewed from time to time, the company runs the risk of loss. So long as satisfactory service is rendered, the franchise should be permanent. It should not restrict rates to a definite sum. The struggle to raise street-car rates above five *(Continued on page 139)*


### Free Investors' Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell; we can, however, give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether they are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. Don't send your securities.

# Mrs Howard Spreckels

## A CALIFORNIA BEAUTY

HER FORMAL SALON IS A FITTING SETTING FOR HER PATRICIAN BEAUTY

THOUSANDS of miles from Paris, yet a *salon* as French as if its windows opened on the Champs Elysées . . . its rose and blue are a perfect setting for the patrician beauty of Mrs. Howard Spreckels of the distinguished California family, widely traveled and a brilliant hostess in her home at Burlingame.

Chiseled, *soignée*, her aristocratic beauty has the enchanting coloring of a Quentin de La Tour pastel—eyes of gray, hair like a copper beech in sunshine, skin delicate and clear.

Pond's is proud to number Mrs. Spreckels among the beautiful society women who use the four preparations to keep their skin always exquisite.

"That wonderful Cold Cream!" she says, "it cleanses so perfectly, and the Tissues are the one satisfactory way to remove the cream . . . I like the Freshener because it counteracts oiliness without unduly drying the skin . . . and the Vanishing Cream keeps one fresh and trim through the longest day!"

Four simple steps of Pond's Method:

*During the day*—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

*Second*—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. (Tissues may be had in peach-color now, as well as white.)

*Third*—pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

*Last*—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

*At bedtime*—never fail to cleanse immaculately with the Cold Cream and wipe away with Cleansing Tissues.

POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY · Dept. K · 109 Hudson Street · New York City

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In using advertisements see page 6

# Frequent headaches point to an ACID CONDITION

WHEN an over-acid condition casts its shadow upon you, you must force yourself to work, and even pleasures are too great an effort. Appetite suffers; so does digestion and the whole system.

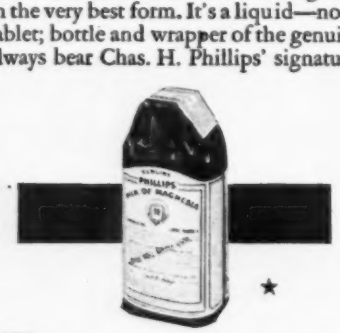
Laboratory tests show an over-acid condition is due to errors in the present day diet. But you need not wait to diet your way out of trouble.

*Take a tablespoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.*

This will quickly neutralize the acid. From the hour you relieve an over-acid stomach with this creamy, pleasant remedy, you'll feel like a new person.

Take a little whenever heartburn, sick headaches, nausea, flatulence, indigestion or biliousness, show that the digestive system is becoming over-acid. Whenever you are taking cold; when the bowels are sluggish. Phillips' Milk of Magnesia has a gentle laxative action.

This wonderful anti-acid is most pleasant to take. It is widely prescribed for men, women and children. Leading medical authorities declare it is magnesia in the very best form. It's a liquid—not a tablet; bottle and wrapper of the genuine always bear Chas. H. Phillips' signature.



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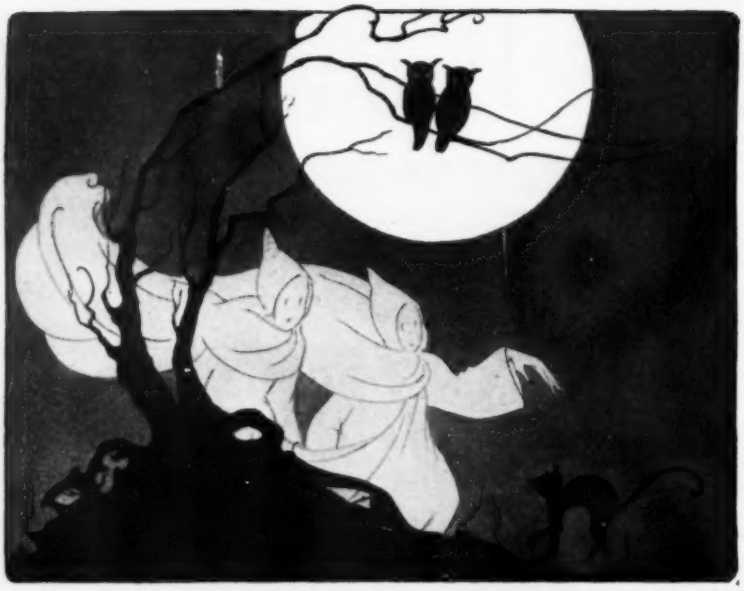
**Milk of Magnesia**



# A Friday Halloween Party

*By Elaine*

IT IS a tradition handed down from the Druids, probably, that on Halloween night wicked witches meet together in their various secret haunts to plan out their deeds of darkness. No one is safe from their malice unless he knows how to take measures for his safety. Since Halloween comes on Friday, itself a bad-luck day, we shall have to work all the magic we know to overcome the wiles of the witches and the influence of an unlucky day. The house should be decorated in a weird and spooky way with ghosts, black cats, bats, owls, witches, and goblin-head lights. Yellow flowers and autumn leaves will look well with these decorations. In addition we must have plenty of good-luck emblems to break the curse of bad luck. These are branches of mountain ash, horseshoes, wishbones, rabbit feet, four-leaved clovers, and elephants. Invitation:

A wise old owl once said to me,
"It's wise to be light-hearted,"
So let's become as wise as he
And on the road get started.

All bad luck that may come to you
Can be turned right about.
If a screech owl cries, the thing to do
Is turn your pocket out.

Friday "Halloween Party" Mary Martin
8:30 o'clock 478 Holly Ave.

Games: Pulling Kale—This is an old Scotch game that can be modified for indoors. In the original game the ones seeking to know the future went into the garden and with eyes closed pulled a stalk. If earth stuck to the roots, it was a sign of good fortune. If the stem was straight or crooked, it indicated the figure of one's future husband or wife, and the disposition was shown by the taste of the heart of the stalk. Sticks to represent kale, with favors or funny fortunes attached to the ends, can be buried in a large box of sawdust.

Burning Nuts: The nuts are named and placed near each other in the fire. If they burn peaceably together, the course of love will run smoothly. If they pop apart, it indicates that the pair will be separated.

Apple Seed: Name two apple seeds and stick them on the cheeks. The one dropping off first indicates that he will be unfaithful.

Peelings: Peel an apple without breaking the peeling, and throw it over the left shoulder. It will form the initial of the future spouse.

Clue of Thread: Throw a ball of wool out of the window, holding on to the loose end. Rewind it on a reel. The name of the future husband will be found attached to the other end. These balls can be prepared in advance.

Our new Stunt Initiation Party is excellent for Halloween and is also a splendid one for club, college, and school initiation parties.

*Entertainment Folios*

*New Initiation Stunt Party for Hallowe'en and School Initiations* ..... 10c
*Halloween Party With a Gruesome Tale for the dark room* ..... 10c
*New Kid Party for Grown-ups turns time backward* ..... 10c
*Pirate and Captive Party with a treasure hunt and bunco game* ..... 10c
*Circle of Months Party with twelve absorbing games* ..... 10c
*Horoscope Party for Stars with twelve horoscopes* ..... 10c
*School Banquet and College Dance with special features* ..... 10c
*Circus Carnival and Progressive Luncheon for raising money* ..... 10c
*Rules In Rhyme Bridge Party giving rules easy to remember* ..... 10c
*Games Leaflet with games for children and grown people* ..... 10c
*Bright Bowknots Booklet with six party suggestions* ..... 20c
*Mottoes and Mascots Birthday Party suggesting one for every month* ..... 10c

**For all party suggestions and folios write to Elaine, Entertainment Editor for Good Housekeeping Magazine, 57th Street and 8th Ave., N. Y.**

# Are you the TYPE that needs the flattering hat brim!

. . . to hide a complexion that's being ruined by "faulty desquamation"?

*Those adorable hat brims! They generously hide skin defects. But why be content with mere concealment? Exchange that faulty complexion for a skin of true loveliness.*

THOSE adorable drooping hat brims! How kind they are . . . in hiding complexion faults!

But why be content with mere concealment? It is so easy today to exchange a deficient complexion for one that is radiantly lovely! For in just ten minutes, you can give yourself the famous facial that women once crossed seas and continents to secure. For, originally, a genuine Woodbury facial treatment could be had only at the hands of the famous skin specialist who created it.

Today, this proven skin treatment may be had *in soap form* . . . at your nearest drug store, for your daily use in your own home.

Woodbury's does three things for the complexion that no other soap will do as well: *—It assists Nature in its process of desquamation, gently removing the tissues of dead skin. It purges the pores of all impurities that cause blackheads and pore-enlargement. And its continued use gives to the complexion that glowing tone, that silken texture, that peach-bloom clarity of "The skin you love to touch."*

Woodbury's costs a trifle more than toilet soaps. But it is truly an economy, a finer milled soap . . . it lasts longer. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters. Or mail coupon for a liberal sample together with samples of the famous Woodbury Creams.

## Why Woodbury's does what no toilet soap can possibly do

Woodbury's is no more just a soap than a Reboux millinery masterpiece is just a hat. Woodbury's is a skin specialist's entire treatment created for your convenience in cake form. Its costly, secret oils have a special affinity for the natural oils of the skin and together they accomplish that vital process of desquamation. These ingredients are far beyond the reach of ordinary soaps, which merely clean the surface skin without helping to remove the dull and embedded mask of old cuticle.

### Try this for Ten days

Bathe your face with warm water. Rub up . . . in your hands . . . a creamy lather of Woodbury's. Massage it gently into the skin, from the chin up toward the temples. Rinse off with warm water. Your skin glows. You feel the change—with the old dead cells washed away. Now tone up your fresh new skin with a vigorous splashing of cold water. And then—to give your face its final touch of radiance—go over it with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel. Do this regularly —your complexion will *feel* and *look* rejuvenated . . . aglow with new loveliness.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.
2919 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
(*In Canada*) JOHN H. WOODBURY, LTD., Perth, Ontario

Enclosed find 10¢ for trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of the two Woodbury's Creams, Face Powder and Free Booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

*City*.....*State*.....

In using advertisements see page 6

# HEALTH And BEAUTY

## *Lighter And Brighter Complexions*

By Ruth Murrin

ABOUT this time of the year there is always a flock of letters in my mail begging me to tell the writers what is the very quickest cure for freckles. Along with these are letters from women who are dissatisfied with their complexions, but don't know exactly what is the matter. Perhaps a new cream, or a different astringent, or a more clinging powder might, they think, make their faces easier to look at. Anyway they send out an S.O.S.

The reason for the frantic tone of these appeals is, of course, new clothes. The dark colors of cold-weather clothes demand contrast. Black, navy blue, brown—practically all the winter colors—have a way of making a muddy complexion look muddier. Just at this time the healthy outdoor tints of summer are fading into an unbecoming yellow, and the new clothes emphasize this, too. We look into the big mirrors, under the uncompromising lights of fitting rooms, and hate our complexions. At this time of the year we want lighter and brighter faces. We don't need a magnolia skin to carry off the dark, heavy colors of winter, but we do need *bloom*. The skin must be fresh, translucent, and clear—the pink tints underneath glowing through—and except in the case of the very young or very lucky, faces have to be pampered considerably to bring about this desirable condition.

*ARE you regretting a summer tan or trying to fade a crop of freckles? Ask Ruth Murrin for the October "Powder-Puff" which tells you the best preparations to use for bleaching and clearing the complexion. It is free. Simply send along stamped envelope.*

*And if you want help for other beauty problems, write to Ruth Murrin for a personal answer. Or send to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. and 8th Ave., N. Y. C., for "A Primer of Personal Loveliness," price 25 cents*

Two natural processes make it possible to improve a skin that has become dark and coarse. One is the constant sloughing off of the dead cuticle forming the outer layer of skin. The other is the flow of blood to the tissues, bringing the vital elements for the making of new tissues and carrying off the waste matter. You can stimulate both of these processes.

If you could go to the loveliest of New York salons for a bleaching treatment, it would be something like this: First, a thorough cleansing with silky creams and tingling tonics, followed by patting and spanking to waken the lazy tissues and muscles which keep the contours firm and youthful. So far, it is just a refreshing facial. Then come packs and other applications specially designed to bleach out discolorations. I like to have occasional facials, because they teach me new complexion tricks and also inspire me to greater effort; but I believe regular, intelligent home care does more for the complexion. So it is nice to know that most of the preparations used can be bought for home use.

If you have nothing to worry about except an ordinary tan or a sprinkling of freckles which are slow to fade, you will need only a mild bleaching cream in addition to the preparations you use regularly. This may be used twice a week even by women who have sensitive skins.

If your skin is unhealthy-looking, coarse, and dull, as well as discolored by the sun, there is a mask treatment which will bring the blood racing to the surface. It will help you to get rid of blackheads, and make your skin finer-textured, as well as bleaching it slightly.

Finally, there is a pungent-smelling, thin, brownish ointment which is useful if you are over thirty and want to banish stubborn discolorations. Apply it over a light protective coat of tissue cream. Leave it on only three minutes if your skin is sensitive, then remove with liberal amounts of cream or oil. This treatment, twice a week, combined with your regular cleansing and creaming, will give a dullish skin a brand-new radiance.

Please remember that every type of bleaching treatment is apt to be drying. Even the useful lemon, which is the only treatment young girls in their early teens need, will make the skin peel somewhat. So when you go in for intensive bleaching, be sure to use your oily creams lavishly.

You will notice that a great many women who have fresh faces have dingy-looking necks. Everything we do to the skin—washing, creaming, applying special preparations—tends to whiten and refine it. Unless the neck receives exactly the same care as the face, it will gradually grow darker and may become rough and pebbly.

You see, everything comes back to sane, sensible, regular daily care. The most magic preparation in the world will not take the place of that.

# A distinctive beauty of line and color

THE BEAUTY of the new Ford, so apparent in line and color, extends also to the upholstery and appointments. You note it as you open the doors and see the attractive interiors. You find it also in those important little details of trim and finish which a woman's practiced eye is quick to catch. There is about the car a distinctive style or tone which reflects the substantial quality that has been built into it. In external things, as in mechanical construction, the new Ford has been built to endure.

**THE NEW FORD SPORT COUPE**
October 1930 Good Housekeeping

# Fluffy? Yes, Crisco is now *so* cream it. Simply stir together Whisk cakes into the

## A cake that goes to church

No church supper in a certain little Indiana town is complete without one of Mrs. B.'s black devil's-food cakes. And when the appetizing odor is wafted out of her kitchen the children all gather 'round to learn if it's a cake for them, or only a cake for the church grown-ups.

In all her cakes Mrs. B., of course, uses Crisco—a shortening that tastes as pure and sweet as unsalted butter fresh from the churn. She says: "Crisco keeps my cakes moist and fresh as long as I can keep the children away from the cake-box."

### BLACK DEVIL'S-FOOD CAKE

⅔ cup Crisco
1½ cups sugar
3 eggs
⅔ cup cocoa
½ cup hot water
2 cups flour
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup thick sour milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Blend Crisco, sugar and eggs thoroughly in one operation. (Note how easily and thoroughly *three* separate, difficult operations are now combined with the help of Crisco, which comes to you already creamed.) Beat cocoa into hot water until smooth and add to first mixture. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together and add to sugar mixture alternately with the milk to which has been added the soda and flavoring. Bake in three Criscoed 8-inch layer cake pans in moderate oven (350° F.) for about 20 minutes. When cool put layers together with the following icing: Cook 1¾ cups granulated sugar and ⅓ teaspoon salt with ½ cup water to a temperature of 238° F. or until syrup forms a soft ball in cold water. Pour slowly over 3 egg whites beaten stiff, beating mixture as you do so. While icing is still hot, fold in 12 marshmallows which have been cut in pieces. Beat until of a consistency to spread.

## How else can it be so white?

A white cake that *is* a white cake is only possible when one uses a shortening like Crisco—pure, tasting for all the world like fresh, unsalted butter! Crisco blends thoroughly with the other ingredients and makes an even, fine-grained texture.

### SNOW-WHITE CAKE

½ cup Crisco
2 cups sugar
3 cups pastry flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon lemon extract
½ teaspoon almond extract
4 egg whites, beaten stiff

Blend Crisco and sugar. (Notice how much quicker this is with fluffy Crisco than with a shortening that must be creamed first.) Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Add alternately with milk to the first mixture. Add flavoring. Fold in beaten egg whites. Pour into 3 Criscoed 10-inch layer cake pans. Bake 20 minutes in moderate (350° F.) oven.

When cool put together with this filling: Mix 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons flour together and add four beaten egg yolks. To this add ¼ cup cold water and juice and rind of 1 lemon. Cook in double boiler till thick. Add 2 tablespoons Crisco just before taking off fire. For top and sides of cake, use the following uncooked icing: 2 cups confectioners sugar creamed with 2 tablespoons sweet cream, 1 unbeaten egg white, ⅛ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon flavoring.

**NO CREAMING NEEDED:** In any cake recipe calling for whole eggs, I put Crisco, sugar and eggs in the bowl and blend them *in one operation.* Notice how easily *three* separate difficult operations can be combined in *one*—because Crisco comes to you so fluffy and so workable.

OR—If you still feel that you *must* blend Crisco and sugar first *before* you add the well beaten eggs, you will find that fluffy, creamy Crisco will save you minutes of blending time! It's so easy to work with! And you'll have such light, tender, moist cakes.

**ADD SALT TO CRISCO:** Use Crisco in place of butter in your own time-and-tried recipes, but add salt (1 teaspoon to each cup of Crisco). Crisco contains no salt—it is as sweet as fresh unsalted butter.

When you haven't time to bake cakes yourself, you'll probably find, at a nearby bake-shop or grocery, delicious cakes made by a good baker who uses Crisco. When a baker is so particular in the choice of his shortening, he, naturally, is apt to use the finest of other ingredients, too.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

# fluffy you don't need to Crisco sugar eggs oven in ⅓ less time

## Perhaps Rameses II ate some of these

"The charming art of cake baking probably originated with the Egyptians," says an old cook book called "The Pantropheon or The History of Food." Can't you imagine an old Egyptian cook puzzling out the hieroglyphs which meant Yum Yum Gems? And then hunting for the spiciest spices and a delicate shortening? No hunting around for a delicate shortening now—for your corner grocer has Crisco with its fresh, sweet flavor, sealed in an air-tight can!

### YUM YUM GEMS

½ cup Crisco
1 cup brown sugar
1 egg
1 cup sour milk
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup raisins
½ cup walnut meats (chopped)

Blend Crisco, sugar and egg at one time. (Fluffy light Crisco saves blending time!) Add sour milk. Stir in sifted ingredients and add raisins and nuts. Pour into Criscoed cup cake tins or paper baking cups and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 15 to 20 minutes, or until done. This recipe makes about 1 dozen good sized cup cakes. Frost with the following icing:

¾ cup fine granulated sugar
3 tablespoons hot water
1 egg white
½ teaspoon cream tartar or baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla

Place all ingredients except vanilla in top part of double boiler having water in lower part boiling vigorously. Beat until thick. Remove from heat and continue beating until cool enough to spread. Add vanilla.

## Try this on your husband

There's at least one man in every family who thinks it isn't masculine to like sweets. But this applesauce cake always disarms him. But be sure to use delicate tasting Crisco or I can't guarantee that the fresh flavor of the apples will have their fair chance.

### A MAN'S FAVORITE

½ cup Crisco
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup seedless raisins
1 cup applesauce sweetened for table use
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups flour
2 tablespoons hot water

Blend Crisco, sugar and egg thoroughly in one operation. (See how easy it is to blend fluffy Crisco with the sugar and egg.) Add raisins and applesauce. Sift the spices and salt with flour and add in several portions. Before the last of the flour is added stir in the soda dissolved in the hot water. Beat well, pour into a greased loaf or tube pan and bake about one hour in a 350° F. oven.

*Coffee Cream Icing:* 4 tablespoons Crisco, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 or 4 tablespoons hot coffee, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 2 cups confectioners sugar. Blend Crisco, salt, cocoa and ½ cup sugar. Add alternately coffee and rest of sugar until a spreading consistency is reached.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

© 1930, P. & G. Co.

## FREE! Miss Splint's Selected Recipes

199 recipes originated and tested by Sarah Field Splint, Food and Household Management Editor of McCall's Magazine. Every recipe makes a perfectly delicious dish, practical for use in the average home. Many of the recipes are quite unusual—but the ingredients themselves are those you already have on your pantry shelf, or can procure easily. Free—simply fill in and mail the coupon at right.

Winifred S. Carter (Dept. XG-100), P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

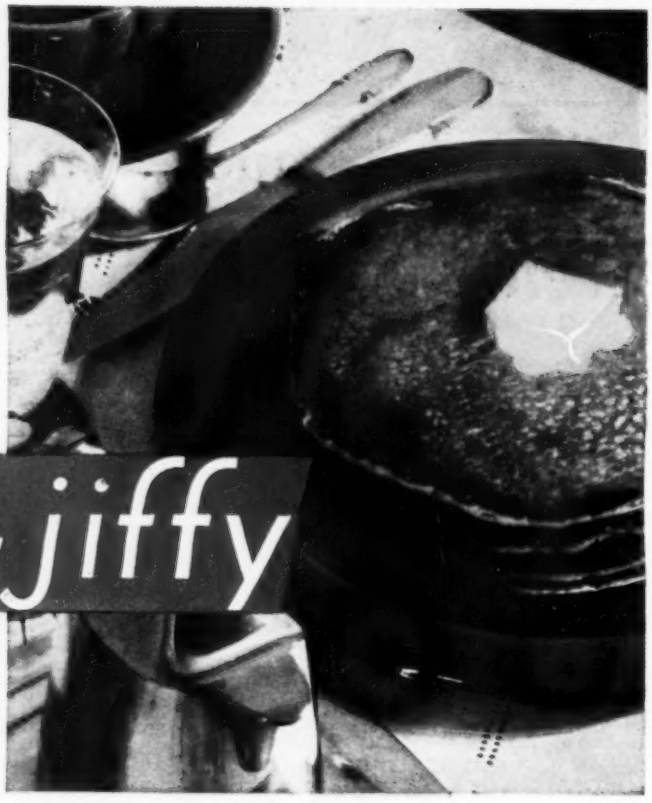
Please send me free cook book "Miss Splint's Selected Recipes."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

# ANYONE *in* Just-a-jiffy



can make these melt-in-your-mouth pancakes easily . . . with

## AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

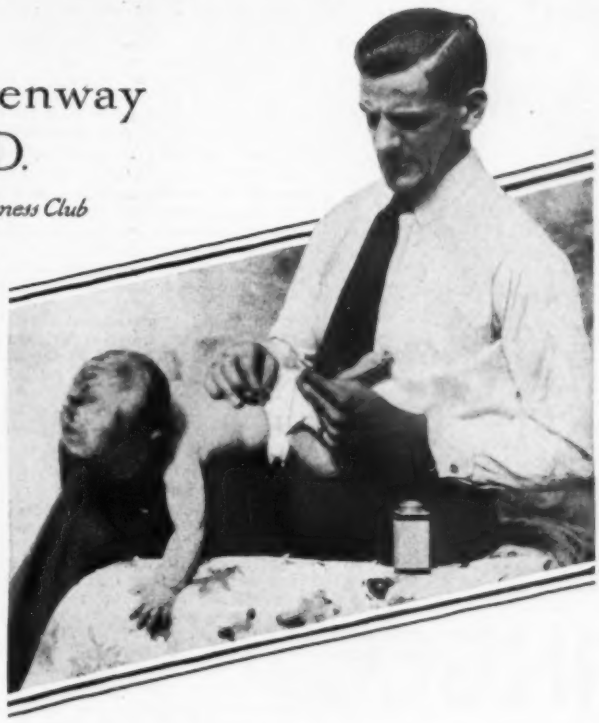
Time to make pancakes? Of course you have—with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour ready mixed for you! • While the coffee is boiling you can stir up a bowlful of creamy batter . . . drop your cakes on the griddle . . . have them on the table all hot and eager for the butter and syrup in just about 2 minutes! • Your family adores these fluffy, golden-brown pancakes made from a plantation recipe. It's the old-time pancake flavor, enjoyed by Aunt Jemima's master and his guests. A secret while she was alive—this special mixture of corn, rice, rye, wheat flours. Now, in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, you get these four health-giving grains, just as she proportioned them. • It's the mixture of these four sun-ripened grains that gives Aunt Jemima Pancakes their wholesome lightness. Ask your grocer, today, for this delicious old-time pancake flour. • If these pancakes aren't the best you've tasted, your grocer will refund the purchase price. The Quaker Oats Company. ★

**NEW RADIO THRILLS!—MORNING—***While you're enjoying your breakfast of Aunt Jemima Pancakes, tune in on the Quaker Man. Every weekday morning at 8:00 to 8:15 Eastern and Central Time.*—**EVENING**—*And don't miss the coast to coast evening program at 7:30 Eastern Time*

# FATHER'S PERPLEXITIES

By
Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M.D.
*Director of the Health and Happiness Club*

## *A Service for Mothers of Young Babies*



DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

Has father any more perplexities nowadays than you have? He can study every phase of childhood if he has the time and opportunity, and if he really wants to do it. Certainly the many processes involved in the actual care of children are not any trickier than casting a fly, broiling a trout, running a car, playing tennis, or making good in business! With so much written about it, even the "casual" father would find it difficult to remain in the traditional ignorance of the theoretical points of child care. But when it comes to applying them to one's own children, theory is apt to evaporate into thin air. A young father will be repaid many times over if he learns—just as the mother does—to do the everyday little things for his baby. He will, of course, have to do them often enough to keep his hand in. Then he will not feel clumsy if he happens to be left alone with the baby, whether it be time for the daily bath or the omnipresent diapering problem. Of course, in sickness and emergencies, he may *have* to do these things, then it pays to be prepared.

This readiness of either parent to do any of the jobs will make light work of it all. But in spite of all the modern books there are some worries left. Father cannot understand why home work takes so long. Why can't it be all done before night? Instead of criticising or belittling a mother's work, let him help her organize and simplify her routine. He is usually good at that sort of thing. He can see the wasted motions and the duplications because he has not been so close to it all day long. Most mothers walk unnecessary miles up and down stairs, to the porch and back, from kitchen to nursery. They have literally dozens of jobs, each with its careful detail, each one important because it has to do with the health of the youngest member or of the whole family group.

The routine can be worked out with paper and pencil, both the father and mother giving it careful study. Think of the arrangement of the furniture and the supplies with reference to easy access in dressing and bathing and caring for the baby. When a job *can* be done once and finished, work it in at the easiest time. Also arrange it so that the muscles involved are rested because the detail ahead has used an opposite set. Alternate the standing, sitting, walking, and bending ones. Make one trip upstairs do for many necessities. Then test out each new twenty-four-hour schedule, and if it isn't right, do not be afraid to rearrange it. Emergencies will always arise to upset plans, visitors arrive at awkward hours, but the day's jobs are better done if you have planned for them than if you let them crop up unexpectedly.

Another of father's perplexities has to do with the seemingly unending process of preparing food for the younger members of the family. Much of the routine is necessary, but a great deal of it could be simplified to the great benefit of child and parent. The three- or four-course meal with "extras" offers no advantage except variety.

Recent work with groups of healthy children who were offered the same breakfast, dinner, and supper every day for three weeks showed that when given a chance to choose other food, they asked for the ones they had become accustomed to, just as adults will order the same breakfast year in and year out. These children did not tire of the repetition.

Fewer foods to cook make an easier day. Although mother or a helper usually does the cooking, it will be well not to start your family life with too arbitrary a ruling on the division of work. What is considered a masculine or a feminine job around a house often hinges upon an entirely imaginary distinction. Let father, if he wants to, try his hand at any and all of them, but do not expect him to do your job at home. You can not do his at the office, or on the farm. But you can repay his courtesy of helping you by saving him from unnecessary worries and from hearing of the petty annoyances of the day. Tell him the amusing and interesting things which have happened.

A real perplexity may arise in his mind if you devote yourself exclusively to the children. He will not talk to you about this, he may not even acknowledge it to himself—but you will both be happier if you so divide your interest and love between husband and children that neither takes precedence of the other, and then jealousies are not given a chance to develop, and Daddy will not feel left outside of it all.

These are a few of the worrying situations which fathers tell me still exist. They can all be easily smoothed over or avoided if you make up your mind to do it.

Josephine H. Kenyon

*SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to-come." Layette patterns included*

*EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club,* GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, *57th St. at 8th Ave., New York*

# Do men admire natural color?

**JUST ASK ONE!**

TANGEE

*Like Nature's Own Glow*

Men admire youthful, healthy color. Certainly! They want your lips to look Natural . . . not a greasy smear of glaring, flashy color!

Tangee is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it to your lips. It is like a glow from within . . . a blush so natural that it seems a part of the lips. And Tangee never rubs off or looks artificial.

Based on a marvelous color principle, Tangee blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, no matter what your individual complexion!

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1. The same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75¢ . . . *Crème Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and invigorates, $1. *Day Cream*, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

**SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET**
(Six items in miniature and "The art of Make-Up.")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. G.H.-10
417 Fifth Avenue New York

*Name*.....

*Adaress*.....


# My Scottie

(*Continued from page 31*)

gallop straight to the door and barked to have it opened. With me I carried a brown bowl of bread and milk and set it on the grass before you. It was new milk, and you put your muzzle into it, eagerly drawing up the bits of bread with a convulsive movement of your sides. You did not pause until the bowl was emptied, then you licked round and round it for every possible crumb, moving it along the grass before you. It turned upside down, and you licked the bottom, then looked up at me with an air of triumph as though now you knew what life meant—a hunt, great perils met and overcome, hunger, repletion, and rest. You raised yourself feebly on your hind legs and lifted two wobbly forepaws to be taken up.

Every morning for a week you disappeared into the cornfield and stayed all day, missing your dinner, returning at almost the same moment each evening with the same loud cry for supper.

Then one day it seemed that you had exhausted it or that other urgent business pressed upon you. You made the round of the lawn, the shrubbery, the plantation of oaks, the grass-grown orchard. You sought out neighbors who kept guinea fowls, and for almost a week you appeared before me each noon with a guinea hen's egg in your mouth, which you laid unbroken at my feet. What was I supposed to do with it? Was it for my lunch? How did you know that it was of value? Yet you did know, for there was a canny Scotch twinkle in your eye as you laid it there.

As the summer advanced, you became less of the puppy at play and more of the companion. We began to take long walks together. At sundown I would take you to the lake. You learned to retrieve and took to the water like a spaniel. It could not be too cold nor too rough for you. You would venture out in waves that must have seemed mountains to you, and I can see you now with one end of a great rough stick in your jaws (for sometimes, to try you, I chose the roughest and largest I could find) paddling away, never giving up, till it lay on the beach. From your strong black muzzle to the tip of your "gay" tail, you were game!

Those were fine walks back to the house at sundown through the clover field and through the orchard. You would dart here and there, following the scents that the dew brought from the earth, scents of strange burrows and small fugitives I could not see. You would stop at the grass plot where you had your supper and give a hopeful lick or two at your empty bowl before we entered the house.

There, in the drawing room, a wood fire blazed on the hearth. Your master sat there, his head outlined against the brightness. You went to him and put your paws on his knee, and he played with your ears. "Little dog, little dog!" You lay down before the fire, your chin on his foot, and slept. . . .

IT WAS over. Tragedy had found us, passed over us as a storm. We three who were left were prostrate in spirit, as the corn lay prostrate after a storm of wind and hail.

Lemon lilies were like gold flung out in the grass, growing wild and uncared-for. The rich solemnity of midsummer lay on the land and on the lake. There was an unfathomable seriousness in your mien as you trotted about after me. It was clear that you were quite conscious of a change in the aspect of our lives, that you felt the absence of your master. In the evening we now avoided the room where we had sat about the fire together, choosing instead a small upstairs room against the one window of which a great cedar tree pressed, throwing all within into a greeny shade by day and seeming to hold the moon in its boughs by night.

One night, as the three of us sat together, we missed you, and I went downstairs to find you. From room to room I looked and at last pushed wide open the tall white door and went into that room. All was clear in the moonlight, all reflected in the long gilt-framed mirror. Even you, small, black, pathetic in your loneliness, were reflected sitting by his chair. What need had brought you there? A longing, perhaps, for that courageous masculine presence, perhaps a consciousness of some essence in the room of which I was not sensible. I sat down in the chair and took you on my knees. And so we mourned together. . . .

WE HAD returned to the city whence we had come, and taken a small house. It was a cold winter, but you were always busy. You had an old bedroom slipper (it was new when you took it for your own) that was a constant source of pleasurable excitement to you. It was a cat, and you worried it. It was a rat, and you threw it up and caught it. It was a rabbit, and you rolled on it, smashing it, growling while it lay quiet, giving convulsive kicks of your hind-quarters. You turned your back on it, swaggered away from it with waving tail, wheeled, pounced on it again, with a yell of triumph snatched it up and beat yourself violently about the head with it.

Twice a day you and I had our tramp together. Down through the park, across the icy, open spaces, you sped shouting after thrown sticks. Slithering, sliding, prancing, you filled the frosty air with your joy in the game. When a heavy snowfall came, you plunged into the white drifts like a swimmer into the sea and came out looking so ridiculous that every one who saw you smiled. You made friends with everybody. You sat up in the middle of shops waving your paws, you sat up to babies asking for their sugar sticks, you sat up to organ-grinders asking for dear knows what!

In the evening it was your special treat to sit on the table in the living room among the sewing and the open books, overseeing all. You did your best to understand our life and to take part in it, to give out your staunch spirit to us and to draw us closer to you. . . .

IT WAS spring again. We had taken a cottage on a northern lake for the season, and the house was pervaded by the excitement of preparation. You ran here and there, urging us on, clambering into half-packed boxes in the attic, tumbling down two flights of stairs to rage at the knock of a peddler.

We arrived at the cottage in the twilight, and there was a heated discussion as to whether or not you should be allowed out that night.

"We shall never see her again!" said one.

"We shall have a pretty night, tired as we are, worrying over her."

"But she *must* go out sometime," I protested. "It may as well be now."

I met only opposition, and all the while your bright eyes implored me. You knew I was on your side, and, when the others left the room, you stayed behind with me.

Gently I opened the door; slinking, I slid through it, a little black dog, fairy-like in her tread, close at my heels. We were in the broad meadow that stretched between the cottage and the farmer's house. Behind us the twilit fields rose to the wood silhouetted against the sky. Before us, through an opening in the cedars, we saw the lake navy blue below the ruddy glare of sunset. After the city the air felt indescribably fresh and sweet. Cool evening smells rose from the fields, lively with the virgin vigor of May. Little cold waves talked together against the stones, a cow lowed, and the last swallow found his nest.

We went to the water's edge, and you drank thirstily. Then, suddenly, like an arrow, you sped into the twilight, never faltering, never swerving, up from the shore, back through the fields, into the enticing night of the wood.

Back in the cottage I admitted faintly that

# IT MASSAGES THE GUMS AS YOU CLEAN THE TEETH »

"Massage the gums," say dentists and doctors. "Massage the gums," say dentifrice makers. "Massage the gums," say Public Health authorities.

You don't need these repeated warnings, if you clean your teeth with a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. It massages the gums *automatically*.

This automatic action is produced by the length, shape, and spacing of the springy tufts. As you polish the teeth to gleaming whiteness, the ingenious design and the quality bristle supply the correct gingival friction.

That stimulates the blood supply. It comes up briskly to nourish gums and teeth. Soft, spongy tissue firms to rosy health. The vital gum margins cling more protectingly about each polished tooth.

The heart of any tooth brush is its bristle, and Pro-phy-lac-tic bristle is known round the world for fine quality. Three generations of Pro-phy-lac-tic craftsmen have been selecting and blending bristle, and anchoring it into brushes, for more than forty-two years.

Because of their skill, and because we control every step in the manufacture right in our own New England plant, Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush carries what we believe is the broadest guarantee in the field: ***If for any reason at all its service fails to satisfy, we will send you a new brush without charge or conversation.***

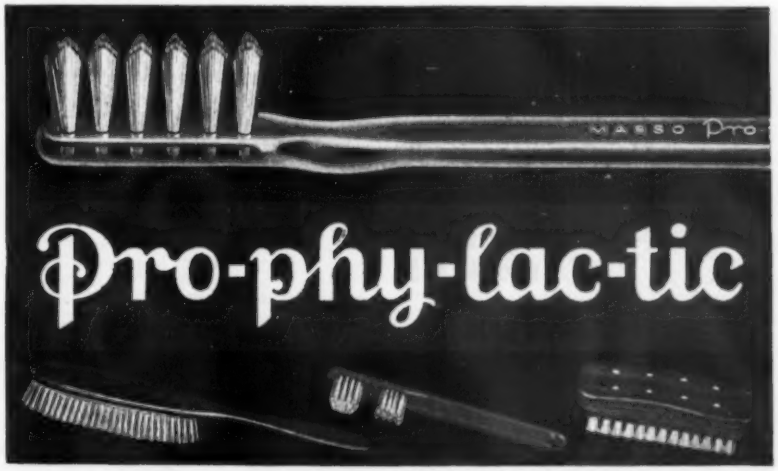
In addition to the brushes illustrated at the right, Pro-phy-lac-tic makes a Youth's size at 40¢, a Baby brush at 25¢, and a wonderful special brush for artificial teeth, the Dental Plate Brush, at 50¢.

It is hard to tell about bristle quality merely by looking at a brush. The Pro-phy-lac-tic name on it helps you choose wisely. We make military, handled, and narrow Pullman-type hair brushes. The prices range from $1 up. The hand brush illustrated at the extreme right is an especial favorite of doctors and dentists, made to clean and to last. An amazing value; $1.

**TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic**

Dentists like the way the famous big tuft on the end of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tufted Brush reaches and cleans the back teeth, which are so often neglected and so frequently first to decay. For forty-two years it has been a world leader in sales; 50¢. Also in a larger English type with four rows of bristle; 60¢. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Masso is one of the newest small-type brushes. Note the scientific wide spacing of the groups of bristle and their pointed ends. This nimble little brush, in many mouths, reaches places no other brush can touch. The handle throat is reinforced. If you like a small brush, switch to the Masso. You will feel the difference the first time you use it; 50¢.

**MASSO Pro-phy-lac-tic**

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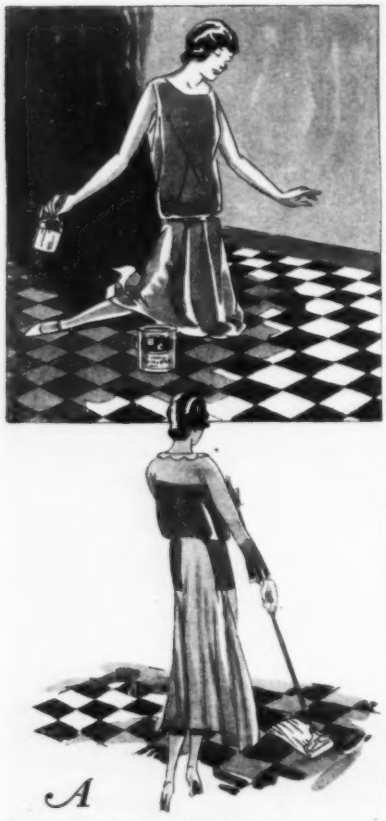


A

**BEAUTY TREATMENT *for***

***Linoleums that works like magic!***

NOWADAYS, the leading manufacturers treat their linoleums so as to seal the tiny pores and make their materials easy to clean.

Should these dirt-absorbing pores become exposed through wear—or should you, perchance, have linoleums which were not originally treated in this way—you can greatly improve their appearance by an occasional "beauty treatment" with B/C LINOLEUM LACQUER.

B/C will not discolor the most delicate pattern. It will give your floors a soft lustre which actually becomes richer and more "satiny" with wear—and is tough, flexible, waterproof and elastic.

B/C penetrates and seals the pores of linoleum so completely that a few light strokes with a damp cloth or mop will remove every trace of tracked-in dirt and spilled things—leaving the surface gleaming . . . spotless!

Yes, B/C works like magic! Try it. Mail the coupon below for a trial can at less than half price!

**LINOLEUM LACQUER**

*Swish—and it's clean!*

BECKWITH-CHANDLER CO., Dept. 1013
201 Emmett Street, Newark, N. J.

Enclosed is 25c to cover mailing costs on a half-pint can of B/C Linoleum Lacquer, the retail price of which is 60c.

Name .....

Address .....

Dealer's Name .....

# My Scottie

you were gone and that God alone knew where.

It was black night. No, it was worse than that, for gray dawn had drawn a finger across the windowpane, when trotting feet on the veranda sent a tremor along the floor of my room. I heard an impatient whine, an eager snuffle under the door, and I jumped out of bed and let you in. There was nothing abashed in your entrance. You had gone wild for the night and were not ashamed. You drank with extravagant haste from your water dish and threw yourself on the bare boards of your little room without heed for comfort. I returned to my bed justified. I had been sure you would come back.

The next morning the new life began in brave earnest. You gobbled your porridge and milk and then grinned up at me. When you grinned, you showed your lower teeth, your jaw thrust out, which gave your face an expression of almost ribald merriment.

Day after day the new life went on, unfolding fresh joys for you. Food mattered nothing, nor home, nor love of us, only the chase, the penetrating of burrows, the return to the life for which your sires had been bred. But at sunset you came home, a weary little dog, ready to be stroked, to be held on comfortable laps, to submit to the pulling out of burrs.

It was a hot June, and when we reached July the heat grew torrid. We lived in and out of the water. To swim beside us filled you with gladness. Your sleek little head like a seal's bobbed up and down in the waves.

The weather grew insufferable. Hot night succeeded torrid day.

One night I could not sleep. I got up in the light of the sinking moon and went out of doors. There had been a dew, and the coolness of moist grass was pleasant to bare feet. A deep stillness lay on the lake and the trees, but a movement, palpable as a light breeze, rose from the earth. I went around to your room and looked in at the window. I thought it must be very hot in there for you, under the sloping roof. You had got on to a large rocking chair which we had put in there because we disliked it, and were rocking yourself gently, seeming to express the thought,

"Well, as I can not sleep, this will help to pass the time."

In an instant you had discovered me and were at the window, tearing at the screen, whining the distressfulness of your situation. I pulled out the screen and lifted you over the sill, receiving a swift lick of gratitude in the passing.

We were like beings transformed out in the night together. We ran and leaped in the meadow. We went to the lake, and you drank, while I plunged my arms into its coolness. You scrambled over the rocks after a water rat, while I squatted listening to the sweet awakening of the first bird and saw the moon disappear. . . .

THE next summer I went on a long visit. On my return the first moments were given to my family, and I had barely time to notice your exquisite delight at having me back again. You uttered little cries that were painful. The fulness of your heart seemed almost too much for even your sturdy little body. But we were alone together at last, and I took you on my knee and stroked you and looked into your eyes.

I was startled at seeing that they were running, those eyes that had always been of a beautiful clearness. A feeling of apprehension shadowed my homecoming for me.

When I took you to the veterinary, he said, "Why, I must tell you that this little dog is more than half blind!"

He passed his hand quickly before your eyes. You raised your face wistfully to his.

WE WERE walking on a busy street. You trotted close beside me, as though to gain confidence from my nearness. You walked with a peculiar, uncertain lightness, as though the earth no longer felt solid beneath you. A lorry thundered by, and you shrank at the end of the lead, straining to escape from the sudden terror. We came to the crossing which so often you had traversed with an air that said: "The policeman has held up his hand for me. The traffic has been stopped for me." Now you hopped down from the curb with a queer little jolt, then turned round and faced the other way, straining to return home. I picked you up and carried you in my arms. How gladly you threw yourself against my shoulder, and I felt the thudding of your tail on my side.

Soon after that one of us was taken ill. She had come home from the house of a friend, tired and feverish. She went to bed, and I sat by the window waiting for the other one, who had also been out, to return. The sun was setting, and the snow, of which there had been a fresh fall that day, was flushed pink upon its fairness. The shadows were intense and blue. She came down the street a slender, erect figure in black furs. The fairness of her clear-cut face was flushed pink like the snow. When she came in, I told her the ill news, and her blue eyes became dark with concern, for there was an epidemic in the country.

It was scarcely three days before we others were taken ill. It was scarcely three weeks before the one with the dark blue eyes had gone from us. . . . I lay on a couch convalescent. You had got up beside me and were sitting very close to me. I put out my hand and found a match on the little table where there were things for smoking. I struck it and held it close to your eyes. You did not flinch. You drew nearer, sniffing. I threw away the match and gathered you close. Ah, how you pressed against me! In the quietness we sat together facing the new life. You were in physical darkness, my darkness was spiritual. A sympathy deeper than that of look or speech passed between us.

IN JUNE I took you to New York with me. In the intervening time you had miraculously recovered your courage. For a while it had failed you, when you were cut off from the light, when you could no longer see the pageant of moving things that stirred you to anger or delight, when you must face a long dark corridor of days swept by the winds of the unknown.

But now your courage had come back to you, and with its coming self-confidence grew day by day.

It almost seemed as though zest were added to certain of your activities. In your play with your old shoe, for instance, a new ferocity was added. You would worry it till it seemed that it must fly to pieces. You would growl deeply at it, as though you said: "Me afraid? Never! And I'll show this old shoe . . ."

Your re-establishment in life was complete. To any one who knew you, overbrimming with health as you were, the idea of putting you away because you could not see would have appeared an act of stupid cruelty.

Every day your hearing became more sensitive. The minutest sound that had any bearing on your daily routine became significant to you. If I opened a certain drawer and took out my purse, you were at my side in an instant. You knew that that sound portended marketing and its delights. The butcher's and the bone bought for you. The bakeshop where you had only to sit up, waving your paws, and a little sweet cake would be put before you. The grocer's and the evil converse with his great gray cat. Best of all, the fishmonger's!

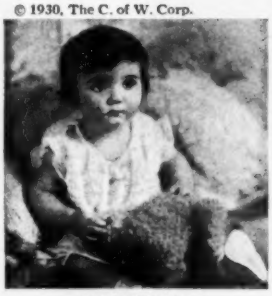
But there was a new wistfulness in you. Now you needed reassurance, desired approval. Before you would romp with your shoe you must walk up and down between the two of us, displaying your victim to each in turn before you tortured it.

We had bought a piece of woodland where

BETTINA BELMONT

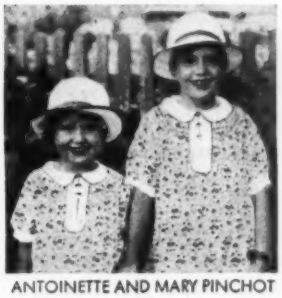
# SIX YOUNG PERSONS OF IMPORTANCE

© 1930, The C. of W. Corp.



ELLA WIDENER

JOHN ASPINWALL ROOSEVELT



ANTOINETTE AND MARY PINCHOT

ELIZABETH STUYVESANT FISH

## growing up well and strong with this little care so many mothers give

Six little lucky ones! Names that are powers in Philadelphia, Washington, Newport, New York—in Virginia, and in California.

But it takes more than family prestige and an inheritance of wealth and position, to produce such sturdy, rosy youngsters. It takes a very definite health régime—and strict adherence to it.

When we asked about health programs, the answers varied slightly, though in the main they were alike. The mothers of these children believe in simple schedules, regularity, careful supervision of exercise and diet.

But on one point there was no variance. That was the matter of a *hot, cooked* cereal. The roll call was complete. They *all* eat Cream of Wheat, the children's own cereal.

In each case the choice was at the recommendation of a distinguished child specialist. For thirty-four years this advice has been given. Physicians have long known the value of Cream of Wheat as a food for children.

They tell mothers to start their babies out on Cream of Wheat, to keep it up during the exacting school years. First, because Cream of Wheat is exceptionally rich in energy. Second, because it is amazingly easy to digest.

Let your children have this simple advantage—the right start at the breakfast table. *Cream of Wheat costs less than one cent a serving.* Give them good hot bowls of it regularly.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

*TUNE IN* on Cream of Wheat Radio Program weekday mornings at 7:45. Stations *WJZ, WBZ-A, KDKA, WHAM, WLW, WJR, WLS.* Starting Sept. 29, also *KSTP, WREN, KFAB, KWK.*

**FREE—a wonderful child's game**

All children love the H. C. B. Club with a secret meaning. It makes a jolly game of their morning cereal. All the wonder-working material free—badges, gold stars, and big new posters with stirring color pictures of childhood heroes—Joan of Arc, Roland and Oliver, Richard the Lion Hearted. We will also send valuable child health booklet. Mail this coupon to The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Dept. C-53, Minneapolis, Minn.

*Child's Name* .....

*Address* .....

*To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here* ☐

In using advertisements see page 6

# "Everyone who understands beauty care takes Kleenex as a matter of course"

Virginia Valli

*Screen stars—wise in the ways of beauty—find Kleenex indispensable for removing cold cream*

WHY is Kleenex in the dressing room of almost every star in Hollywood? On the dressing tables of charming debutantes? In up-to-date beauty salons?

Because, as Virginia Valli says, "It's the modern, sanitary way to remove cold cream and make-up."

Kleenex *is* the modern way. How much daintier it is than a germ-filled cold cream cloth! Or a harsh and unabsorbent towel.

With Kleenex there's no rubbing the skin. No stretching it, which experts say induces large pores and wrinkles. You just *blot*. Along with the cream come embedded dirt and cosmetics—which harsh cloths often rub right back into the pores, to cause blackheads and start infections.

### *Saves towels*

Kleenex is simply discarded after using. There's no stained or ruined towel to tell its story of improper facial care! If you don't know Kleenex, start today to give your skin the care it deserves.

Ask for Kleenex at any up-to-date drug, dry goods or department store. It comes in white or delicate yellow, pink or green. The colors are guaranteed safe and pure. The coupon will bring a generous free sample.

### *Kleenex for handkerchiefs*

Kleenex is much more sanitary than handkerchiefs, especially for colds and hay fever. You use it just once, then discard it—thus avoiding reinfection with cold germs. Kleenex is soft and gentle. It is more economical than laundering.

**—TRY KLEENEX FREE!—**

Send this coupon for a free sample of Kleenex . . . a full week's supply. Try it for both removing cold cream and for handkerchiefs. You'll be delighted.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

G-10

*City*.....

# My Scottie

once had stood the primeval pine forest. That had been cut down long ago, and in its place had grown up straight young oaks, graceful maples, poplars, and silver birches, the gleaming trunks of which gave the place a mysterious, fairy beauty. This was your happy hunting-ground for the rest of your life. We built a cottage there for the summers, and, as the doors stood always open, you had the joy of going in and out and up and down at will.

You were very happy. If you thought about it you doubtless thought that life there would go on forever, in earthy, grassy, sun-warmed monotony, offering you the sounds and scents you loved to follow. You learned to know every foot of the wood. You made your own intricate paths between burrow and burrow, and they all led at last to the seclusion of the ravine where you buried your favorite bones.

No matter how lovely the morning, you stuck by me indoors while I worked. I worked long and hard, and you lay, muzzle on paws, at my feet. Sometimes I would plead with you,

"Run along out and catch a rabbit!"

But though you quivered at the words, you would not budge. Your fealty to the cause of my work was not to be shaken. Short stories, plays, novels, reviewing—all must be done under your supervision. To lay down the pencil and stroke your back was better than a dozen books of reference. I can see the huge old Johnson's Dictionary in two volumes, lying beside you on the floor. I heave one up, looking for a word. It is the wrong volume, of course, and must be exchanged for the other. But nothing I do with them has any effect on you until they are replaced, with a bang, on the bookcase. Then you rise, stretch, yawn, showing your red curled tongue and white teeth. You talk to me a little, gruff growling encouragements to make haste for the sun is high and the woods are sweet.

YOUR last summer we spent at the seaside on the Massachusetts coast. You could not understand the sea. You were used to lakes and little streams, but this was a horse of another color. It was exciting, but it was baffling. You rocked along the smooth sands with a lobster claw sticking out of your mouth. You sniffed the jellyfish, dug holes and buried the starfish. You behaved like a puppy. What baffled you was that you could not quench your thirst at it. You drank and drank, raised your head, smacked your lips, slobbered. Then, planting your feet wide apart, you set to work to drink the ocean up. Your attitude said, "I will quench my thirst or know the reason why!" But it could not be done. A wave came and drenched you. You retreated, a little rueful, and then and there threw up the briny water on the sand. We were not sentimental about you. I think we laughed at you a good deal, but how we appreciated your indomitable spirit and how we loved you!

Almost every day we took a picnic to the shore. After the first day you led the way, and people smiled to see your air of consequence, little guessing that you could not see. Our wraps were thrown on the hot sand. The picnic basket, the thermos bottle, all our belongings mounded beside them. We raced across the bright strip of beach into the surf, but you did not race with us. More important and more pleasurable was your occupation. You sat beside the lunch basket guarding its contents. You might sniff around its brim, inhaling the delicious odor of the tuna fish sandwiches, but, though you knew your own sandwich was inside, you would have starved rather than touch it. It was an unlucky dog that drew near that sacred mound of our belongings. You would fly at him like a fury and, having driven him off and more than likely bitten him, return to your post.

Oh, your joy when we came dripping back to you! The lunch was spread out. What was yours was inside you in a trice, and a good deal of what was ours was given you bit by bit. The sun blazed on us, turning us the color of copper.

ON THE shore you picked up something poisonous and would have died but for the skill of the New England veterinary. The first time he came, I did not like him. He seemed dour after our genial Vet. But when one got to know him, how gentle, how understanding of animals!

"Do you think," I asked, "that she may get better?"

"In three days," he drawled, "there will be either a rejoicing or a funeral here."

There was a rejoicing! Through all that dreadful suffering you came, weak but incredibly tenacious of life. It was a fortnight before you were able to go for a walk.

You had one week of freedom in your own wood before returning to town. It was a week of sheer happiness. The weather was golden October, and every morning Jacob, the gardener, made a fresh bonfire of brushwood and dead leaves. The air was full of the acrid smell of wood smoke. Bushes were heavy with sweet, over-ripe blackberries. A few birds had forgotten to leave us and sang dreamily in the reddening trees. No frost had come to spoil our garden. Asters, Michaelmas daisies, nasturtiums, and marigolds flamed for us. The grass of the lawn was a rich green that caught and held the shadows like deep water. You lay on it with raised head, delicately sniffing the various scents that pleased you. You were out early in the morning, sitting on a sunny knoll, for at that hour it was cold. You were out late at night prowling among the mysteries of the silver birches in the moonlight. Your expression was one of bliss. You lived in a dream of happiness.

YOU died at Christmas. . . . Some poison from that other sickness must have remained in you and returned swiftly, without warning, to set your brain afire. You might be saved, the doctor said, if kept quiet and inactive for some weeks. He took you to his hospital.

You were returned to us on Christmas morning, supposedly cured. Cured! Why, you were like a live wire. Your joy at being with us was past bearing. Your excitement at being in your home again was past bearing. All, all, was past bearing. It could not be borne. You raised your muzzle toward the lighted Christmas candles and uttered a deep cry, a bay, musical and full of despair.

I took you for a walk, and you were beside yourself with excitement in the snow. I brought you home and left you with the other one while I went out again. When I came back I found that she had had a bad time with you. She had given you tablets from the doctor to quiet you, but nothing would quiet you. Only death could do that . . .

WE SENT your body to Jacob that he might bury it in your own woods. It was spring before we saw the grave, a lovely soft April day when the brown fern fronds were uncurling and the air was full of bird-song. He led the way to it with an air of pride, for he had chosen the spot with great care.

As we stood looking down at the mound, our hearts were filled with sadness. Not only because of the loss of you, but because your going had finally closed a chapter in our lives. Your life had been a part of many lovely things that were past. Hands beloved by us had held you, caressed you. Your gaiety had made us smile in times when it was hard to smile. And now Jacob stood, leaning on his spade, proud of the pretty place he had chosen for your grave.

*How long does it take you to*

**CHANGE YOUR MIND?**

Dinner planned, perhaps half-cooked—then the telephone. Guests coming! Husband warned them about "pot-luck", of course. But you—well, you just can't let it go at that.

What's to be done? Think. Hurry! Change your mind—quickly.

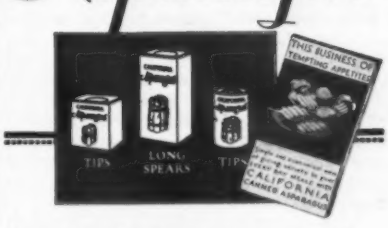
And then comes the inspiration—an attractive, appetizing asparagus salad! Just the *better-touch* you need to fit the family menu to the guest occasion. What a relief!

With asparagus always on hand, you're prepared to serve an eye-tempting salad at a moment's notice—a really delicious dish that adds welcome charm to any menu.

Besides, you know everyone *likes* asparagus. And everyone can eat it. Tips or spears—asparagus is a non-fattening food. It fits any diet. It fits every appetite.

Try several of the many alluring salads in our newest recipe book, "This Business of Tempting Appetites". It's free—send for your copy *now!* Address Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 375, 800 Adam Grant Building, San Francisco, California.

★ CALIFORNIA CANNED *Asparagus*





In using advertisements see page 6

# Our October FORUM

## *Covers a Wide Variety of Housekeeping Problems*

### Notes from Our Testing Laboratories

#### Safety First

SLOGANS have come and gone, but there is one we should keep in mind always—Safety First! In our September issue we told you of the appalling injuries and loss of life that occur in American homes every year. Each and every one of us can do something toward making the American home safe. Make a tour of inspection and see if there are any unsafe conditions in your own home. Get rid of rubbish. Use non-slipping materials under skiddy rugs. Discard old medicine bottles and poisons, but first empty the contents in a safe place. Have your appliances and devices inspected, if they are not operating properly, or if you have any reason to believe they are unsafe. Spread the doctrine of safety through your clubs.

#### Refrigerator Temperatures

HAVE you been able to keep your food satisfactorily through the warm summer months? If you have an ice refrigerator, the first essential is that it should be well made and properly designed, but even a good refrigerator will not give satisfactory temperatures if it is not kept filled with ice. If you have an automatic refrigerator, the temperatures can be controlled, but of course the unit must be operating properly. If you are interested in knowing what temperatures are maintained in your refrigerator, you can purchase a thermometer intended especially for this purpose.

#### A Book of Interest to Institution Managers

THERE is a new edition of "Institution Recipes" by Emma Smedley, Author and Publisher, 6 East Front Street, Media, Pa. The author's training in institutional work of many kinds has shown her what is definitely needed by both director and cooks—a book of carefully standardized large-quantity recipes. It should be a great help in planning menus and in buying supplies, as well as in the actual preparation of foods.

Directors of cafeterias or school lunch rooms, hospital dietitians, and women in charge of church suppers are among those who will want the book. *D. M. T.*

#### For Ornamental Frostings

IF YOU would like to have a professional look to your cakes, you will need a set of ornamenting tubes and an ornamenting bag to use in decorating them. Every sort of design, from the simplest lines to the most elaborate floral masterpieces, can be made if one has perseverance and is willing to practice. There is a little booklet that explains in detail how to use every one of 104 tubes in making many designs. It also gives several large-quantity recipes for the best types of ornamental icings to use, and explains how to gain color effects. It is written primarily for the baker or caterer, but the housekeeper who is interested in this sort of thing will find it useful. It is the "Ateco Simplified Cake Decorating Set," made by August Thomsen & Company, 488-90 Woodward Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, price 50¢.

### Questions from Our Readers

"I have a wool sports coat which I shall not use during the winter, and I should like to store it at home. During the summer my neighbor stored her heavy winter coat in a mothproof garment bag, only to find on taking the coat out this fall that it had been ruined by moths. Can you tell me of a safe way of storing my coat? There are so many mothproofing sprays and crystals on the market that I am puzzled as to the best method to follow. Will I be safe if I use one of the mothproof garment bags on your tested and approved list?"

*Mrs. F. W. R., St. Louis, Mo.*

THERE seems to be considerable misunderstanding on the part of housekeepers as to the real function of paper garment bags. The bags are frequently called "mothproof" not because there are any properties in the bag which will kill moths or moth eggs, but because the bag can be closed so tightly that moths can not enter. If a garment goes into the bag absolutely free of moths or moth eggs, it will be protected not only from moth attack, but also from dust and dampness for the entire length of time it remains in the bag. The proper procedure, then, in storing clothing in a garment bag, is first to cleanse the garment by laundering—in the case of sweaters and washable woolens—or by dry cleaning with woolens that are not washable. If the garment does not need cleaning or washing, it should be hung in the sun for several hours and thoroughly brushed. Moths can not live in the sunlight, and a thorough brushing and shaking should dislodge any moth eggs there might be in the folds or seams. Cleaning with the vacuum cleaner attachment is an added precaution.

The garment is then put into the bag on the hanger provided for it, and the bag closed. Be very careful in the closing of the bag. Sometimes the bags have a zipper closing, but more often the tight closing depends upon folding and refolding the seam and then holding the fold with clips. Give this very careful attention.

Another point to consider in the use of these garment bags is the manner of putting the garment into the bag. The hook part of the hanger usually extends through an opening in the top of the bag, so that the bag with its contents can be hung over a hook or clothes pole in the closet. This opening, no matter how small, must be sealed so that moths can not enter through it. In placing the hanger in and taking it out of the bag, then, be careful not to enlarge or tear out this opening.

"I have a new electric range which I like very much. I am anxious to use the oven for canning lima beans and corn, of which I have a plentiful supply in my garden. Will you please tell me the proper time and temperature to use in canning these vegetables in the oven?"

*Mrs. S., New York, N. Y.*

WE ARE sending you with this letter the correct time periods for the canning of all kinds of vegetables. We have indicated the proper time for processing vegetables in the hot water bath and in the steam pressure cooker only. We do not recommend the use of the oven for canning except with fruits and tomatoes.

If a heat-regulated oven (either gas or electric) is being used for fruits or tomatoes, set the dial at the desired temperature indicated in the time-table. As soon as the jars are filled, place them in the heated oven so that they are two inches apart. Sterilize as indicated in the time table. Then remove jars and seal at once.

# LIKE MAGIC Double Whipping brings New Zest to Mayonnaise!

**See for yourself how this unique mixing method gives a flavor that utterly transforms your salads.**

Once you try this unusual mayonnaise, salads will find a new enthusiasm in your home! The difference it makes will delight you.

You'll marvel at its velvety smoothness as you spread it on the crisp green lettuce. And you'll marvel anew when you taste it. It's so exquisitely different!

***Why is it different:*** "Why," the salad makers are asking, "does this Hellmann's Mayonnaise taste so *much more* creamy and delicious?"

The answer is very simple. In the Hellmann kitchens every batch of mayonnaise is "double whipped." First, the expert chefs whip it in the traditional way—thoroughly, exactly. And then, for that extra harmony of flavor, they whip it completely again.

***A recipe from France!*** Our secret recipe, once owned by a Parisian chef, also plays a vital part in producing Hellmann's matchless flavor.

Our ingredients too, are the finest that money can buy! Everything that goes into this mayonnaise might well come from your own pantry.

***Try a jar today!*** A single jar will prove that Hellmann's is no ordinary mayonnaise.

Try it with a molded fruit salad as shown here. You can make a test for as little as ten cents. Your grocer has a fresh supply. © 1930, G. F. Corp.

In the finest homes everywhere you'll find Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Already it's the largest selling brand in America.

FREE Our attractive booklet, "The Hellmann Salad Book," contains many recipes for new and original salads. Already it has brought inspiration to thousands of women. Let us send it to you with our compliments. Simply fill in and mail the coupon at the right.

★ **HELLMANN'S *Blue Ribbon* MAYONNAISE**

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

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# *Discovered!*

## A NEW SILVER TREASURE IN "PIECES OF 8" [TRADE MARK REG.]

*Johanna Silver finds new shapes and forms in her favorite silverplate 1847 Rogers Bros.*

Four years ago she found her first treasure, "Pieces of 8." For she had sailed and sailed the shopping seas looking for silver treasure . . . a set to precisely meet her needs. Sets of six had too few pieces. Then her quest was ended, her treasure found . . . "Pieces of 8"—in 1847 ROGERS BROS., the finest of all silverplate . . . original and genuine "Rogers" ware.

Now . . . 1930 . . . and she finds a new silverware treasure . . . the new Viande shapes in "Pieces of 8"! The Viande knives with short practical blades . . . and long handles that Long John Silver never heard of. The Viande forks with their long handles and short tines. Viande butter spreaders, Viande salad forks, Viande salad and luncheon knives, and Viande luncheon forks.

Set sail for the aisles . . . the "Treasure Isles" . . . of your nearest silverware store. See for yourself the new Viande shapes. The Viande knife, the creation of the eminent architect, Saarinen. So beautiful, so new and different, that the Metropolitan Museum of Art exhibited it first. And the Viande fork . . . a fitting mate for the knife!

. . .

The new treasure deserves a new treasure chest—34 pieces—"eights" of knives, forks, tea spoons, dessert spoons, a sugar spoon and a butter knife. $49.50. If you prefer, the regular knives and forks can be had in place of Viande. And the new Viande extra pieces in "Pieces of Eight" . . . Butter Spreaders, $8.30; Salad Forks, $10; Luncheon or Salad Knives, $20; Luncheon Forks, $11.

VIANDE KNIFE, U. S. PAT. APPLIED FOR. CANADIAN REGISTRATION GRANTED FEB. 11, 1930

THE TREASURE TROVE—CHEST WITH "PIECES OF 8" . . . $49.50. TEA SET IN NEW SILHOUETTE PATTERN . . . Smart, modern tea pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher . . . $40. Waiter, $20 extra.

# ·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVER PLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Write International Silver Co., Factory E, Meriden, Conn., for booklet X 23, "What the well-dressed table will wear in silverware."

# *Fire* and Flood *and* Raging Blizzard

## *powerless to check the dependable operation of the Monitor Top*

**FIRE**—For hours they baked and roasted it in a roaring fire. It still ran on!

**FLOOD**—In the icy waters of the Erie Canal they drowned it. It still ran on!



**BLIZZARD**—They buried it in a giant tower of ice. It still ran on!



**SAND**—They smothered it in an avalanche of sand. It still ran on!

NEVER—through all its years of faithful service in the peace and quiet of your home—will the General Electric Refrigerator be required to withstand such tests as these. But what years of service you may expect from the refrigerator that *can* survive the most terrific ravages of time and wear! In the Monitor Top, the entire mechanism is fortified against air, dirt and moisture with impregnable walls of steel. Buried in sand, frozen in ice, drowned in water, roasted in flames, the General Electric still ran on!

A refrigerator so dependable, so efficient, is within the means of *everyone.* It is true economy to own one. Why not look at one this very day? Prices now start as low as $205 at the factory, and most people buy on our easy time payment plan. Write us for the latest issue of our magazine, "The Silent Hostess". It will tell you a lot about the economy in modern, electric refrigeration. Address Section G-10, Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Co., Hanna Bldg., 1400 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.

**GENERAL ELECTRIC** ★

**ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR**

ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS • COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC MILK COOLERS

# COLOR
## *In the Autumn Garden*

By
Marjorie M. Mohler

TO ME, autumn is the most wonderful season of them all. No yellows seem quite so rich, no reds so glowing, and no browns so vibrant with warmth as those displayed in leaf and berried stem presaging the coming of the long winter's rest. It is like the flaming sunset that floods the evening sky, announcing the approach of the fragrant night; like the waning days of man, brimming with a lifetime of mingled joys and sorrows before going on into a glorious new world of dawn and light.

To many, this garden episode of falling leaves and baring branches is but a period of drab and pungent regret. But why should this be true when it can so easily be made one of the most colorful events of the whole year? There are many varieties of shrubs—and certain vines, too—that do not come into the fulness of their beauty until late in the season. When planted with a little artistic taste and forethought, these will bring to the autumnal landscape a brilliance of effect unrivaled by any other plan.

With the first nipping fingers of the frost it is as if an artist had come tiptoeing in the night, staining leaf and berried branch with gorgeous hue just when all the gay splendor of summer has withered and dried to a crisp. Not only will the lovely, clustered fruit hang on these shrubs through the severest weather, creating a fascinating scene in the drifting snows, but it will supply valuable provender for the hungry, little, feathered winter visitors as well—not to mention furnishing handsome decorative sprays for gracing the house in the Christmas holidays.

To bring about the most striking results, these shrubs should be grouped together in irregular masses of from three to a half-dozen. They may also be set among flowering shrubs where their foliage will help to enhance the blossoms of the earlier varieties by forming a denser background of green. When placed in this way along borders, beside driveways, or edging woodland paths, the beauty of the scene will be a year-round affair instead of lasting only a few short months.

Many of these fall-bearing varieties have exquisite little blossoms, appearing in July, and in August turning into fruit which steadily ripens until they arrive at the peak of their beauty in the late fall and winter months. A number have striking foliage and brightly colored branches as well, all of which adds incomparable loveliness to the beauty and mellowness of the autumn garden.

In their arrangement avoid too straight lines wherever possible, planting them instead in such a manner that here and there a bush will stand forward from the rest, forming small bays and projections. These sheltered recesses are ideal for placing an odd bench or seat where one may bask and dream in the shade or sunshine. Delightfully informal flowerbeds of shade-loving plants may also be tucked in such corners, particularly bulbous varieties, all of which, with their color and faint perfume, will add to your enjoyment of the scene.

**The lovely, clustered fruit hangs on these shrubs through the severest weather, after the gay splendor of summer has withered and dried to a crisp**

One of the most colorful and popular varieties for increasing the beauty of the late fall garden is either the deciduous or evergreen Cotoneasters. C. pannosa is a tall, hardy shrub with small green foliage, bearing an abundance of bright red berries the entire length of its branches. C. Franchéti is of dwarfer habits with orange berries, and C. acuminata, although somewhat stiff, has fine, orange-red fruit. There is also a yellow variety much desired on account of its long-lasting, dainty panicles of fruit.

The several species of Hawthorn (Crataegus) are very colorful fall shrubs, producing a somewhat denser growth than the Cotoneasters, yet occupying comparatively little space. Carrieri has dark glossy green leaves and deep red, showy fruit, while that of Coccinea is much more highly colored. The Washington hawthorn is a still handsomer little tree, having brilliant foliage as well as an abundance of scarlet fruit which remains on the branches until spring with little loss of beauty.

A valuable group that is fired with vivid coloring almost overnight by the first biting frost is the Rhus, more commonly known as sumac. Its lovely, dark-red clustered fruit persists all through the winter. Somewhat similar to this is the coral berry, or Indian currant. This splendid shrub ordinarily attains a height of approximately six feet and produces a wealth of red or purplish berries set in clusters along gracefully drooping stems.

Other varieties bearing blue and purplish tinted fruit are the blueberry; the silky dogwood, and the exquisite sapphire berry, which comes from the Orient and is especially adapted for growth in the more southerly climates. Its glory, however, is more or less brief, since its berries of unusual brightness are particularly palatable to the birds. Unlike the others, the silky dogwood precedes its attractive bunches of bright blue fruit with delicate, wax-like, highly perfumed blossoms. The hardy bush rose also possesses this pleasing feature, its flowers being shaded an apple-blossom pink.

Among the best known deciduous varieties is the Japanese barberry, B. Vulgaris and the superior B Thunbergi being particularly valuable for growth in the

(*Continued on page 252*)

# *Zestful Seasoning* is the "Born" Cook's Magic

CULTIVATE a flair for flavor . . . a knowing skill in seasoning . . . it's the secret to the so-called "born" cook's genius . . . The difference between a dull, insipid dish and one that fairly glows with tantalizing flavor!

Colman's Mustard plays an important role in this precious art of seasoning. Meats, fish dishes, sauces, salads . . . all take on new brightness under the spell of its savoury tang. Left-overs turn into brand-new cookery triumphs.

Colman's Mustard owes its incomparable liveliness to a particularly flavorful little mustard seed grown in Lincolnshire, England, especially for Colman's. No other mustard seed has ever rivalled its racy tang.

### *Chartreuse of Salmon*

1 cup boiled salmon, minced; ¼ cup cracker crumbs; dash of cayenne; ½ teaspoon salt; ½ level teaspoon Colman's Mustard; juice of ½ lemon; 2 eggs.

Put salmon in a bowl; add salt, cayenne, mustard, lemon juice and cracker crumbs, moisten with the yolks of eggs. When thoroughly mixed, fold in stiffly beaten whites. If the fish is very dry, add two tablespoons of milk or cream. Put into buttered ramekins or custard cups. Set them in a pan of hot water and bake 20 minutes in moderate oven (375° F.). Serve with Hollandaise or white sauce.

### *Baked Eggs*

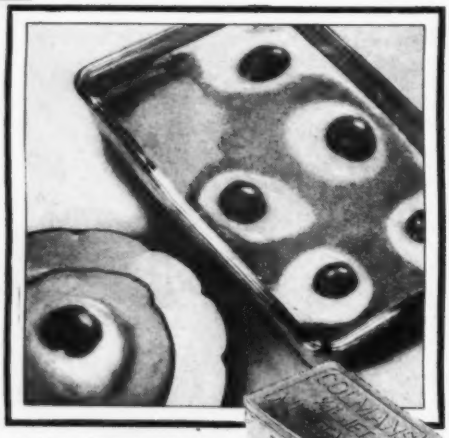
3 tablespoons butter; 3 tablespoons flour; 2¼ cups milk; 2 level teaspoons Colman's Mustard; 2 tablespoons pimientos, chopped; pepper to taste; 1½ teaspoons onion juice; ¾ cup grated cheese; 1¼ teaspoons salt; 6 eggs.

Make sauce of first nine ingredients. Put into a baking dish and drop the eggs in carefully. Bake in slow oven (275° F.) till eggs are set.

### *Scalloped Corn Piquant*

4 tablespoons butter; ½ cup flour; 1 teaspoon salt; 1¾ level teaspoons Colman's Mustard; ¼ teaspoon paprika; 1½ cups milk; 1 can corn (large); 1 egg; 3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce.

Melt butter in saucepan, then add flour mixed with salt, mustard and paprika. When thoroughly blended, gradually add milk, stirring constantly. Bring to boiling point, remove from fire, add corn, egg and Worcestershire sauce. Mix thoroughly. Pour into buttered baking dish. Cover with small squares of bread which have been tossed in melted butter. Bake ½ hour in a moderate oven (350° F.).



By appointment to His Majesty The King

FREE
RECIPE CARDS
for new salad dressings and salads; marvelous cooked dishes, too. A new set every month. Watch this advertising!
Colman's
Mustard

*J. & J. Colman (U.S.A.) Ltd.* G-10-30
*Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y.*

*Please send me this month's set of free recipe cards.*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

## Let Us Buy these Frocks

*Above: two flat-crêpe maternity frocks in all the new colors—brown, green, wine, black, or blue—and with full adjustable seams; 14 to 44. The above dress has concealing revers and tie sash; $18.50. A bolero effect in front on the other adds a smart note; $29.50. Send measurements; 10 days to order*

*Particularly appropriate for autumn's first cool days is the jersey dress below at left; outer collar and cuffs of shantung; black or navy with blue, or brown or green with tan; 14 to 40; $10.75. The semi-made dress, at right below, of a checked worsted tweed, has only seams to sew; piqué collar; brown, black, or navy with white; 14 to 40; $6.95*

*To Order See Page 80*

# But what happens when your cook book forgets it *isn't* a company dinner?

Company dinner! What woman *can't* produce an enticing meal—when her cook books are crowded with recipes for the foods she serves on *company* occasions? But what about your daily family-meals? What about the humbler dishes—the less

*Left-overs cease to be left-overs and become new ingredients*

expensive cuts of meat and the left-overs and the meat substitutes that everyone *must* serve occasionally? These are the test of a real cook—these dishes that cook books seem to forget. And it's to such a cook—the kind of cook who looks upon them, not as a task but as a chance to display her cooking skill—to whom DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce has its greatest appeal.

That's because DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce is prepared especially for the *one* purpose of enriching and enhancing old dishes and creating distinctive new ones. In the whole field of cookery, there's nothing else quite like it. It's a *cooking* sauce—not a catsup or tomato condiment to be put *onto* foods, but an ingredient to be cooked *into* them—a ready-blended cooking sauce that combines all the rich, flavory goodness of red-ripe tomatoes and piquant spices—a kind of kitchen magic for transforming commonplace foods into culinary achievements.

Take left-overs, for example—say, left-over roast lamb. With a supply of DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce in your pantry, you can convert it into an entirely new dish. Slice the meat. Place a layer of boiled rice in a deep baking dish, then a layer of lamb, then a layer of rice, and so on until the dish is filled. Pour DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce over it, cover with buttered crumbs, and bake. Then watch your family's appetite come smartly to attention.

But as good as it is with left-overs, don't think for a moment that DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce is limited to them alone. It opens up a whole world of *new* dishes—new appetizers, canapes, and sandwiches, new sauces, gravies and dressings, new soups, new salads, new ways of preparing poultry, meat, fish, pastes and vegetables. In fact, we've collected a whole bookful of DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce recipes—a complete cook book devoted exclusively to its different uses. You'll find it offered free below.

And another thing you ought to know about DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce is its convenience and economy. It comes in a handy 8-oz. tin—a cupful to the can—just the right amount you need for an average dish—and all ready to use. No need to strain tomatoes and experiment with seasonings. All *that* has been done for you by expert chefs. You simply open the can. And because it costs so little, you can use it whenever you like—which, we believe, will be often, once you've discovered its almost endless possibilities.

Certainly you'll want to try DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce. Your grocer has it—or can get it for you easily. A good plan is to buy at least a half-dozen cans at a time. More than likely you'll want the DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce Recipe Book, too. You'll find it as handy as DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce itself—34 ways for preparing meat, 10 ways of preparing pastes, 8 meat substitutes, 14 salads and salad dressings—more than a hundred recipes in all, every

*Meat substitutes no longer a problem*

one tested, many of them specially developed. It's a real gold mine of unusual dishes, and it's yours for the asking. Just send us your name and address, and we'll be glad to forward a copy to you by return mail. Write to Dept. 260, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

# DEL MONTE TOMATO SAUCE

In using advertisements see page 6

—by the *thousands*,

women are turning to this delicious, easily prepared chocolate dessert——

GROWN-UPS and children never tire of My-T-Fine's full, rich chocolate flavor . . . its creamy smoothness. And it's so *nourishing*, too . . . Serve it often. From package to table is only a matter of minutes. Just add two cups of milk to a package of My-T-Fine, you have from 4 to 6 generous helpings. Delightful when served cold; just pour into moulds, chill, and top off with whipped cream.

Keep a supply on your pantry shelf. So handy for unexpected guests, for your parties, and to add sparkle to your family luncheons and dinners. If your grocer cannot supply you, send coupon below and 25 cents for a full-size package each of My-T-Fine Chocolate Dessert, My-T-Fine Nut Flavor Chocolate Dessert and D & C for making Lemon Pie . . . three products of delicious flavor, that save time and trouble.

**MY-T-FINE**

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

***chocolate dessert***

**3 packages 25¢ ***

*If You Use this Coupon*

My-T-Fine Corporation,
882 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y

On every Package

Enclosed is 25 cents in stamps, for which please send me, postpaid, 2 packages of My-T-Fine Chocolate Dessert (Plain and Nut Flavor) and 1 package of D & C for making Lemon Pie.

*My Name* .....

*Address* .....

*My Grocer* .....

*His Address* .....

10-30

# DR. EDDY'S *Question-Box*

*Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered only if stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Walter H. Eddy, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City, New York*

### Sensitiveness to Some Food May Be The Trouble

It seems obvious that there is something radically wrong with my diet. I am a victim of hives. Two physicians I have consulted differ a good deal. One informed me that lemons, oranges, and tomatoes have an alkaline reaction and should form a large part of my diet. The other insists that all three are acid and should be avoided. I am confused. Can you help me?

*Mrs. T. P. Q., N. Y.*

Medical treatment of hives appears to be ineffective. They are supposed to be due to a disturbance of the alimentary canal by certain articles of diet. However, it is evident that the cause is largely idiosyncratic, as many persons may eat the same food and only one have hives. Perfectly wholesome foods that are entirely innocuous to the average individual act as poison to others, producing a rash—or hives, as it is called. Some drugs have the same effect upon persons sensitized to them. Strawberries, lobsters, crabs, sausage, nuts, cheese, and many other common articles of diet are apt to cause hives in individuals peculiarly sensitive to such foods. My advice is that you make a study of your diet, recalling the food eaten before the outbreak. By eliminating different articles of food eaten on that occasion, you may arrive at the cause of the trouble. Constipation should be avoided, as sometimes toxicity is developed by putrefaction of the contents of the intestines. In regard to reaction of food on digestion, oranges, lemons, and tomatoes leave an alkaline residue, while meats, cereals, and eggs leave an acid residue.

### There Are Certain Helps

Will you please tell me if there is any cure for, or any way to avoid, snoring.

*Mrs. E. L., Me.*

Adenoids and other obstructions to the nasal passage are frequent causes of snoring, and relief is generally experienced upon their removal. Snoring takes place when the mouth is open, and almost always when one sleeps on his back. This may be remedied, to a certain extent, by sleeping on the side. The annoyance which is caused to other people is not the worst feature of this trouble. The air that enters the lungs directly through the mouth is more likely to carry dust and infection than if the breathing takes place through the nasal passage. In this case the particles carried in the air stick to the mucous membranes of the air passages, and this protects the lungs from infection.

### Still In An Experimental State

My boy has been taking a serum injection for colds, and with this an added injection of timothy hay, and ever since he has been having hay fever. Please tell me if I can have anything done to eliminate what has been injected, or do you think he'll outgrow it?

*Mrs. S. C., Mass.*

Apparently your physician was trying to overcome a reaction to timothy pollen by serum treatment. This method is distinctly in the experimental state, and the results, from your description, do not seem to be satisfactory. I am not surprised at that, as my own investigation of the subject has led me to believe that at present the only successful avoidance of hay fever consists in keeping clear of the causal factor. I should not criticize your doctor, because he was trying a perfectly legitimate method experimentally, and the fact that it has not been successful does not condemn him for the attempt. It is not possible to say if your boy will or will not outgrow it.

### Not Dangerous

I have an invalid in my family who is fond of asparagus. When I get a bunch of asparagus, I cut off the good ends and put it in a pound tin can and place it in the ice-box. I have been told that asparagus has so much acid that it would eat the tin and be poisonous. As long as I have used this tin, it has remained as bright as when I started. Will you please give me your idea on this matter?

*Mrs. A. P. B., N. Y.*

You need have no worry about the amount of tin that would be absorbed by the asparagus which you keep in a tin can in your refrigerator. It is perfectly safe for you to keep it in this way. Tin is very little attacked by acids.

### A Decided Difference

Will you please tell me if bottled grape juice, any good brand, contains the same vitamins that are found in the juice of citrus fruits. Would a glass of such grape juice before breakfast be as beneficial as the same amount of orange juice?

*Mrs. W. C., Calif.*

The vitamin content of grape juice and orange juice differs quite considerably. They have about the same content of vitamin A, which is not very much. Vitamin A contains the growth factor. Orange juice contains a higher content of vitamin B than grape juice. Vitamin B, like vitamin A, is essential for growth. Orange juice is rich in vitamin C, the anti-scorbutic vitamin, while there is not very much of this vitamin in grape juice. You will see, therefore, that grape juice does not take the place of orange juice in our dietary, although it is a wholesome beverage.

### Depends Upon The Exact Meaning Of Your Phrase

Will you please send pamphlet, or other advice, on acid stomach, relating particularly to its cause and diet for cure or control.

*Mrs. J. S. S., Texas.*

The term "acid stomach" is frequently so loosely and indiscriminately used that it does not convey any definite meaning. If you mean more hydrochloric acid in the stomach than Nature demands, the method of reducing it is described in the leaflet sent out by our Bulletin Service (the price of which is 5c and a stamped addressed envelope), entitled, "Hyperacidity and Fermentation." If the above does not meet with your needs, then it is best for you to go to a competent diagnostician and have the degree of acidity of the stomach measured on an empty stomach, then on the stomach after eating, and again two or three hours after eating.

### Weight Reduction Best Attained By Controlling Diet

Please send me a correct diet list to lose weight. Would like to lose about thirty pounds. I am 5 ft. and 6 inches in height and weigh 166 pounds. Am thirty-eight years old. What should my weight be? Hoping you will advise me.

*Mrs. J. B., Md.*

Your proper weight at your age and height should be about 145 pounds, consequently you are twenty pounds over-weight. I suggest that you send to the Bulletin Service of Good Housekeeping and get the literature issued by Good Housekeeping Institute, "Reducing Menus—Safe and Effective," the price of which is 10c. In this way you will have before you the menus containing the proper amount of calories, which will help you to reduce your weight in a safe and sane manner.

**Surprisingly increased efficiency in the Two New Hoovers**

Your Hoover dealer will be glad to show you these two remarkable new Hoover models, offering greatly increased dirt-removing ability and selling at the same price as former models.

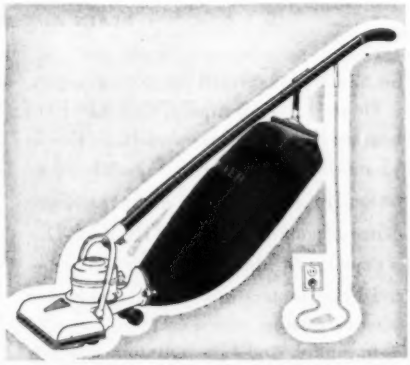
# *Do you wash "most of the sand" out of the spinach?*

IF you do, you'll find that those who eat the spinach think "fairly-clean" isn't clean enough! Nor is "fairly-clean" clean enough for your rugs and carpets.

When you take out—as you do when you clean by suction alone—largely the surface dust, you leave in your rug filthy, grease-caked grit that has settled deep in the nap.

But one electric cleaner has a special cleaning principle for the removal of deep-buried, destructive dirt. It is The Hoover. Because The Hoover has this special cleaning principle, Positive Agitation, it removes more dirt *per minute* than any other cleaner—which means it gives the fastest, the easiest and the deepest cleaning.

This cleaning also makes a notable difference in the appearance of floor coverings, gathering up the unsightly lint, restoring the rug colors and lifting and straightening the nap.



HOOVER

IT BEATS..AS IT SWEEPS..AS IT CLEANS

ON A CUSHION OF AIR

MORE DIRT DPM PER MINUTE

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Ask your Hoover dealer for a free trial or home demonstration of The Hoover and its efficient dusting tools. Two Hoover models. Only $6.25 down; balance monthly. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner.

*Mail this coupon* for descriptive literature or a home trial of The Hoover. ★ It is your privilege to see The Hoover—compare it with any other cleaner—without obligation.

Send booklet "How To Judge An Electric Cleaner" - - - - - - ☐

Send a New Hoover to me for Home Trial. - - - - - - - - - ☐

THE HOOVER COMPANY
Dept. 13, North Canton, Ohio

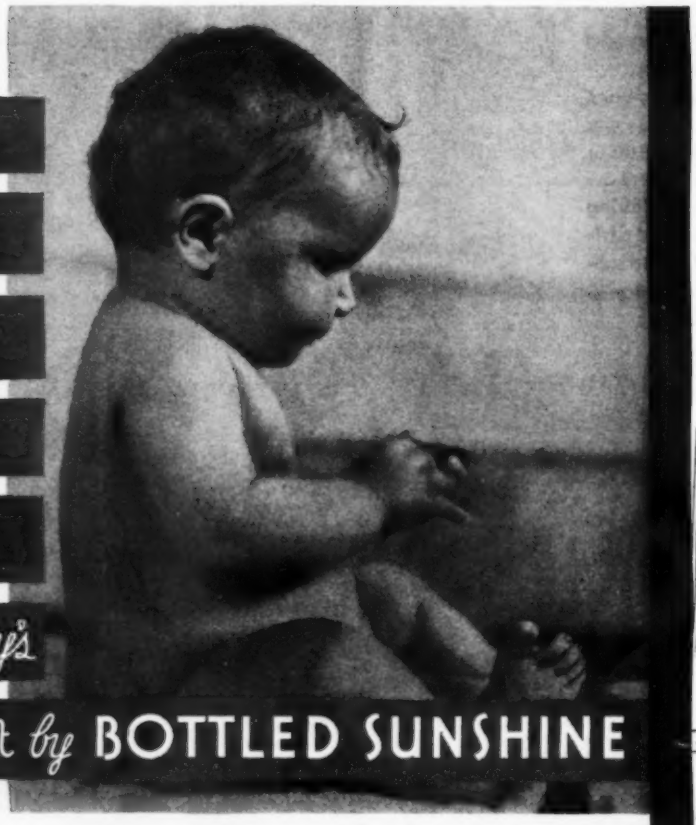
NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

In using advertisements see page 6

# A head a back a chest legs teeth like this baby's are built by BOTTLED SUNSHINE



*Fathers and Mothers*

**Fewer colds this winter! Build up your resistance with Squibb Mint-Flavored Cod-Liver Oil. You'll be delighted with the nice, cool flavor. It's so pleasant and easy to take.**

•

**Squibb Cod-Liver Oil is wonderfully rich in two health-giving vitamins! A teaspoonful of Squibb's contains: 2000 Vitamin A units 80 Vitamin D units.**

*Produced tested and guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. Manufacturing Chemists to the medical profession since 1858.*

## SQUIBB ★ COD LIVER OIL

• PLAIN *and* MINT-FLAVORED

WHAT MOTHER *doesn't* want these things for her baby!

A well-shaped head . . a strong, sturdy frame . . a fine, full chest . . straight legs . . uncrowded, even teeth.

"But how can I be sure *my* baby will have them?" you ask.

Physicians will tell you that your baby does not develop good bones and teeth by chance. He builds them from the food he eats. To do this he must have the help of one special factor, the bone-and-tooth building factor—Vitamin D.

There are two common ways to provide your baby with the amount of Vitamin D he needs. Exposing his bare skin to sunshine is one way.

But this way isn't always possible. Weather prevents. Clouds, fog, smoke, clothing shut out the precious rays — the "Vitamin D" producing rays. Even ordinary window glass filters them out.

The surer way is to give your baby *Bottled Sunshine* — Squibb Cod-Liver Oil. Then you *know* he is receiving the Vitamin D he needs.

You can't be too careful about the kind of cod-liver oil you select. If you ask your doctor, he will probably tell you to get Squibb's.

He recommends Squibb Cod-Liver Oil because he knows it is wonderfully rich in Vitamin D — the bone-and-tooth building factor. He also knows it contains an abundance of another factor —Vitamin A. This is the vitamin which helps your baby grow and helps protect him against colds and other respiratory infections.

In Squibb Cod-Liver Oil there is a rich supply of both Vitamin A and Vitamin D. Squibb *protects* these two factors from harmful exposure to air and water by a special process of refining and bottling. This exclusive process enables Squibb to *guarantee* the vitamin content of their oil.

No wonder so many physicians recommend Squibb's. No wonder so many mothers always use Squibb's. You, too, will want Squibb's, the *guaranteed, vitamin-rich* oil, for your baby.

***New! . . . Richer in Vitamin D***
***Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol 5 D***

As always, Squibb takes the lead in cod-liver oil products—this time with Squibb's regular Cod-Liver Oil greatly enriched in Vitamin D. *Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol 5 D!* It has *five times* as much Vitamin D as standard cod-liver oil. It is for those who need a great deal of Vitamin A and more Vitamin D than can be obtained from regular cod-liver oil. It comes both plain and mint-flavored.

**FREE—Helpful booklet for mothers**

*Just fill in name and address and send to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Dept. GHO, 754 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____

## *CHILDLESS*

By Wilfred J. Funk

*. . . Then grant to me,*

O GOD, *the dear untidy hints*
*Of children, tiny finger prints*

ALONG *the walls: laughter to meet*
*My ears in sudden gales: the sweet*

DISORDER *of a nursery floor:*
*The hushed closing of a door*

AT TWILIGHT—*then, O Lord, the charms*
*Of little, soft, encircling arms*

AND *sleepy eyes . . .*

## Books You Will Not Forget

(*Continued from page 98*)

Thule," which, because of the exigencies of copyright, the publishers were unfortunately compelled to publish in this country first. The first book, "Australia Felix," deals with the hopes of youth with its fire and enthusiasm; the second, "The Way Home," with the disillusionment of middle age with its leisure and luxury; and the third, "Ultima Thule," with the futility of old age and tragedy. The three together present the truth that it is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that fate lies, and they meet the superlative test of a work of genius—they increase and deepen our understanding of life.

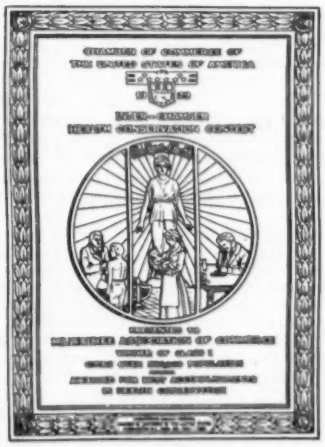
Opinions differ as to whether the effect of the trilogy read as a whole lightens or intensifies the tragedy of "Ultima Thule." To me the two first books make the third seem less tragic. Perhaps because more intimate contact with Mary and Richard Mahony through so many years, so many ups and downs, brings me to the conclusion that a life is always more tragic to the spectator than to the participant.

This trilogy might have been called "The Nineteenth-Century Marriage," for it records the life together of a husband and a wife, each reacting differently to the same experience yet bound together in their fates. Only an author who can deal with a wide canvas, who sees life in due proportions, who can live long years with his characters and know them through and through, whose imagination has far limits, who has a profound conception of truth, can attempt a trilogy. It must rest on a great theme.

Perhaps this accounts for the popularity of the trilogy. It yields its reader so much more than a single volume, just as a life-long, intimate friendship yields more than a passing acquaintance. But there is still another reason why so many people like the trilogy. It gives one the sense of spaciousness, of vastness, which human beings crave. Life so treated seems of more consequence, human beings more important. For these reasons—and many others I could give, had I the space—these three volumes deserve the attention of the reader who prefers books that will leave with him something he will never forget.

After the tense tragedy of these books, however, even the most serious reader would, I believe, welcome a contrast. And so to balance them, I place next on my list that fantastic novel, "The Seventh Gate" (Harpers,


# "Business is Business"



*Sketched from Bronze Plaque Awarded to*
FIRST PRIZE WINNERS
*in the Inter-Chamber Health Conservation Contest held under the auspices of*
THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

| | |
|---|---|
| MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN . . Cities more than 500,000 | CLASS 1 |
| SYRACUSE, NEW YORK . . . Cities 100,000 to 500,000 | CLASS 2 |
| EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY . Cities 50,000 to 100,000 | CLASS 3 |
| WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK . Cities 20,000 to 50,000 | CLASS 4 |
| SIDNEY, OHIO . . . . . Cities under 20,000 | CLASS 5 |

SOME years ago it was thought that Big Business had to be hard-hearted in order to be successful. Today, people know better and employers have learned that they get more faithful service and are more successful if their employees are contented and healthy.

Today we take comfort in the assurance that medical and health scientists, philanthropists and humanitarians have the solid backing and support of the biggest business men in the country. And, modestly, Big Business gives as its reason for lending its powerful, invaluable support—"business is business".

Cities which have promoted and are promoting far-sighted health programs are reaping rich rewards. Their citizens are happier and their cities offer attractions to new industries and to people of wealth and leisure.

When the Chamber of Commerce of the United States offered prizes last year to cities which would do most to improve health and sanitary conditions, 140 cities entered the National Health Conservation Contest. This year it is expected that a larger number will compete for the Bronze Awards.

Statisticians estimate that there is an annual loss in the United States of billions of dollars due to the needless loss of lives. When these lives of valuable workers are sacrificed, their families suffer and the cities in which they live are made poorer.

If you live in a city which wants to reduce its deathrate, your city's business organization (Chamber of Commerce or Board of Trade) may obtain the active cooperation of America's greatest business organization, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

Last year health experts visited 80 of the cities which entered the National Health Conservation Contest. Your community may obtain the advice of such expert health counsel as may be needed, free of charge. A trained health expert will visit your city and search for danger spots. He will make recommendations for a constructive health improvement program which you can help to carry out.

For full information regarding health programs and the National Health Conservation Contest, the Secretary of your Chamber of Commerce or other similar body should address the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at Washington, D. C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.


In using advertisements see page 6

# Books You Will Not Forget

$2.50), with which Muriel Harris won the $5,000 English prize. It is designed for the devotees of "Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby," or those ever on the hunt for novelty and sensation. Catherine Troon is a colorless, middle-class spinster who dreams of greatness and admiration. An article by a doctor which suggests, quite to the scorn of his scientist brethren, that sex impulses may be turned into motive powers to develop genius puts into her mind the idea that she may thus realize her dreams. So firmly does she go to work to realize her possibilities that she changes into the person she fain would be, becames beautiful and famous, young in spirit and body. The world is at her feet. And then the doctor who alone shared her secret breaks the spell. Her wishful thinking produces illusions that fool every one. Air castles are materialized by sheer will-power. Instead of the beautiful princess under a spell that turns her into a hag of the old fairy-tale, we have a modern version in which the ugly old maid is turned into a beautiful princess.

To like this book one must, I think, believe in fairies, albeit they must today wear the garb or psychological theories. I shall always suspect the judges—Hugh Walpole, Frank Swinnerton, and Sheila Kaye-Smith—of having answered "Yes" when Maude Adams put to the audiences of "Peter Pan," her plaintive question, "Do you believe in fairies?"

For the next on the list I suggest a book that presents life seriously, as it was seen by an old-fashioned doctor in a small village in England. "Doctor Serocold" by Helen Ashton (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is what may aptly be called a human novel. For through it we come in contact with those tragedies and joys that all human beings share. Dr. Serocold himself is one of those human beings who justify the human race. No one can read his story without realizing that it is the quiet, unselfish men and women who go about their business, doing their duty with small thought of themselves, that keep the world going and give hope for the future.

We are introduced to the doctor at three o'clock in the morning, as he stands by the death-bed of his old partner, the fear of an incurable ailment hanging over his own head. We accompany him through his day's work and leave him at three the next morning at the bedside of a new-born babe, after having received the letter from the London specialist reporting on his own condition. As we go with him on his daily round of visits, we have laid before our mental eyes the charming little village as it appears to him, and through his memories are made acquainted with the drama in the lives of his patients. His own life history is revealed to us, together with that of many people, as they are known only to themselves and to their family doctor.

The author wrote the book, it is said, as a retort to her husband, who declared that it would be impossible to construct a whole book about one day in a doctor's life. But she had done far more than that. She has presented in this quiet book one of the most heartening characters in modern fiction. She has pictured a town in its entirety. She has shown us the inside of the hearts of many men and women. She has, indeed, produced a little masterpiece which most readers will enjoy and remember.

A different kind of novel, but one equally hard to forget, is "I Am Jonathan Scrivener" by Claude Houghton (Simon & Schuster, $1.00). It, too, is serious, but it is also exciting; in fact, it is listed by its publishers as a mystery story. The tale is told by one James Wrexham, an intellectual, who secures a position as librarian to a certain Jonathan Scrivener whom he has never seen. His employer instructs him to live in his apartment and index his extraordinary collection of books. The while he does this, he meets the owner's friends. Each one of these friends has had only a short acquaintance with Jonathan, yet he stirs their curiosity and to an extent affects their lives. Wrexham cultivates them in order to discover something about Jonathan, and finds himself involved in their affairs. The reader is never permitted for a page, hardly for a sentence, to forget the mystery of Jonathan's identity, and the desire to solve it therefore carries him rather breathlessly to the last page, when Jonathan appears for the first time.

Yet this book is far more than a mystery tale. It is also an allegory. To every one who has known Jonathan Scrivener he appears as a different person. He is a symbol, in fact, of those things inside of each one of us that we have at some period of our lives served or worshipped. He is, in fact, ourselves, and by the life of this man who had everything and cast it away, the author seeks to tell us that it is only by rejection of ambitions and idols, by going out into the wilderness, indeed, that man wins the ultimate victory over himself. It will be seen, then, that in spite of the mystery, this is a serious philosophical novel. Those, therefore, who ponder life and its meaning will find it fruitful. The brilliant conversation, the rich improvisation, the profoundly realized characters will start them on thoughts of their own. And they will bless the day that brought it to their attention. Others will enjoy it purely for its story. To please these two kinds of readers at the same time, to pack so much serious thought into what appears an adventure story, is something of an achievement. For that, if for no other reason, this book should go on our list.

Those, however, who have no idea of abandoning this world and its vanities should follow it with our own Frances Parkinson Keyes' "Queen Anne's Lace" (Liveright, $2.00). For she takes us into high places and shows us the glories of life as it is lived by those who win the plums of political life. If Jonathan Scrivener had everything handed to him that other men strive for, Anne Conrad apparently had nothing except a beautiful face and character, and they were a gift of God. Yet she helped her husband become President of the United States. Born in a small New England village, she married an ambitious, but poor young lawyer. For him she slaved and sacrificed with no thought of herself. Yet when she realized that she must make herself worthy of sharing his fortunes, she set herself to learn the ways and to acquire the accomplishments of a great lady. What Mrs. Keyes has wanted to show us, I am sure, is how much the wife of a political man contributes to his success. She wants us to know the trials and tribulations such a woman endures, which we who see her name in print do not guess. She says, indeed, that it is a book that had to be written.

All of us who have journeyed in the pages of this magazine around the world with Mrs. Keyes are acquainted with her ability to make us see what she sees, feel what she feels. Her greatest gift, I often think, is that of enthusiasm. She can make the most jaded wish to go where she has gone, experience what she has experienced. In this book, therefore, she makes us enjoy vicariously her heroine's trip to Paris, her life in Washington as the wife of a Senator, her final triumph on his election to the Presidency. Mrs. Keyes is the reporter incomparable. No detail escapes her. And so every woman whose thoughts have turned with curiosity to official life in Washington will be able through the pages of this book to picture it down to the last detail of clothes and housekeeping and social affairs. Since those who enjoy a good love story, and this is one; since those who are interested in the part a wife takes in her husband's career, and this shows it clearly; since those who enjoy reading about the great and near-great in undress—and this reports them faithfully—are many, I predict for this book a place among the best-sellers.

Any well-balanced list of books must contain some humor. Indeed, it has a special place. For it does to the mind what the relish, or the sherbet, does to the body. It tones it up so that its appetites for all food is keener. The difficulty is that it is hard to find a humorous book to recommend. In the first place, there is a dearth of humor in current literature. In the second, what will send one person off into paroxysms of laughter that clarifies his brain may appear to another forced and boresome. One's sense of humor is as individual as his face. So on this list, for safety, I place an author who has been amusing readers these many years: P. G. Wodehouse. His latest book, "Very Good, Jeeves" (Doubleday, Doran, $1.00), seems no exception to his others. For myself I like a more robust humor. But his English "gentleman's gentleman," who is always helping his master and his friends out of their dilemmas, apparently has an appeal to others.

For humor I am forced myself to go back to my Mark Twain, to the early talks of Mr. Dooley which are funny only to those who can remember the days of which he writes, to Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat," and to John Kendrick Bangs. Never at any time were there many humorists, and even those few often ran out of humor.

So much for the fiction on our list. I have thought it best to list it together, but of course the wise reader will sandwich it between books of biography and history and even poetry, if he does not, as I do, read it contemporaneously with these other books.

For those who want to keep informed on current events and have not read the newspapers regularly since 1900, "Wider Horizons" by Herbert Adams Gibbons (Century, $3.00) gives a brief resumé of what has happened in that time in science, art, statecraft, business, and sociology. It is a book of facts strung together, and relates the changes of the last thirty years as this traveler and newspaper man has noted them. For the newspaper readers it is only review, but every pedagogue knows the value of that.

There can be no question that the drama for

## *HOMING*

*By* Sara Henderson Hay

GOLD *gleaming through the smoky air*
*The little lights are gay and warm—*
*Each window like a topaz square*
*Set in the darkness for a charm.*
*Now God be praised for paths to roam,*
*For gypsy days at the year's turning,*
*But God be thanked for dusk, and home,*
*And a hearth burning!*

SURELY *in Heaven there must be*
*Some quiet, autumn-shadowed street—*
*And echoing down Eternity*
*The singing sound of happy feet—*
*Star-lanterned in a frosty gloaming,*
*Our tired souls homing—homing!*

# Action Photographs* prove Super Suds faster than flakes

## No more undissolved soap . . . Lasting suds all through the water

### Washes dishes clean faster

**Slow-dissolving Chips**
This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving flakes, tells a different story! Half-dissolved chips—floating around in almost soapless water! Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashing.

**Super Suds in Action**
Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly.

HERE are the first photographs ever taken of dishwashing soaps at work!

They were taken through glass dishpans. They reveal with relentless truth the difference between slow-dissolving chip soap and instant-dissolving "beads" *below* the surface of the water. And this is important. For no matter how much *top* suds a soap may give, it's the quick, rich soapiness *all through the water* that keeps dishwater from getting greasy. Makes dishwashing a faster, less drudgy task.

### *What Super Suds does*

In the chip soap pan you see water that's strikingly deficient in soapiness. That's because this form of soap is comparatively slow dissolving. In the Super Suds pan, not a trace of soap remains undissolved. Every drop of water in the pan has been flooded with instant, active, lasting suds.

Now see how this instant and complete dissolving cuts dishwashing time in half. (1) *Saves waiting for suds.* No stirring . . . or heating water extra hot to dissolve soap. (2) *Washes dishes clean faster.* The rich, penetrating all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) *Saves dish-wiping.* Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to shining cleanliness without wiping.

Don't let slow-dissolving soap delay dishwashing. Get Super Suds from your grocer today. The big red box holds ten brimming cupfuls, and costs but 10 cents.

**Super Suds 10¢**
6065

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ⅓ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ⅓ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

In using advertisements see page 6

# BLACK KID *is twice as smart when appliquéd with both smooth and pebbled leathers*

THALIA—Black mat kid with strap and appliqué of patent and gray rajah lizard $8.50

DELTA—Gored pump of black mat kid. Black lizard saddle relieved by pewter kid $8.50

LOTUS—Appliqués of black lizard and pewter kid contrast against black mat kid $8.50

Black is the first color of the "dark" season, with black footwear completing the ensemble. In these three Walk-Over daytime shoes the appliqués afford a double contrast to the black mat kid. For each appliqué combines a pebbled reptile skin with a smooth, lustrous kid or patent. At the Walk-Over dealer in your neighborhood.

WALK·OVER

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

WALK-OVER HOSIERY IN HARMONY WITH THE ENSEMBLE


## Books You Will Not Forget

such a list must be Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures" (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00). Those who read Roark Bradford's "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun" already know the stories out of which Mr. Connelly wove the play that won the 1929 Pulitzer Prize. I would not minimize Mr. Bradford's stories of the Bible as told by the old negro preacher, but those who do not follow the reading of them with that of this drama will miss something. Mr. Connelly presents Heaven, the creation of the earth, and the Lord God's effort to save it, by means of characters in action just as they pass through the mind of this old preacher. With an amalgamation of humor and pathos Mr. Connelly has made a great folk play, all the more moving that the characters are all negroes and its theology that of the simple blacks of the plantation.

I have seen the play twice and would see it again if opportunity offered. Seeing it is an emotional experience. It begins with a kindly humor that moves us to that laughter that is akin to tears. The scene where the chosen people leave the old Moses, whom we saw only a scene before as a vigorous young man, to enter the Promised Land without him brings us unrestrained tears. The final scene touches our compassion.

I do not know whether a reading of the drama will have the same effect or not. But any one with a sensitized imagination will surely appreciate its poetic and moving quality.

I looked long to find a new travel book worthy to go on this list, and fortunately at the last moment came across "Exploring for Plants" by David Fairchild (Macmillan, $5.00). I hope its readers will share my joy. It is a personal narrative of a scientist's adventures in the islands of the East Indies, Morocco, Algeria, and the West Coast of Africa in search of plants which may be grown in this country. With pure adventure is therefore combined a report on native habits and information on plants little or hitherto unknown to us. It is an unusual story of travel, introducing us to some of those unsung heroes who go into hardship and danger to enrich our lives. And withal it is entertainingly written.

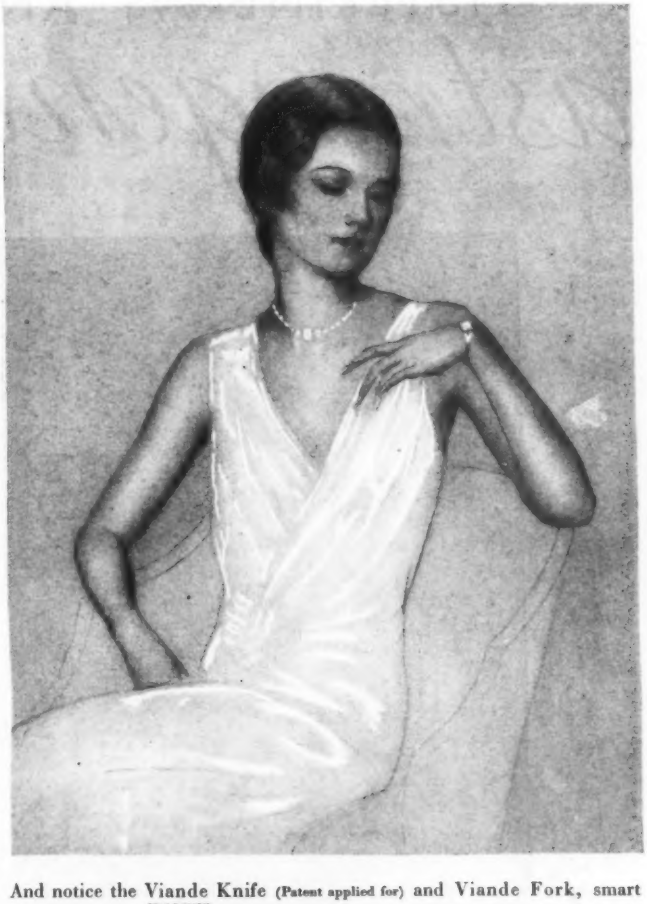
### An Outstanding History

The outstanding history of the year is probably "The Adams Family" by James Truslow Adams (Little, Brown, $4.00). Some one may question whether it should be designated as history, but since, as some one once remarked, "American history is all cluttered up with Adamses," the story of their careers really serves to present the story of a century of the nation's life. For five generations this family has furnished public men, beginning with the second President of the United States and giving us today the present Secretary of the Navy.

What gives this book priority over others, however, is the author, whose "The Founding of New England" received the Pulitzer Prize in history for 1921. For he combines the scholar's veneration for facts with the detective's skill in unearthing them and the critic's ability to evaluate them. In addition, he has the faculty of being able to present his findings with clarity, force, and smoothness. The result is that the reader not only enjoys this book as he peruses it, but leaves it acquainted with certain phases of our history, such as our diplomatic experiences when John Quincy Adams represented us at half a dozen European courts and Charles Francis Adams was minister to England during our Civil War. Beyond that he gets a panoramic view of our development much as if through a peep-hole he had watched these succeeding generations each play their part in it.

Of good biographies there are such a number that it is difficult for me to make a choice. But I select "John Brown, The Making of a Martyr," by Robert Penn Warren (Payson &

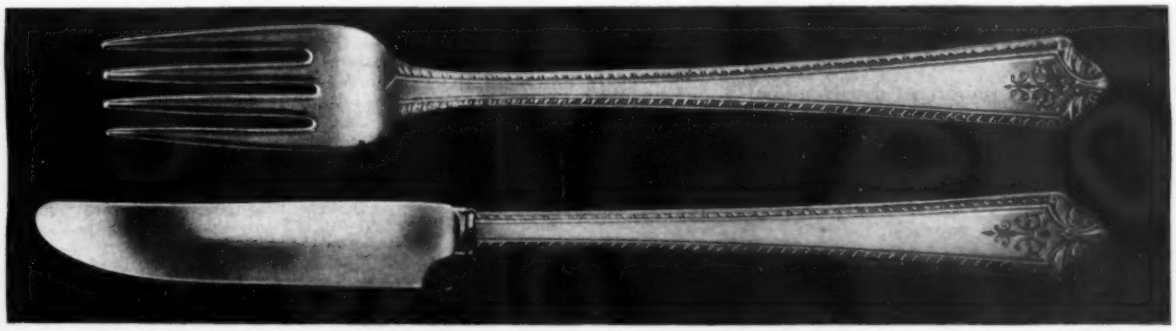
# IT TOOK A WOMAN TO TELL US WHAT *Inlaid* REALLY IS



"THIS wrist watch of mine has tiny jewels set at each point of wear—just as your Inlaid silverware has blocks of sterling silver inlaid at the points where wear comes."

Yes, silverware does have as distinct wear points as a watch. In Holmes & Edwards Inlaid, blocks of sterling silver are imperceptibly embedded at each wear point of the most used pieces. When considering silverplate remember that you can have INLAID, something more than plate, and at no higher price.

And notice the Viande Knife (Patent applied for) and Viande Fork, smart new pieces, whose long flowing lines add new beauty and new practicability as well. The Pageant pattern is illustrated, only one of seven distinguished Inlaid designs. In all patterns teaspoons are $3.75 for six.



© I. S. CO. 1930

## HOLMES & EDWARDS INLAID

The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co.,
International Silver Co., Successor,
53 Seaview Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

In Canada, International Silver Co. Ltd., Toronto Canada.

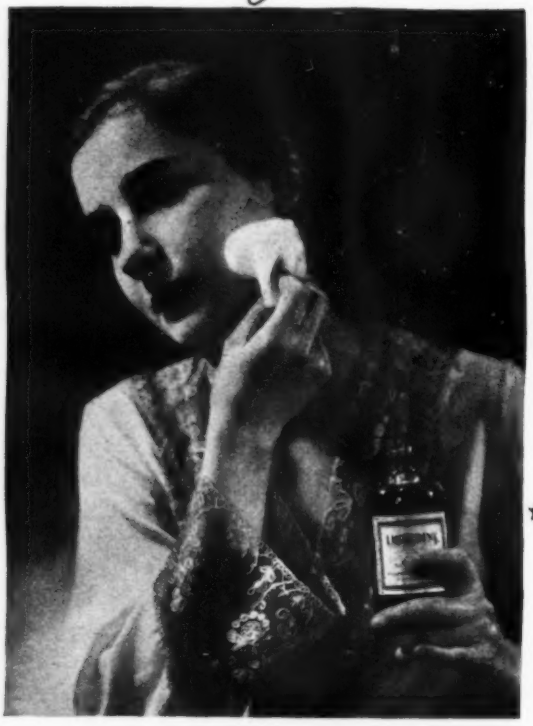
*Something more than Plate*

A PRODUCT OF INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

In silverplate—also manufacturers of Stratford, doubly plated at the wear point, and moderately priced at $1.75 for six teaspoons.

In using advertisements see page 6

# HAVE YOU TRIED LISTERINE AS AN *astringent?*



**Invigorates facial muscles, cleans pores, freshens the skin**

Literally thousands of women have made the important discovery that Listerine is just about an ideal astringent. Beauty Shops have made the same discovery.

Try it this way yourself, using it full strength.

You will be delighted to find how it invigorates and freshens the skin. How it tends to tighten sagging muscles. How it contracts the pores. Incidentally, its cost compared to many astringents is low.

Remember also that Listerine automatically takes care of any infection that may be present. Used full strength it kills even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest killing time accurately recorded by Science). Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

## WOMEN ARE GUILTY!

Women are guilty (but not as guilty as men) of halitosis (unpleasant breath). Listerine used as a mouth wash keeps the breath beyond suspicion.


## Books You Will Not Forget

Clarke, $5.00), because it portrays a man whose fate has become embodied in the folklore of the country and thus represents perhaps a certain type of American. The purpose of the author has been to show us what it was that made this simple man into what his friends called a Puritan and his enemies a fanatic. Several threads go into the weaving of the pattern of his life. One might be called the geographical thread, for his wanderings from Connecticut to Ohio, from New Hampshire to England, from Kansas to Maryland, had their part in it. Another might be called the economic thread, for his financial efforts and his failures must be woven in. Still another might be called the psychological thread, for his mental twistings, too, helped to form it. And there was also the dark, tragic thread of action that resulted in the massacre on the Pottawatomie and the raid on Harper's Ferry.

The book is full of typographical errors; the English is not always smooth. And the book is so full of characters and details that in the beginning my mind wandered and I often lost the thread. But half-way through it so caught and held my attention that I stayed up until daylight to finish it. The author is not sympathetic. In fact, he set out to destroy a myth. But the character of John Brown as it emerges is of heroic mold if not of saintly pattern.

The passions and prejudices of the times immediately preceding the Civil War are vividly portrayed, and to read this book is to understand those times and human nature better.

### A Biography in Romantic Vein

Those who have not yet read the winner of last year's Pulitzer Prize, "The Raven, A Biography of Sam Houston," by Marquis James (Bobbs-Merrill, $5.00), will, of course, want to include it. As dramatic a figure as ever trod the historical boards, handsome, glamourous, quixotic, dashing, reckless, was this man whom fate made the founder of an empire. And then, as if his character and exploits were not enough to make the story of his life fascinating reading to stay-at-homes, there was a mystery in it. Why, his friends and biographers had asked, did this young governor of Tennessee after eleven months of marriage part from his wife, resign his office, and depart into the West, saying only that his action comported with his notion of honor? The answer Sam Houston intended to remain a secret, and so it did until Mr. James, by skilful research that carried him to every part of this country and to Europe, uncovered the evidence which is here first published. Naturally Mr. James records the life of this swash-buckling hero in the romantic vein. This book is for those who like their truth stranger than fiction. But since their number is great, it is small wonder that "The Raven" is counting its readers by the many thousands.

"American, The Life Story of a Great Indian" (John Day, $3.50) should probably be listed as biography, for it records events in the life of Plenty-Coups, Chief of the Crows, as he told them to Frank B. Linderman. But its interest lies in what it tells us of the customs, habits, beliefs, and performances of the American Indian by what we may call the case method. It shows us the Indian as he appears to himself, and this is surely something that all we who call ourselves Americans should know. That it does it in the simple words of an Indian recounting at the age of eighty the adventures of his youth and boyhood makes it not only easy reading, but all the more authentic. Men and boys will enjoy this book more than women. Nevertheless, it should go, I think, on the list of every serious reader.

It is a temerarious person who dares to recommend poetry to another. For as the reader's reaction to poetry is largely emotional, what stirs one will leave another cold. For this

YOU CAN'T BE USING THE RIGHT SOAP, ANN. THESE SUDS ARE FLATTENING RIGHT OUT... CREAMY, LASTING SUDS ARE BEST IN A WASHER
PERHAPS THAT'S WHY MY CLOTHES ARE NEVER REALLY WHITE

TRY RINSO, ANN. YOU NEVER SAW SUCH NICE SUDS. THEY LAST AND LAST
OH YES—NOW I REMEMBER! THE WASHING MACHINE MAN TOLD ME ABOUT RINSO. I MUST TRY IT

NEXT WASHDAY
HOW NICE AND WHITE YOUR WASH LOOKS, MRS. JENNINGS. WHITEST I EVER SAW!
YES, I USED RINSO IN MY WASHER TODAY. SUCH WONDERFUL SUDS! THEY GET CLOTHES MUCH WHITER

AND **Extra whiteness isn't all**

**. . . . *read these letters!***

"There's nothing like Rinso for speed!" writes Mrs. Albert Veillet of Burlington, Vt.

"It's all I need, even in our hard water—no chips, powders or softeners," reports Mrs. J. H. Williams of Minneapolis, Minn.

From all over the country come letters expressing amazement at the way Rinso's rich suds get clothes clean. Cup for cup, this granulated soap gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps.

***Safe for finest linens***

Rinso is great for tub washing, too. "With Rinso I get *whiter* clothes, just by soaking," writes Mrs. Mae E. Moore of Columbus, O. "It's much easier on the clothes—much easier on me."

Rinso is safe for your finest cottons and linens. Get the Big package. Try it for dishes, too.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

SAFE for your finest cottons and linens

2 SIZES most women buy the large package

*Millions use Rinso for whiter washes in tub or machine*

*Millions use Rinso for dishes, floors and all cleaning*

In using advertisements see page 6

Sets in 10 *minutes*

***Plain Vanilla Junket***
Junket is so easy to make. No cooking. No eggs. Made in a jiffy. Sets in 10 minutes.

# "I · want · my · junket!"

Bouncing babies don't just happen. The only child who "just growed" was Topsy. Most children require intelligent care . . . . particularly in their diets.

When babies arrive at that age where they need something to span the period between liquid feeding and solid food, most physicians advise junket. For more than 50 years junket has been recognized as one of the most nourishing and wholesome forms in which to provide both babies and grown-ups with *more milk*.

You do *not* cook junket. Consequently the precious vitamin-value of the fresh milk is in no way impaired by boiling. In addition, Junket contains an enzyme* which actually performs the first step in the easy digestion of milk.

**. . . *Accepted by the* American Medical Association . . .**
**Recommended by 5 *out of* 6 authorities on child care**

Quick to make . . . . dainty in appearance . . . . its melt-in-your-mouth creaminess tempts the palate of young and old alike. From Billy-boy to Gran'ma, junket is always the favorite dessert.

If you are not familiar with Junket, get it from your grocer or send the coupon below.

*The ENZYME in Junket is the means provided by Nature for the perfect digestion of milk.

Sets in 10 *minutes*

***Lemon Junket with Baked Apple***
A healthful combination that everyone in the family will like.

**Junket** ★
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**and Milk**
***Partners in Health***

***Make junket with either—***

Junket Tablets, unsweetened and unflavored; or flavored Junket, easier and quicker to use, in six tempting pure flavors:

**Vanilla** **Chocolate** **Lemon**
**Orange** **Raspberry** **Coffee**

The Junket Folks, Dept. 110, Little Falls, N. Y.
(In Canada, address The Junket Folks, Toronto, Ont.)
Please send me items checked below:

☐ FREE Recipe Book of Delicious Desserts and Ice Creams

☐ FREE Party and Painting Book

☐ Trial package of flavored Junket for which I enclose 10c (stamps or coin) to cover postage and packing. (If preferred, ask for Junket Tablets.)

My name .....
My address .....
City ..... State .....
My grocer .....
His address .....
Does he sell flavored Junket Yes ☐ No ☐

## Books You Will Not Forget

reason I am placing on my list Louis Untermeyer's Modern American Poetry: "A Critical Anthology" (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). One hundred and fifty-three American poets are represented, some with a fairly long list of poems, some with only a few, and out of the seven hundred and thirty poems it contains, there surely ought to be something for every one. The reader may pick and choose as she will, the poetry lover seeking first those she already loves, and then, as time goes on, making the acquaintance of new ones, some of which will become favorites themselves. The preface, too, discussing the various schools of poetry, she will find interesting, even though she may not agree with Mr. Untermeyer's analysis. And the same is true of the notes which are in reality condensed essays.

Those readers, on the other hand, who have not yet discovered the delights of poetry could do no better than take Mr. Untermeyer's anthology as a road map. They will find that it takes them not only along the main highway of American verse, but it will lead them in many pleasant by-ways. Before long they will have favorites of their own and, seeking other verses by the same poets, journey on into this land that has brought joy to so many thousands down through the years of literature.

As most of my readers are home-making women, I end my list with a book dealing with their business or profession, whichever they happen to call it, "The Personality of a House" by Emily Post (Funk & Wagnalls, $4.00), who has become the apostle of etiquette to the Americans. I picked it up one night just to glance at it, and midnight found me turning the last page. Need I say more? For when a writer can make the subject of house decoration, color schemes, and furniture read so like a story that a reader is not content to have her own problem solved, but wants to know what the writer thinks of this and that, and feels ideas soak in with every word, she has done to her book what Mrs. Post wants us to do to the house. She has given it her personality. I would that every home-maker could read this book.

These are by no means all the books that are worthy a place on a reading list of books one does not forget. I have had to be content with those that seemed to me, at least, the best. But grading books as good, better, best, is always a risky business. To those who may wish to make their own choice out of a wider selection, especially reading clubs, I shall be glad to send a longer list.

## Public Utility Securities

(*Continued from page 104*)

cents in some cities shows how difficult a company may find it to change a rate which has become established in the customs of the people.

The earnings should be studied as a matter of course. Both gross and net earnings for the past five years will reveal a steady growth if the company is progressive and has been shrewdly managed. An exception might occur in the case of certain companies deriving large revenues from power for industrial purposes. In years of bad business, when factories are shut down, they may show some falling off in their profits.

Practically everybody is a customer of some public utility, and since 1914 some of the strongest companies have been encouraging customers to become stockholders. Customer ownership promotes better relations between public utility companies and the public; and it gives the average family a chance to invest savings safely and profitably in an enterprise with which they can become thoroughly familiar.

# *When It's Time to Wean the Baby*

**WEANING time is a critical period in the life of the baby. His future health will depend on the correct choice of food.**

**Pure milk, either fresh or evaporated, and *Karo Syrup, supplemented with cod liver oil and orange juice are the requisites of a complete and easily digested infant diet.**

**Karo Syrup and milk formulas are simple, inexpensive and highly beneficial. Doctors and hospitals throughout the country are recommending Karo especially for babies.**

**Ask your physician about Karo—not only for your baby—but for the growing youngsters as well.**

**FREE TO MOTHERS!**

**"The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child" is a practical, helpful booklet written by one of America's leading baby specialists. Mail the coupon below for your copy.**

***KARO *is the familiar Syrup sold in grocery stores everywhere. This delicious syrup is a pure mixture of dextrin, malt sugar and other simple sugar derivatives which is digested with remarkable ease and provides the elements for energy and growth.***

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. G-10, 17 Battery Place, N. Y. City

Please send me my copy of "The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____


In using advertisements see page 6

L-19 L-20 L-21

HOW TO ORDER

*For all Hot-Iron Transfer Designs on this page send the correct amount to Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping. For the Cutting Patterns for these dresses send the correct amount to the Pattern Service Department, Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.*

L-22

# Little Girls' Dresses to Be Made and Embroidered

*By Anne Orr*

JUDITH, on the left above, is charming in a white broadcloth dress with red and blue bands and blue cross-stitched pockets. The dress has a yoke and opens on the shoulders. Pattern No. L-19, 30c; 4 to 10 years.

Jean, at right above, is wearing a delightful yellow frock with a pointed yoke and raglan sleeves. Pattern No. L-21, 30c; 2 to 6 years. Hot-iron transfer pattern A-26-1301, 25c., carries the embroidery designs and directions for both Judith's and Jean's pretty dresses.

Joan, in the center above, has a purple dress trimmed with scallops, and four little white insets with inverted plaits. Pattern No. L-20, 30c; in sizes 4 to 10 years.

Julie, in the top photograph, looks as if she were all ready for a party in this pretty green handkerchief-linen dress. The yoke is of white linen, and the picoted, leaf-shaped trimming is applied with a vine stitch. Pattern No. L-22, 30c, comes in sizes 2 to 8 years. Hot-iron transfer pattern No. A-2602, 25c. carries embroidery designs for Joan's and Julie's little dresses.

Joy's dress, at right, is made of heavier green linen. The yoke and pockets are decorated with a daisy design in white wool embroidery. Pattern No. L-23, 30c; sizes 6 to 12 years. Hot-iron transfer pattern No. A-2601, 25c. carries the embroidery design for her attractive dress.

L-23

"Chipso suds stay suds" Mrs. J. D., Boston

"Chipso suds hold up better in tub or machine" Mrs. G B., St. Louis

"No hard rubbing with these rich suds" Mrs. W. H., Cleveland

"These thin Chipso flakes make wonderful bubbly, rich suds that practically soak my clothes clean. Mrs. R. S., Cambridge, Mass.

THE other day I got a letter which seemed to tell the whole Chipso secret in three short sentences. "Chipso gives suds like no other soap I ever tried before," wrote a new user, Mrs. J. W. of Fall River, Massachusetts. "Chipso suds *last so long!* I've concluded that's why I needn't rub and boil any more to get cleaner, whiter clothes . . . "

Now, Mrs. J. W. can't possibly know the scientific reason why Chipso is so much more active than other soaps. But woman-like, she puts her finger right on the *practical* reason—"Chipso suds last so long."

There are many other soaps—we've all tried them—which give a nice-looking suds. But—when the clothes go in, these suds thin out. When this happens, Mrs. J. W. knows, and you know, and I know, that we're going to get less help than we expected. The soap isn't *rich* enough.

But Chipso's lasting suds are another story. Here are suds you can't wear out. They *last*. They begin at once to loosen dirt, and they keep working quickly and safely, in their active, sudsy way, until it's time to rinse.

Even now that I have my washing machine I soak my clothes first in Chipso suds for about 20 minutes (I always did it before a tub-washing and saved practically all rubbing). Now, I do my soaking right in the machine before I start the motor. I find that I run my washer only about half as long . . . and there are no stubborn dirt spots left to go over by hand.

*Chipso goes farther too*—because it is such a *rich* soap. I do five good-sized washings with the big, weighty 25¢ box. And now that I'm watching the pennies, I'm glad of Chipso's economy.

*Ruth Turner*

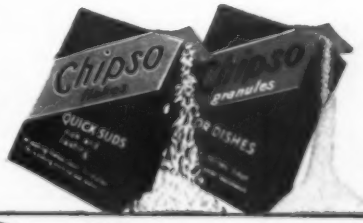
## *And for a speedy 1, 2, 3 dishwashing*

# new Chipso Granules – *ready-prepared for dishes*

These new Chipso Granules—have you tried them? They're a new form of Chipso which Procter & Gamble have made especially for dishes . . . Chipso Granules have a startling new feature—they're *ready-prepared*. They're rich, Chipso suds in *steam-dried form*—and they certainly make a quick 1, 2, 3 job of dishwashing.

1. You merely add hot water to a little Chipso Granules and ease your dishes into the richest dishwashing suds you ever saw.
2. A moment's soaking melts away grease and stickiness.
3. A hot rinse—and you're through. No wiping unless you wish!

Chipso Granules save time so economically too! They'll do all your dishwashing for a month for 25¢. Every woman who has spoken to me about them simply glows with enthusiasm.




## *Important!* Chipso–Now in 2 Forms–*Flakes* and *Granules*

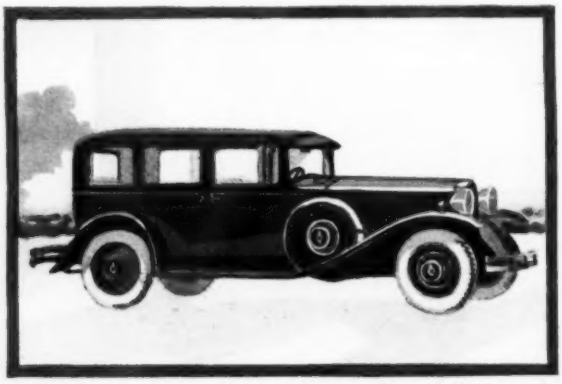
# *Starting Today!*

# Westinghouse Radio

## 1st PRIZE—

**A trip to Europe with all expenses paid...or $5,000 in cash. Imagine...Europe, a $5,000 trip, for one idea!**

## 2nd PRIZE—



**A $2,000 car...any make you choose. Or...$2,000 in cash, just for giving Westinghouse an idea.**

THIS is an age of beauty...charm...style...good design even in the most utilitarian things. In fountain pens and beds, stoves and skyscrapers, radiators. .and radios.

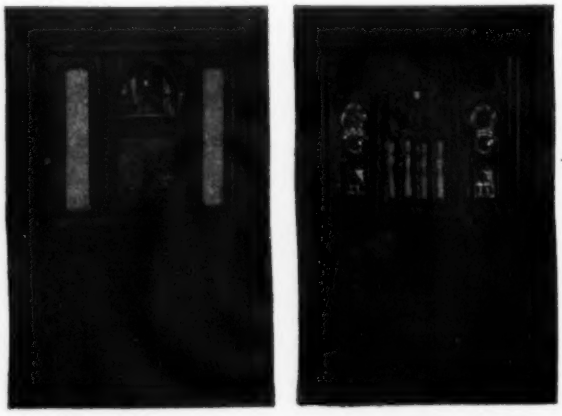
For example...the new Westinghouse Radios. Outward beauty to match their inward mechanical fineness. The beauty of ageless period design casing the newest radio marvel of this modern age. Westinghouse, who pioneered in radio since radio's very beginning, pioneers again, and ushers in the era of beautification in radio cabinets. Once a pioneer, always a pioneer.

In addition to its own efforts, Westinghouse invites yours. Invites all America to join its cabinet designing staff...its "Idea Department." And opens a nation-wide suggestion box and a bulletin of rich prizes, $10,625 in cash to stimulate your ideas.

Perhaps you have some simple idea to make a radio set more attractive, perhaps a basic idea for a cabinet's entire design. Tell Westinghouse! You needn't make a drawing...just describe it in your own words. Win a trip to Europe! Or a $2,000 automobile! Or a sweet and unexpected check!

### WHAT DO WE MEAN "IDEAS"? HERE'S A GOOD EXAMPLE

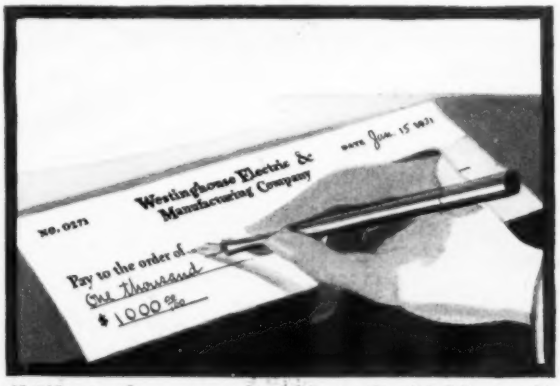
*See these miniature models at your dealer's*



**One of the Westinghouse staff suggested this idea (it's not entered in the contest, of course, since Westinghouse employees are not eligible) but it's a good example of the type of ideas we seek. These cabinets are lighted from within...and the light shines through the translucent panels at each side. See them—they might set your "thinking cap" buzzing with ideas of your own. Of course, these are only miniatures and have nothing to do with the new Westinghouse Radio sets now on sale at your dealer's.**

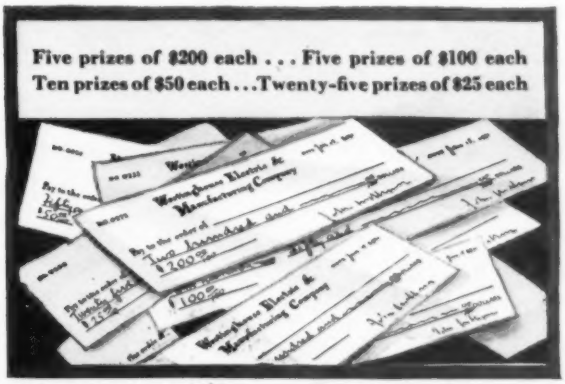
# $10,000 Idea Contest

## 3rd PRIZE—




**$1,000...to the person who presents the third best radio cabinet idea. All this check needs is the winner's name.**

## and 45 More Prizes


Five prizes of $200 each . . . Five prizes of $100 each
Ten prizes of $50 each . . . Twenty-five prizes of $25 each
Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company
Two Hundred
$200 00
$100 00

**This contest isn't limited to a few prizes. Even if you don't win a big prize you can still win a very pleasant check.**

### HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST

1. Contest opens September 25th and closes December 24th. Ideas must be in the mails before midnight December 24th. Winners will be announced January 19th.
2. Anyone may compete except employees of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company or its associated companies.
3. Ideas may be submitted in writing. If sketches are submitted, explanatory letter must accompany them. You may submit as many ideas as you like, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper with your full name and address. No letters or sketches will be returned.
4. Prizes will be awarded to the best 48 original and acceptable ideas for beautifying radio cabinets. If a winning idea is submitted by more than one person the full prize will be awarded to each contestant.
5. All prize winning ideas become the property of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.
6. Leaflets giving helpful suggestions and Contest Entry Blanks can be had at any Westinghouse Radio dealer's store. Ideas must be mailed to Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Radio Department, 150 Broadway, New York City.

*The judges of the contest are:*

MISS HELEN KOUES, Director of Good Housekeeping Studio.
MISS NEYSA MCMEIN, famous artist.
MISS ROSAMOND PINCHOT, prominent member of younger set.
RAYMOND LOEWY, famed Parisian artist and designer.
E. B. INGRAHAM, Vice-President, Times Appliance Co., Inc., New York City.
A. W. ROBERTSON, Chairman of the Board, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

Q-118

*Go to your Westinghouse Radio dealer today and enter the contest. See models of the miniature lighted cabinets. Get full information. Win a prize!*

# Westinghouse Radio

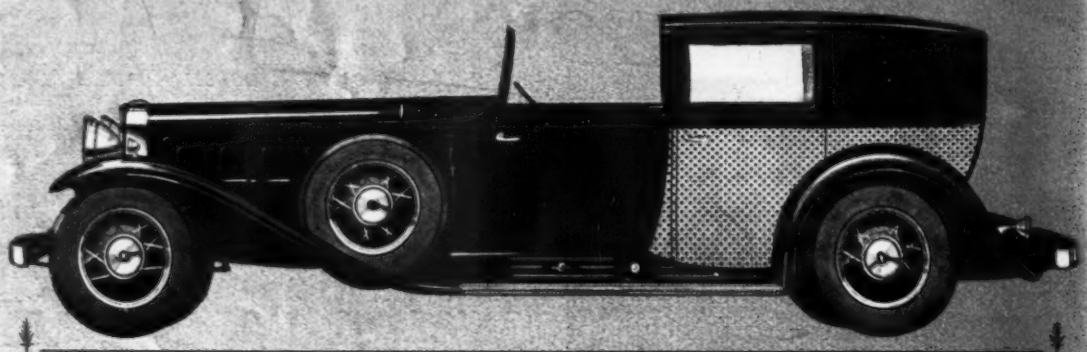
**A NINE TUBE, SCREEN-GRID SUPER-HETERODYNE**

Four sets, including a radio phonograph combination. Remote control (on larger models). Four screen-grid tubes... Tone control (on larger models)...Push-pull power amplifier...Improved power filter system no "hum"...New electro-dynamic power speaker...Local-distant switch. See and hear these new sets at your Westinghouse Radio dealer's and let him explain the convenient time payments.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
*Radio Department* . . . 150 Broadway, New York City

THE PIONEER OF RADIO IN THE HOME

© W. E. & M. Co. 1930



# SIXTEEN CYLINDERS

To the Cadillac V-16 has come the rare honor of universal acceptance as the last word in motoring

*Priced from $5350 (for the Roadster) to $15000 f. o. b. Detroit*

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

# Skywriters

(*Continued from page 29*)

Oliver did a great deal of his work at home, especially in the mornings. It seemed a good omen when the buzzer sounded at once—no frustration, no disappointment anywhere today. As Scott bounded up to the fourth floor, Oliver was waiting in the doorway.

"Well, you old horse!" he cried, slapping Scott on the back. "This is fine! This is topping, old fellow!"

Like an unabashed chameleon Oliver changed chroma as often as his backgrounds. Hearing the new English flavor to his voice, Scott remembered that Oliver was handling some new London accounts.

They crossed the cubicle which did service as a hall into a long, high-ceilinged room with recessed windows hung in a French print of fuchsia, black, and lemon. One armchair by the fireplace was cloaked in the same print, and the deep Oxford sofa was striped in black and yellow. Scott wondered how the devil a man knew enough to get all these things together.

"The berries, eh?" said Oliver. He walked about, nervously pushing things to better angles. "Scott, I've learned a lot about taste. When I came here I was entirely crude, I was a barbarian. I thought taste had something to do with liking a thing. Well, it doesn't. Not at all. Taste has nothing to do with likes and dislikes. It's sheerly, gorgeously mental, not sensuous at all. You start with an idea, see, and then you express it in a variety of objects chosen for their harmony with one another."

He rushed to the coffee table and poured out two glasses of whiskey. Waving one violently at Scott so that it slopped over, he licked the drops from his wrist and continued:

"Not for their harmony with you, remember. Many of them may be things you hate. But you sit down quietly and learn to like them. Then you have taste." He laughed suddenly, irresistibly. "I never thought of any of this before, but I imagine that it's very, very true. . . Stingo, old fellow!"

Scott was eagerly examining the books which lined two walls. "Do you like Wells' 'Outline of History'? I haven't read it yet."

"I never read anything," said Oliver. "I haven't read one of these new books."

Scott was incredulous. At college Oliver had devoured hundreds of books, and as he read he dragged everybody he knew into the whirlpool of his excitement.

"Nobody reads books in New York," Oliver continued. "They either write them or review them, but they don't read them. Too many other things to learn here. Like what to eat, drink, wear, and how to make money. And especially what to say. If you can't talk louder and longer than at least five other people in New York, you might as well jump off Brooklyn Bridge. You'll really have to learn to talk more, Scott, and how to dress. Speaking of taste, that scarf of yours is the most god-awful scarf I ever saw in my life."

"How about your pajamas?"

Oliver looked down at the bold green and black stripes complacently. "Youth! Youth! Don't you recognize Bond Street when you see it?"

"But I don't like them."

"I thought I told you taste has nothing to do with likes and dislikes. No, seriously, Scott . . . I've really been sitting here thinking hard about a job for you. It ought to be a darn good one. By the way, when did you come?"

"A week ago."

"My God!" Surprise flicked Oliver's face. "But what have you been doing all that time? You know you could have stayed here as well as not."

Uncomfortable, Scott said he had just been looking around.

"But I could have shown you so much, told you so much," said Oliver, naïve in his disappointment.

He had been robbed of the first piquant flavor of Scott's response to New York—treacherously deprived of the tutor's rôle. In the flat silence there was a faint sound from the adjoining room which opened upon the hall.

Oliver got up, laughing oddly. "Wait a minute. I forgot . . ."

The words trailed off as he went out of the living room, his enormous mules slip-slapping with a luxurious sound.

Scott liked Oliver, but was curiously relieved sometimes when he left a room. He was as exhausting as a bull fight. He always made you raise your mood a notch like the bar for a higher pole vault.

His movements were more nervous than when he had been the iconoclastic young editor of the university daily newspaper.

In the other room a low murmur of voices had been going on, and now the door opened, and a woman crossed the narrow foyer with Oliver following. As she went out of the apartment, Scott had only a glimpse of a short brown caracul coat and a swirl of black chiffon suggesting an evening gown heavily embroidered with gold. But there was something about her walk—an enchanting grace, so cool and imperious that he was sure her face must be beautiful.

Oliver came back with a rather smug arrogance in his manner. "I tried to get her to come in. I told her you were an old friend of mine, but she didn't want to. I wanted to see what you'd think of her. A very, very curious woman . . . . Well, now, about your job. I I think advertising—"

Scott interrupted. "I'm a chemist. You always forget that. And I just got myself a job with Morse, Darnley, and Black." He had begun as casually as possible, but now his elation forced him up from the couch and he paced back and forth, hands in pockets. "I went down and talked to old Mr. Black himself. He gave me a job right away in the laboratories. Some day I'll run the whole works."

"I see," said Oliver. His expression was tactful, as if he wanted to overlook a foolish act of impetuosity. "Well, I could have got you a good job in advertising," he murmured gloomily. "More money in it, you know. How about lunch?"

They went out into the streets where the crash and ferocity of the hot September day struck like a club. The smell of gasoline, the roar of great trucks, the whine of taxicabs—it seemed to Scott that all was good. He began to think of perpetual motion as immortality. That piece of chicken's heart which Alexis Carrel had kept beating for seven years now was symbolical, beautifully, of the earth, which had been kept beating by accident or some enormous law of motion.

In Charles Street Oliver led the way down some stone steps to an English basement barred by an iron grill. A smell of garlic and roasting chicken and wine mingled with the mustiness of old cement and stale tobacco smoke as they followed the Italian waiter into a low, dim dining room. The proprietor came to their table. His name was Humberto Ricci de Cunha, Oliver said, but people called him little Berto or Berti.

"What you want?" he asked merrily. Like a child he could wait only a very little while without interrupting. "Martini? Manhattan? I'make myself, Mr. Kirkl', exactly so you like."

"Everybody thinks he is quaint and amusing at first," said Oliver, "but he gets to be a bore, he is always so pleasant. Isn't that big diamond ring irritating? He makes me nervous. He'd smile with shallow kindliness while he choked you to death."

He looked up with friendly contempt into the smiling, handsome face. "Berti, did Paula come in here? Scott, I want you to meet Paula Spain. She's a charming and curious woman."

"His wife?"

"Lord, no. I don't think so. Berti, is Paula your wife?"

Berti shook his head, flashing square, beautiful teeth. "No, I don't think either. A fine lady like that? . . . I should worry. I have wife an' five keeds in Brooklyn. Martinis you want? An' chicken livers *en brochette?* Spaghetti?"

As he moved away Scott said: "You always say all women are charming and curious. What's Paula really like?"

"She's like horse-radish and tiger-lilies and blankets on a cold night."

"I could make a graph of her."

"Well, she's a red-head, and she drinks too much. She can sing. And she has something to do with this place—I think she has some money in it. I think it's money she got in a divorce settlement. But Paula never tells anything if she can help it. You'll meet her some time."

Scott hoped he wouldn't. He didn't much like the sound of her. Drinking his cocktail, he realized guiltily that he hadn't thought of Candace for two hours. He tried to tell Oliver about her.

"She's like an adorable child—and yet her mind is as good as a man's. Very dark with black, straight hair like a little Indian. I know you'll be crazy about her . . ."

But he realized that Oliver was listening with bored indulgence.

"Look, there's Hero Leonid," he interrupted, and went over to her table.

He came back bringing a slim girl with the shortest hair, the most fitted skirt, Scott had ever seen. Scott thought how well these extreme New York fashions would become Candace. Hero Leonid was so small and delicately made that she looked like a figurine blown of glass. Her little nose curved upward, matching the curl of her upper lip, and her larkspur eyes looked gravely from under wide fans of golden lashes.

"Tell him how you got your name," said Oliver in a ringmaster voice.

"I made it up," said Hero, unsmiling. She sat down. "I want a Scotch and soda."

"All right. We're having more Martinis. Scott, she said you had wonderful eyes and she wanted to meet you."

## *JE T'AIME*

By Dixie Willson

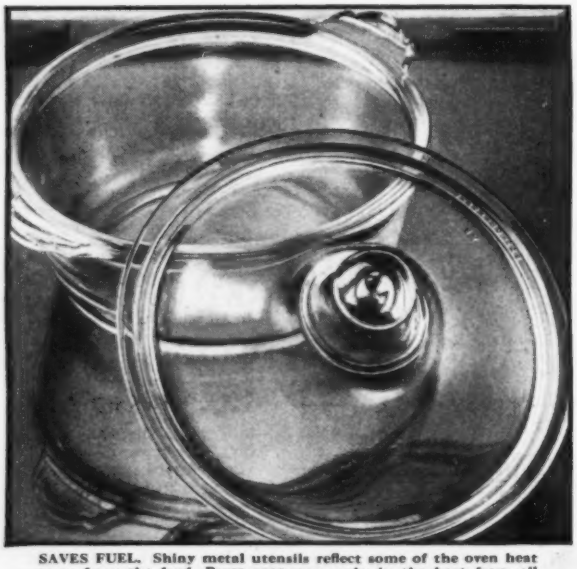
I LOVE *you.*
*In my eyes there lies no vision*
*But the face of you.*

I LOVE *you.*
*Till I do not dare to dream the things*
*That sweethearts do!*

I LOVE *you,*
*Till I only pray in those dear moments*
*When you pass. . . .*

TO *be a raindrop*
*On your hand . . . your shadow*
*In the grass. . . .*

# THE BUSIEST DISH IN THE MODERN HOME



SAVES FUEL. Shiny metal utensils reflect some of the oven heat away from the food. Pyrex ovenware sucks in the heat from all directions, baking the food more evenly and with no waste of fuel.

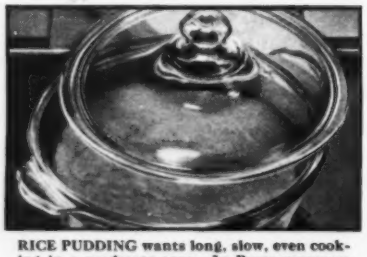
YOU can hardly imagine how you ever managed to cook without Pyrex resistant glass dishes.

*Transparent* . . they make it easy for you to *see* whether the food is cooking too fast or too slow. *Sanitary* . . easy to wash and keep new looking.

*Time saving* . . for you can cook, serve and put away food all in the same dish.

*Money saving*, too . . for they use less fuel and save the waste of "failures."

Of them all, probably the covered casseroles work the hardest . . . they are ideal for cooking such a variety of meats, fish, vegetables, eggs and desserts. If you don't yet own the one you want, get it, in your favorite department store or hardware store, the next time you shop!



RICE PUDDING wants long, slow, even cooking in a moderate oven. In Pyrex ovenware you can make really creamy rice pudding. (Round casseroles with cover, ½-pt. size, 60¢, up to 3-qt. size, $2.50.)

SLOW, EVEN COOKING in its own rich juice makes smothered chicken, prepared in the covered Pyrex casserole, a triumph of toothsomeness. (¾-pt. oval casserole, 70¢, up to 2-qt. size, $2.00.)

Prices slightly higher in the West and Canada
Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

VEGETABLES baked in the covered Pyrex casserole require the tiniest amount of added water. Cooking them in the oven, which is already heated for the meat, saves fuel and frees your house of cooking odors. (Square casserole, 1½-qt. size, $1.75.)

*Free . . Book of 30 Menus*

Whole meals cooked in the oven in 20, 30, 45 min.
Corning Glass Works, Dept. P-74, Corning, N.Y.

*Name*_____
(PLEASE PRINT NAME)

*Address*_____


## Skywriters

Scott reached for his napkin under the table. Unable to think of any amusing reply he muttered, "Oh, nonsense."

But he was pleased, and glanced with interest at Hero's grave face. She looked at him with the most ingenuous longing, as a child might gaze at a bauble in a shop window.

"I'm unhappy," she said after a while.

"Oh, are you?" Oliver yawned. "Have another highball then."

"I will."

"Why don't you buy us a round of drinks?"

"I haven't any money."

"Well, why don't you work like other people?"

Her high voice was clear and plain, without cadence. "Because I want to dance, and you know well enough I haven't been able to land anything."

"You can't dance," said Oliver brutally.

"I can too dance."

Scott was interested in Hero, although he was glad to find that with Candace in the background of his thoughts a new and lovely girl could not arouse him emotionally. But he asked curiously about Hero Leonid after she had left.

"She's such a child," he said. "You feel like buying her a woolly lamb to play with."

Oliver laughed. "Woolly lamb! She's crazy about James Dare. I don't think he treats her very well, and besides he is married."

Scott had read Dare's books, "The Revolt of Tannish," "Epilogue to Laughter," and "Hearsay."

"What's he like?" he asked eagerly.

"He's like a skunk. You'll meet him."

New York people. New Yorkers beginning to flood past him like a churning river, and he on the bank uncertain of his stroke, fearful of awkwardness, gauging the current's direction with vague instinct. He thought with longing of a laboratory; the clean scrubbed sinks . . . the crystal flasks, the test-tubes . . . the hard flame of the Bunsen burner. He was a little homesick for the smell of acids again.

He heard Oliver's voice. ". . . the Village. That's what you've got to do, and it will be walking distance from your work. Hero says there is a vacant apartment in her building."

Scott took down the number. It was in Charles Street not far from Humberto's. He wanted to move down here, and yet far back in his mind he was a little distrustful. He needed long evenings for solitude, for work, for quiet, careful thinking and studying. It would be somewhat like moving into the middle of a circus, he told Oliver.

Oliver's smile had an unusual twist of bitterness. He hummed,

" 'East Side, West Side,
All around the town!'

"I suppose you think a hotel near Broadway is a cloistered retreat!"

"It isn't much better, of course."

"Nowhere is much better, Scott. This is New York. Do you remember that play I began the first year I was down here?"

"You had the first act done."

"I've still got the first act done." He laughed gratingly, nervously. Then the lines in his face were erased by a hopeful light; his eyes softened. He turned his glass around and around in restless fingers. "No kidding," he said in a low, mysterious voice, almost as if he were uttering a solemn pledge. "I'm going to finish it before the year is out. I'm going away. I'm going to chuck all this."

Scott felt Oliver's eyes searching his for the support of belief.

"All right," said Scott. "Let's drink to it."

But he wondered why anybody should want to leave New York.

### CHAPTER V

WHEN Scott came home it was two o'clock in the morning. Jule sat at the writing table gazing remotely at a sheaf of scribbled pages. All the ashtrays were full of burned

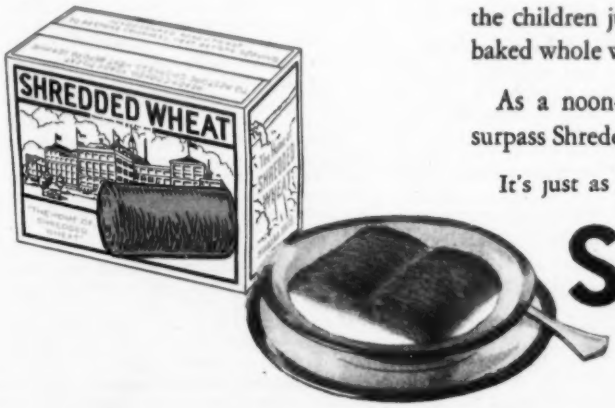
# *School days are* SHREDDED WHEAT DAYS

THEY are joy-days too for mother and children who know Shredded Wheat. It is no longer a difficult task for mother to get the children off to school with a warm, nourishing breakfast—no longer a problem of what food will give them the needed strength for study and play.

Shredded Wheat contains in a digestible form all the elements for making good muscles, bones and teeth. Heat the biscuits in the oven to restore their crispness and pour milk or cream over them—a delicious breakfast ready in two minutes—and the children just love the crisp, crunchy shreds of baked whole wheat!

As a noon-day lunch for school, nothing can surpass Shredded Wheat and milk.

It's just as good for grown-ups too.




**SHREDDED WHEAT**

In using advertisements see page 6

new technique

CLEANS *Dull Teeth*

*fully three shades whiter in 3 days*

WHEN your smile reveals teeth stained to an ugly yellow, cloudy, marred by decay and denuded at their necks by receding gums others know that you have Bacterial-Mouth. An inexcusable condition caused by germs that sweep into the mouth with every breath and attack teeth and gums. Kolynos whitens teeth so quickly and firms gums so effectively because it kills these germs.

Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then look at your teeth—3 shades whiter.

In 10 days the improvement will be so marked you will never again say that white teeth are a gift received only by a fortunate few.

Dentists advocate the Dry-Brush Technique as the one way to use a dentifrice full strength and keep brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. Kolynos permits this technique.

When it enters the mouth this highly concentrated dental cream becomes an antiseptic FOAM that makes wetting the toothbrush unnecessary. This FOAM gets into every pit, fissure and crevice.

Germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth and lead to stain, decay and gum diseases are killed, and the entire mouth is purified. *Kolynos kills 190 million germs in the first 15 seconds.*

Food particles that ferment and cause decay are removed . . . acids are neutralized . . . tartar is gently erased.

Easily and quickly, teeth are cleaned down to the naked white enamel—without injury.

***Look for Results in 3 Days***

If you want whiter, sounder teeth and firm, pink gums start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. Within 3 days teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums will look and feel better. Your mouth will tingle with a clean, sweet taste. Try a tube of Kolynos.

**KOLYNOS**

*the antiseptic*

**DENTAL CREAM**

The Kolynos Co., Dept. 10-GH-73
New Haven, Conn. ★

Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

Name .....

Street & No. .....

City. ..... State .....

October 1930 Good Housekeeping


## Skywriters

cigarettes, and the bureau held a row of ginger ale bottles and a bowl of melted ice standing in a little pool. His face was pale. He looked as if he were staring across a wide canyon.

"I've done twenty pages," he said. "I think they're somehow significant. At least I know this: I do have style. Where have you been?"

"With Oliver Kirkland," Scott stripped off his clothes. "I found a job and an apartment down in the Village."

"Oh, going Village, are you?"

"No. Look here, if you want to come along, the apartment has two rooms. The rent is seventy a month."

"Well, maybe, but I do hate Villagers."

"Oh, don't be an ass. There aren't any . . . James Dare is down there. I met him."

"James Dare!" said Jule contemptuously. But his eyes glinted with curiosity.

"Didn't you like 'Epilogue to Laughter'?"

"No, I think it's a bore. What's he like, though?"

"He's short, thick-set, with medieval eyes and a pointed beard. Very courteous. Talks well. Knows everybody."

Jule sniffed, averting his face. Tenderly he gathered up the manuscript of his poem and put it under the telephone directory by his bed. "I hope I don't meet him. I suppose he thinks he's God himself. When one is beginning to write, everybody patronizes one, and it gets too sickening. Just because Dare has three books out! As if that meant anything! Scott, tonight I found out what I could do—it came so easily and clearly. Beautiful words that fell into patterns like mosaics . . ."

But Scott was asleep. Jule went to the window and leaned his flushed, exhausted face toward the cool wind. The roar of New York came to him in a muffled sound of derision. Through clenched teeth he whispered his defiance to the city,

"I *do* have style!"

SCOTT did not get down to Morse, Darnley, and Black's the next day until ten o'clock. The scientific staff for chemical and biological assay of Morse, Darnley, and Black pharmaceutical products was so large that Scott blushed, remembering his brief dream of some day directing it. He humbled himself in his thoughts:

"I don't know anything! All these serious-looking birds have had years of experience. They know all about pharmacopeia—official drugs, dosage forms, materia medica."

But only a little later, buoyed into exhilaration by the sight of polariscope and spectograph, the combustion chamber and centrifuge, he grew cocky again, grumbling inwardly:

"It's the research that counts. What have Morse, Darnley, and Black ever *really* contributed to materia medica? I bet while I'm here I'll make some new development in drugs—if only they'll let me do research! Most of this work is just policing for the factory, and they have to do that on account of the Pure Food and Drugs Act."

But Yandell Horvitch was eloquent on the theme of "policing" in the laboratory. He reverently showed Scott room after room with rows of benches and sinks where white-jacketed chemists examined samples of drugs for impurities.

"Detectives!" he proclaimed. "These old snoopers and prowlers are greater than Sherlock Holmes—and it's more exciting than tracking down crime when you realize that they keep medicine pure and exact. Believe me!"

He had an East Side voice, a Broadway accent, and eyes like polished mahogany. He shouted his explanations with personal enthusiasm, running long, clever-looking hands through his thick, black hair. "Why, say, do you know that the U. S. Pharmacopeia beats any in the world! Listen! Think what happens without laboratory control! Think of chloroform, for instance—exposed to air and sunlight under certain conditions, do you know that chloroform is oxidized to phosgene?"

*"They are lovely, aren't they? . . .*

*"It's a comfort they are so well! They sleep all night without a whimper, and while I'm doing my work they play so happily! It's certainly no trouble to take care of children if they're in perfect health . . .*

*"You think I'm looking pretty well myself? Thank the children for that. They weren't so well — and although I knew what was the matter I didn't dare give them medicines or pills. When I asked Dr. Jim, he told me all they needed was to be kept clean inside —and that there was a drugless way to do it. He said it would do me good, too . . . . the babies and I went on the Nujol treatment the same day—and we've been a well family ever since!"*

© 1930 Stanco Inc.

# and they look it!

"GUESS that big ocean isn't going to scare us any, Sister! Mother's watching us! C'mon!"

Health! In babies and grown-ups, the thing that helps us tackle the world with a smile, no matter how big and cold it looks!

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

The tonic effect of Nujol on the whole body is due to the way it helps you without the weakening effect of drugs. As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Why? Because it's common sense, that if you keep as clean inside, as you do outside, you increase your chances of keeping in the best of health all the time.

Two things you have to remember if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One. Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two. Be sure you get Nujol. Your druggist has this pure and drugless product in a sealed package, trademarked "Nujol" to protect you. Good for babies, good for you! Don't you think it's worth trying?

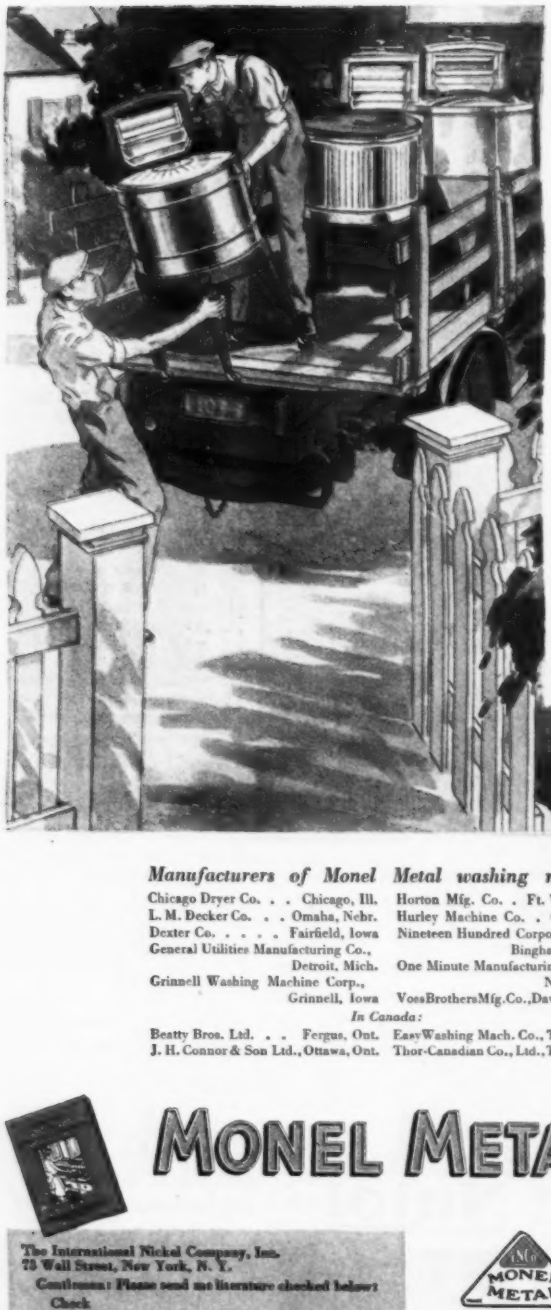
**Nujol** ★

**health**

In using advertisements see page 6

# *Women wanted better washers... so now they're made of*

# MONEL METAL



WOMEN seeking utmost quality created the present demand for lifetime washing machines. Now leading manufacturers are offering these machines that are built to last . . . washers made of lustrous Monel Metal.

No one could find a better material for washer tubs than enduring Monel Metal. A silvery Nickel alloy that cannot rust, Monel Metal protects your most delicate garments from spots and stains. Its glass-smooth surface never harms the delicate threads of fine silks or linens. It is highly resistant to corrosion . . . it is unaffected by hard water and washing compounds...it is remarkably easy to keep clean and lustrous.

In addition to all these essential properties, Monel Metal's strength is superior to that of any other available material. It will stand years of hard use and still retain its silvery beauty. Monel Metal is uncoated...solid all through . . . like sterling.

Make it a point to see the beautiful new Monel Metal washers at your dealers. Monel Metal represents the most modern equipment material for the truly modern home, and merits a place in *your* home. Use the coupon to obtain helpful booklet and additional information about washing machines, sinks, table tops and other household equipment made of Monel Metal.

**THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.**
**73 WALL STREET** **NEW YORK, N. Y.**

***Manufacturers of Monel Metal washing machines***

| | |
|---|---|
| Chicago Dryer Co. . . Chicago, Ill. | Horton Mfg. Co. . Ft. Wayne, Ind. |
| L. M. Decker Co. . . Omaha, Nebr. | Hurley Machine Co. . Chicago, Ill. |
| Dexter Co. . . . . Fairfield, Iowa | Nineteen Hundred Corporation, Binghamton, N. Y. |
| General Utilities Manufacturing Co., Detroit, Mich. | One Minute Manufacturing Co., Newton, Iowa |
| Grinnell Washing Machine Corp., Grinnell, Iowa | VoesBrothersMfg.Co.,Davenport,Iowa |
| *In Canada:* | |
| Beatty Bros. Ltd. . . Fergus, Ont. | EasyWashing Mach. Co., Toronto, Ont. |
| J. H. Connor & Son Ltd., Ottawa, Ont. | Thor-Canadian Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont. |



**MONEL METAL**

The International Nickel Company, Inc.
73 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Please send me literature checked below:
Check
☐ Information on Monel Metal Washers
☐ Booklet—"Planning the Modern Kitchen"
Name_____
Address_____
G. H. 10-30

INCO MONEL METAL

Monel Metal is a registered trade mark applied to a technically controlled nickel-copper alloy of high nickel content. Monel Metal is mined, smelted, refined, rolled and marketed solely by International Nickel.

## Skywriters

"Oh, sure. Phosgene was one of the gases we got in the war."

"The chemical purity of anesthetics is especially vital, you understand. Take ethylene. When it was first given, a lot of people were killed—it was carelessly prepared, and they found that carbon monoxide had been produced as a by-product. You know, carbon monoxide like your motor gives off. Criminal! Well, it just goes to show how important the scientific staff of a pharmaceutical firm is."

Scott wrote a great fat letter to Candace, describing Horvitch and the laboratories.

"DARLING," he said, "do you still have those headaches that used to bother you so much? Because they have started me to work on acetylsalicylic acid here at Morse, Darnley, and Black's. I won't have a chance at the research for a long time yet, I'm afraid; I am merely one of the 'police squad' which determines the purity of our products. A sample of acetylsalicylic acid comes to me from the factory, and I examine it according to the specifications of the Pharmacopeia. It's aspirin, you know, and sh-sh! If you buy any, you must be sure it is M.D.B. because I am making it safe for your dear little head . . . Jule and I have moved to an apartment in Charles Street. James Dare is living in the same building—remember how we loved 'Epilogue to Laughter'? Jule has met a woman called Paula Spain who has something to do with a speakeasy down the street, and he is quite madly in love. 'Speakeasy' is new New York slang for a blind pig. I don't go out much. At nights I read and study and write to you.

"Dear Candace, I love you so. I think about your funny, brown hands and square shoulders and black, shining hair and straight, slim little body and wonder miserably when I'll *ever* get enough ahead so I can come back for you. Never mind, I am saving a few dollars every week out of the forty! Jule and Oliver think I am a tight-wad, but I don't care . . .

"Darling, could you send that rat-stuff—the stimulant I used on Lazarus—as I want to analyze it? . . . My days are filled with crucibles of platinum and fused quartz, reagent bottles, filter pumps, Kipp's gas generators. Processes of solution, extraction, filtration, precipitation, distillation, and desiccation. Over and over like a wizard's alchemy. I think I am very happy . . ."

AS SCOTT unlocked the door of his apartment, Hero Leonid danced down the stairs and followed him like a friendly kitten. The golden lashes spread away in wide fans from her grave blue eyes.

"I brought you an ash-tray." She put it on the gate-leg table, studying his face anxiously for approbation.

Scott frowned. The ash-tray was of onyx with a little elephant balancing on the edge. "Now, listen, Hero, you've got to stop bringing things down here. You know that belongs to James Dare, and so does all the other stuff you've given me."

"Oh, no, it doesn't." She made an obvious attempt to look guileless across her lie. "It's mine. And I can give it away if I want to . . . Honey, have you got a drink for poor Hero?"

She sank limply upon the couch, pressing her face into the dusty pillows.

Scott went to the bathroom to wash away the day's grime and came back in his undershirt. He pawed through the kitchenette for two glasses, a bottle of juniper-flavored alcohol and water (labeled "Gordon"), and the ice pick. Hacking at the miserable lump in the tiny refrigerator, he said,

"Will you go away after one drink?"

She was always hanging around. He wished James Dare would drag her out by the back of her neck. But he didn't seem to care what Hero did.

"Of course," said Hero with a bright smile. "Why are you cross?"

"I'm not cross. I'm just tired."


# Her Hands

*lovely as a bride's after 10 years' housekeeping*

1920

"..thanks to LUX in the dishpan," says Mrs. H. W. Simmonds

THIS attractive young homemaker has done all her own work, having her hands in and out of the dishpan three times a day—for ten years. Yet they are soft and white and smooth as when she was married . . . "thanks to Lux."

"Washing dishes with Lux leaves my hands lovely looking"—Mrs. Simmonds says enthusiastically . . . "so smooth and white and dainty."

*A Great Discovery*

Modern young homemakers themselves discovered, in using Lux for their silks and woolens, that the gentle, bland Lux suds work the same magic with their hands as with their fine fabrics.

Among thousands of young wives interviewed in 11 large cities, 96 out of every 100 use Lux—to keep their hands lovely . . . in spite of housework!

FAMOUS beauty shops — 305 of them — *advise* Lux for the hands! "With all our experience, we actually cannot tell the difference," they say, "between the hands of the woman with maids and the hands of the woman who uses Lux in the dishpan."

1930

*Thousands of women who were brides ten years ago still have hands as lovely as on their wedding day—thanks to the magic of Lux!*

They know that ordinary coarse soaps leave hands red and rough while the gentle, bland Lux protects the beauty oils of the skin, keeping busy hands smooth and white. Yet Lux for dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!

**For lovely hands · costs less than 1¢ a day**


In using advertisements see page 6

**Individual Style... Lasting Beauty...**

Anyone who can afford to build or buy a home can more than afford to choose Face Brick! The immediate and lasting advantages are so evident—and so convincing. Consider permanency—strength—lasting value—freedom from upkeep expense—maximum fire protection. The first cost of Face Brick is the *last* cost. And nowadays first cost is little more than for most other materials and far less than most people imagine.

Then think of the distinctive individuality—the colorful charm and style you get in a Face Brick home! Reasons enough why Face Brick has gained such favor.

"The Charm of Face Brick Homes" features beautiful color illustrations of modern homes. Gives much new information on the comparative cost of Face Brick and other types of dwellings. Sent Free.

AMERICAN FACE BRICK ASS'N
2129 City State Bank Bldg., Chicago
26 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.

EVERLASTING EVER-BEAUTIFUL
FACE BRICK
October 1930 Good Housekeeping

# Skywriters

"Do you think I'm a moron?" Hero asked dreamily.

"Certainly." Once he had been shocked by Oliver's brutal manner toward Hero.

"You won't think so when I'm a wonderful dancer." Her eyes narrowed thoughtfully, as if she were gazing into the depths of a crystal ball.

Scott felt compassion for the pretty little wretch, and he never could be sure that she was quite as silly as she seemed.

"How did you happen to come to New York, Hero?" he asked curiously. "Where did you come from?"

SHE was at once absorbed by her own story. "Oh, my mother was a French ballet dancer, and my father was a wealthy New York man. He was a stock broker. He came from an awfully old family—I'd rather not tell you the name of it, because you'd certainly know it. And so his family broke up the marriage, and my mother took me to France. She danced in the *Folies Bergere*. You would know her name, too, if I told you. I was educated in a convent, but I longed for lights and color and romance, and so I ran away to America. But a man betrayed my trust, and I just sort of lost faith in everything. It seemed to me that life wasn't worth living, and then I met James Dare. And he was wonderful to me; he was the first person who ever understood me. I was all lonely and lost, and he was kind to me."

Her chin trembled. The larkspur eyes brimmed with tears. "I'm so unhappy. Of course, he isn't very kind to me now, but just the same I'll always be grateful to him."

"Well, don't cry, anyhow."

She wiped her eyes on the sleeve of her embroidered Russian smock. "I won't. But oh, what will become of me?"

"Maybe he'll marry you."

Scott slowly flexed his arm, wondering how to keep it hard and brown. What did people do for exercise in New York? Once he had tried to play catch with the shipping clerks in the street, but they had eyed him suspiciously.

"No, he's married already. His wife is in Europe."

She rose and mixed another drink with the weak air of one who may faint at any minute. "Oh, she is the nastiest old thing, so big and fat and with diamond rings all over her horrid fingers. Do you know," said Hero piteously, "I have never had a diamond in all my life."

She examined herself in the mirror, making sad little faces and studying the effect of her cheek cupped in one hand. The bell rang, and Scott found Oliver standing in the doorway.

"Ooh, he's all dressed up," screamed Hero with delight. "Look at them nose, them eyes, them cane, them boutonnière!"

She dragged him into the room and Oliver, immaculate in new English tweeds, smiled helplessly from the circle of her clinging arms.

"I just dropped in to tell you that the infant poet is rapidly passing out, down at Humberto's."

"Let Paula take care of him then," said Scott.

"She sent word for you to come and get him."

"Oh, the devil! She's made a fool of the kid, and now she doesn't want him on her hands."

"You've never met Paula, have you?"

"No."

Why don't you go down and talk to her? She isn't the sort you think. It doesn't amuse her at all to have Julian mooning around there all the time. In fact, Paula is a—"

"—A very curious woman."

Oliver looked around the room. "Scott, this is a terrible dump. And I suppose this little nit-wit is always cluttering up the place. It's too bad you ever moved in here."

"I'm not a nit-wit."

"Oh, shut up!"

Scott also looked around the room, which he had thought quite pleasant. The low couch where he slept was covered with a red Turkish blanket, and above he had tacked a machine-made tapestry—a Venetian scene with a rather knock-kneed gondolier propelling his boat languidly toward what seemed to be the Capitol in Washington. There was a Morris chair which would recline if you touched a spring in the arm, and a new Windsor chair, and a gate-leg table with the student's lamp he had brought in his trunk. Some of his clothes Scott kept in the bureau in Jule's room, and some of them in the lower shelves of a built-in bookcase.

"The landlord didn't furnish much," he admitted.

"They wouldn't have had ash-trays and pillows but for me," said Hero proudly, "and I gave them the Japanese screen and the hooked rugs."

Scott began to worry about what Candace would think of the place, and he decided to buy a chest of drawers as soon as possible.

Noticing his anxiety Oliver said: "Oh, I think it's all right for the time being, but I'd hate to see you satisfied with it or with your job. You can't imagine what a difference a good apartment and good clothes would make in your attitude toward New York. I've found that a person can care more for the things of the spirit in expensive linen than in a haircloth shirt. I'd like to see you get a slick apartment and better clothes and walk confidently toward more money. Then after you have the money you can go back to your old research—like a gentleman."

"Maybe," said Scott uneasily. In his mind he compromised by determining more resolutely to buy the new chest of drawers. A nice one.

James Dare's voice followed a tap on the half-open door. "May I come in? Really, I didn't know it was a party. How are you, Kirkland? No . . . No highball if you please, Kennerly."

His manner was always so suave and measured that it seemed touched with mockery. Stocky, with heavy-lidded eyes and a pointed blond beard, he faintly suggested Heidelberg, Pilsener, and the guttural sentimentality of "*Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.*" He was indifferent to Scott since finding out he had not read "Ulysses."

"I've spent a very tiresome afternoon with my publishers," he said. "Hero, I heard you laughing as I passed the door. Do you want to come up and have dinner with me in my apartment?"

She went over to him, but said sulkily, "He just wants me to broil a horrid old steak."

"My dear, I've brought some caviar and a nice bottle of Chablis. And I hope you won't burn the steak as usual."

After they had left, Scott said,

"There is something pathetic about her story."

"There *is* something pathetic about it," Oliver said gently. "Her father is a blind musician in Vienna. A count, I believe. He sent Hero to be educated in America by her uncle, but the fellow embezzled the trust fund. She had to go to selling stockings in the basement of a department store. Then she met James Dare, and he was the first person who had ever been kind to her."

"Oh yes," said Scott.

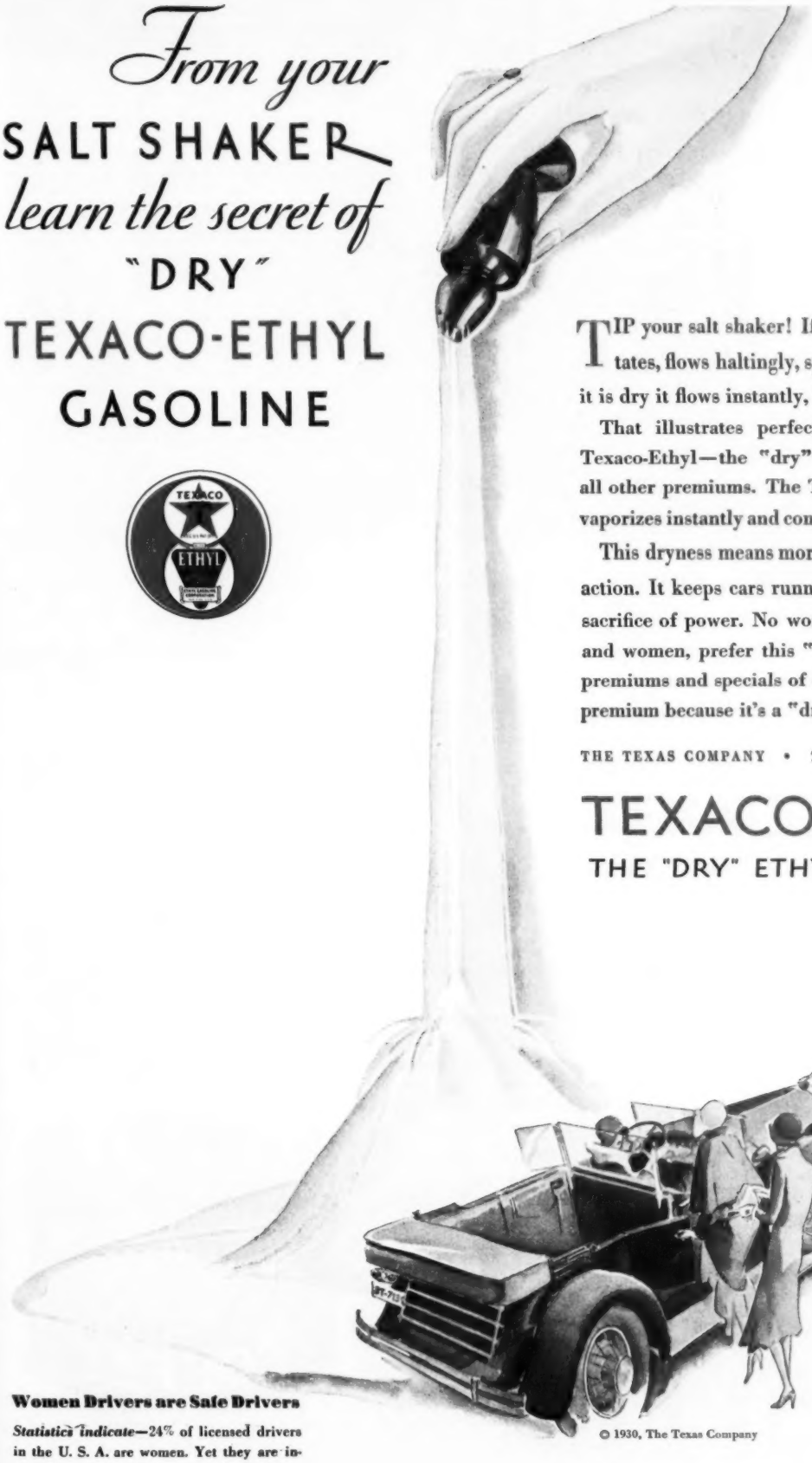
Looking thoughtful, Oliver went out.

## CHAPTER VI

THINKING of Oliver's conversation, Scott dressed with unusual care, tying the eccentric henna muffler with what he considered to be a very nobby effect. As he walked the two blocks to Humberto's, he thought indignantly of Paula Spain. Julian was insanely fascinated by Paula, but now that he was becoming a nuisance she wanted him taken away. Nearly all his money was gone, and he was desperately hunting for a job, but he was incapable of compromising. He had come to New York to be a

*From your*
SALT SHAKER
*learn the secret of*
"DRY"
TEXACO-ETHYL
GASOLINE



TIP your salt shaker! If the salt is wet it hesitates, flows haltingly, spreads unevenly. But if it is dry it flows instantly, freely and evenly . . .

That illustrates perfectly the superiority of Texaco-Ethyl—the "dry" Ethyl Gasoline—over all other premiums. The Texaco in Texaco-Ethyl vaporizes instantly and completely because it's dry.

This dryness means more dependable, smoother action. It keeps cars running quietly without the sacrifice of power. No wonder drivers, both men and women, prefer this "dry" Ethyl Gasoline to premiums and specials of every kind. It's a better premium because it's a "dry" Ethyl Gasoline.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

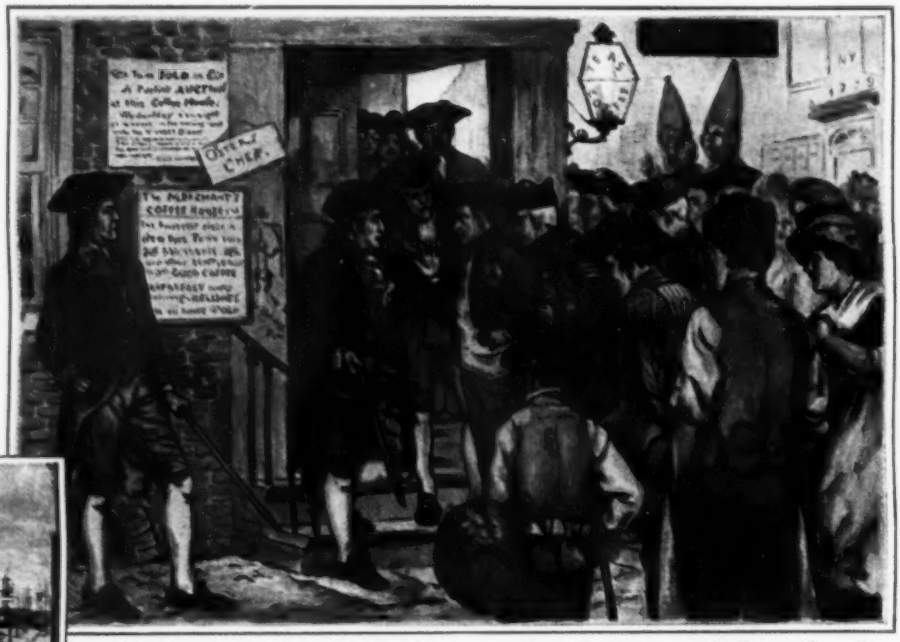
TEXACO-ETHYL
THE "DRY" ETHYL GASOLINE

**Women Drivers are Safe Drivers**

***Statistics indicate***—24% of licensed drivers in the U. S. A. are women. Yet they are involved in only 6% of all automobile accidents.

© 1930, The Texas Company

TODAY, New York's financial structures tower over the site of the Merchants' Coffee House (right) and over the Tontine Coffee House (below), both famous in the early days of the Republic. Times, fashions, tastes have all changed since then—but never so fast as in the last few years.



*The harsh, acrid coffees that our Revolutionary fathers drank - and liked - would find few friends in modern American homes. Each generation can - and should - produce a better coffee flavor!*

# But is the coffee you enjoy today the very best this present age can produce?

**Lift DEL MONTE Coffee to your lips . . . . and learn what a new ideal and a new point of view have accomplished in coffee flavor**

When we decided to bring you DEL MONTE Coffee, we said to ourselves:

"This is the 20th century. The coffee that we produce must match the most critical tastes in history. It must satisfy a generation that has learned to live well and expect much—a people whose standards of living are the highest the world has ever known.

"These people are friends of ours. They have put their confidence in other DEL MONTE Foods. What is the *coffee* they want?"

To answer this question, we enlisted all the resources and experience of the DEL MONTE organization. We drew on the knowledge and skill of coffee specialists, long trained in creating and improving flavor. But just as important, we took a *new* point of view of what coffee *could* be, under modern growing and packing conditions!

The result is DEL MONTE Coffee. Back of this new blend is every modern improvement in coffee production—all the skill and knowledge of *today*, centered in this single brand.

You owe it to yourself to try it—as soon as you can! Your grocer has it—or can get it easily—packed in the familiar green can with the red DEL MONTE shield you know so well. Make it the way you think coffee should be made. Add cream and sugar just as you prefer. Then lift this golden beverage to your lips. Inhale its aroma. Shut your eyes, think only of coffee—and sip deep. Here, indeed, is a new achievement in coffee flavor—a contribution to the art of modern living—the coffee especially created to match your most critical, 20th century mood.

***Fresh as the morning—in this tinned-steel container***

**DEL MONTE Coffee comes to you in only one possible condition—absolutely, unvaryingly fresh.**

**The tinned-steel can is hermetically sealed *within a vacuum* chamber. Once sealed, it retains all the volatile aromatic oils that give DEL MONTE Coffee so much of its new distinction and better flavor. When you open the can, with its convenient key, you know you are getting coffee as fresh, as rich, as full-bodied, as the moment it came from the roaster.**

**CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION**

# DEL MONTE COFFEE ★

©C.P.C. 1930

**A MODERN COFFEE - FOR MODERN TASTES**

*Always fresh*
**IN THIS MODERN VACUUM TIN**

# Skywriters

poet, and he intended to sell none of the by-products of his facility. He had refused Oliver Kirkland's offer to help him start in advertising, nor would he consider going to work on a newspaper or a trade magazine. White-faced, thin, and somehow admirable in spite of his absurd egotism, he tramped from editor to editor, trying to market his verse. The money earned from a few book reviews he immediately spent at Humberto's or on trinkets for Paula Spain. Scott could imagine how she had received the hand-tooled volume of Boccaccio, the orchid, the lacquer cigarette box—with careless amusement, unguessing their value in terms of Julian's spirit.

The narrow street was quiet tonight. Moonlight etched the old houses in black and white and clung in patches like silver frost to window panes and ash cans, and glistened on the iron hand railings. A hoarse fog horn from the river challenged the city's low rumble.

Scott went down three steps and rang the bell beside Humberto's grilled door. The blonde waitress, with Humberto behind in the shadows, scrutinized Scott a moment, speaking softly in Italian. An enormous smile dimpled and shone on Berti's face—a sunny, shallow pool of radiance.

"I remember! A friend of Mister Kirkl'. By me," he boasted, "is every face remembered once he come."

The sharp sizzle and clash of the kitchen was lost in a chaotic babble of voices as Scott entered the dining room. It was crowded. Faces were gray and green in the dim, moist light. The clink of glasses and silver marked staccato time to the shrill cacophony of words.

With the idle imagination of a man dining alone Scott studied the women, choosing one for himself. He found a face, very fair, with gray eyes that seemed to droop on mystery. Her straight hair, brushed back from a white forehead, was the color of tarnished copper.

He ordered his dinner and tried to think of Paula Spain, for he meant to tell her just how she was ruining poor Jule. She had a grating voice, he knew infallibly, and a dead white skin and plump arms and little pink hands.

But he could not keep from looking at the woman in black velvet. Her dress had a big collar of white net or lace that fell over her bare shoulders. She was not beautiful. He groped for a word to describe her, but the only thing that came to him was "disturbing." She stood away from the other blurred figures as if they were a tawdry background for the clear modeling of her charm. When she raised her eyes, Scott glanced down and lit a cigarette. He watched the waiter pouring his glass of sauterne.

Then he smelled perfume, faint and delicate like sweet peas or mignonette, but close enough to surmount the tobacco for a moment. Before looking around, he knew somehow that the woman in the black velvet dress was standing at his elbow. As he rose, he had a feeling of apprehension which melted into actual physical antagonism.

"Hello," she said casually, "did you come to find Julian Clough? The poor baby has passed out on a bench in the garden, but I think he'll be all right if we let him sleep a little."

This was Paula Spain! . . .

SHE sat down and took one of Scott's cigarettes. He noticed that her hands were strong and thin with long fingers.

"I want to talk to you about Julian." Her manner was coolly impersonal. "Waiter, two Manhattans."

"How did you know me?"

She laughed. "Oliver Kirkland described you. He said you had eyes that women were crazy about and—"

"Don't talk rot!"

"—And the most atrocious muffler in the world. I didn't have to look at your eyes because I saw the muffler first."

"What did you want to say about Julian?" he asked shortly.

"That I'm afraid he'll starve sooner or later on somebody's doorstep, and something ought to be done about it."

"I knew you would be flippant," said Scott, clipping his words in a concise, pedantic way, "and I knew you would be cold."

He could feel her amused gaze upon his face, but he stared stubbornly into his cocktail. "I am flippant," she agreed cheerfully, "and I am cold. And it's a good combination."

Scott hated her. How Candace would hate her!

"Not so good for Jule. You see, unfortunately, you happen to be the first woman he has fallen in love with. Of course, that's no tribute to you, because he's so very young and quite blind with poetic idealism."

"He'd have to be blind!"

GLANCING up, he was startled again by the fairness of her forehead, the tarnished copper hair. She looked back at him, half-smiling, as if she had an inner conviction of power in herself like a sword; but her little smile was faintly sad, too, and not at all proud. It seemed to regret victories with defeat. Thinking these things, Scott jeered at himself for reading so much into a look that was still enigmatical.

He said: "I mean mentally blind with poetic idealism. He is always off at a wild tangent—he sees everything with metaphor and hyperbole. Well, then . . . being in love with you, he imagines he can touch you with his poems, with small gifts, with adoration. And you can't possibly realize how much all this is costing him."

"My good boy," said Paula Spain, "you are certainly balmy, but do go on."

"He actually goes without food and carfare so that he can bring you something, poor kid! And yet you laugh about him 'starving on somebody's doorstep'! The lacquer cigarette box cost eleven dollars—the money he got for his first book review."

"Oh, dear," she murmured. "I had thought it was real lacquer all this time!"

"I know I sound silly, but I can't help feeling protective toward him. He's only nineteen."

"He told me he was twenty-three." She had a way of pointing her first fingers together at the bridge of her nose and gazing across them. "But that doesn't matter. I knew he was younger, because he kisses the palm of my hand, and only very young or very old men kiss the palm of a woman's hand . . ."

"You see! You're just making a fool of him."

"Really," she said, "you are the most sentimental person I have met for years, and it's terribly refreshing. You've built up a melodramatic picture of the fiendish older woman who plays cruelly with young breaking hearts. By the way, what do you do? Employment, you know?"

"I'm a chemist for Morse, Darnley, and Black."

"I thought maybe you wrote movie scenarios."

As he did not smile, she got up.

"Your steak is here. I'll go out and see how Julian is, and after dinner you had better come and get him."

She moved toward the door, walking arrogantly from the hips. Scott was so furious that his hands were cold and he found he didn't want to eat. She knew that she had got the better of him. He suffered from a feeling of incompetence. He was not hard enough—too credulous. He determined to guard carefully against naïveté, to assume an attitude of cynicism as armor against these poseurs.

Stopping to speak to people at various tables, she had not yet reached the door. Scott saw that Julian was leaning against it. One of his hands clung to the jamb for support, and he had a foolish, rather blank expression on his chalky face. Paula went over to Jule and,


Famous PARKER GAMES

REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE
Camelot
a truly great game

A new fascination awaits you in CAMELOT. This new and brilliant game—unique in atmosphere—is full of stimulating fun, surprising situations, dramatic moves, and opportunities for clever play. Easily learned—its merit and personality are giving Camelot a place among the great games of all time. Its charm is captivating America!

CAMELOT

Camelot will be found surprising and amusing even when lightly played. Its real delight will come, however, when a player is sufficiently advanced to use adroitness and strategy in play. To the excellent player it means *a new pleasure in life.* There is never a dull moment—there are never two games alike—the variety is endless. The opposing forces, each arranged in two ranks fronting each other near the center of the board, defend their strongholds in the rear. There are no dice or indicators. Camelot is played upon a handsome folding board, made in various editions, and with playing pieces varying in quality of finish.

No. 96, Fine Edition ..... Price, $10.00
No. 80, Lancelot Edition ..... Price, $ 3.00
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*No. 40, POPULAR EDITION,* Red.... Price, $ 1.50
No. 25, Cheap Edition, Green ..... Price, $ 1.00

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PING-PONG
REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE
Sets, $1.50 to $20.00 at all leading DEALERS'.
Parker Brothers, Inc., Sole Owners and Makers.

A simple game of skill

PEGITY

Great fun for *old* and *young.* Exciting, entertaining to watch or play. Learned in 2 minutes. Price, $1.25 at DEALERS' or by mail.

Other Famous Parker Games: Rook, PIT, Pollyanna, Lindy, Wings, Touring, Halma, Pastime Picture Puzzles, etc.

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM MASS. FLATIRON BLDG. NEW YORK


In using advertisements see page 6

# "Once again this window shade is clean... *I scrubbed it!*"

HER HOME was a model of tidiness. Draperies, woodwork, rugs, everything was always spotless—everything but the window shades. She just *couldn't* keep *them* clean. Dusting wouldn't do it. Even a damp sponge wouldn't do it. The dirt worked right into the window shade fabric.

Then she heard about TONTINE—the welcome new window shade that can be *scrubbed* again and again. Each time its original beauty is restored—as dainty and fresh as new.

Tontine shades come in a wide range of beautiful colors, figured designs and the corded effects now so popular. Impregnated with the same basic substance as that contained in the famous du Pont Duco, they will not fade, pinhole or fray. Sunlight and rain will not harm them. For complete window shade satisfaction, ask to have them mounted on TONTINE guaranteed rollers.

**SPECIAL OFFER**

**A sample Tontine shade for $1.00**

Send us the coupon below with a dollar bill, checking which color you prefer. We will send you a shade made up to your measurements. When you get it, test it. Deliberately smear dirt on it—then scrub with a brush, soap and hot water. Its beauty will be instantly restored. Only one shade (not exceeding 40" wide) can be sent to any one home at this special price. The regular retail price, depending on length, width, etc., at the authorized Tontine dealer's in your city, is from $1.75 up.

DU PONT

# TONTINE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## THE *WASHABLE* WINDOW SHADE

*Consult the classified business directory of your telephone book for the name and address of the authorized Tontine dealer in your city.*

*Follow These Details*

*Measure from tip to tip, including pins. Use yard stick*

Measure width of shade you wish to replace with the Tontine test shade. Measure tip to tip, including metal pins at ends of roller (see diagram above). Measure also length of shade unrolled. Specify which color is wanted: White, Cream, Ecru or Green. Fill out coupon fully. Pin $1.00 to coupon.

*(This offer closes January 1, 1931)*

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc. G.H., Oct.
100 Du Pont Avenue, Newburgh, N. Y.
*Canadian subscribers enclose $1.50 and address coupon*
Canadian Industries, Limited, Fabrikoid Division, New Toronto, Ontario, Can.

Herewith $1.00 pinned to coupon. Please send me complete Tontine shade.....inches wide, tip to tip (cannot exceed 40 inches), and.....inches long (cannot exceed 72 inches, shade unrolled). White ☐ Ecru ☐ Cream ☐ Green ☐

Name.....

Address.....




## Skywriters

taking his arm, brought him to Scott's table.

"You ought to eat, honey," she said, smoothing the waves of light hair back from Jule's damp forehead.

He moistened his lips and looked hungrily at Scott's steak and broccoli. Then he turned his face away. "I don't like Italian cooking," he said in a languid, fastidious voice. "Do sit down, Paula. What I need is another drink. Waiter!"

In spite of Scott's protest, Julian tossed two crumpled bills on the table.

"Drink up, old man," he said grandly. "This is on me."

Then like a child he pressed his forehead against Paula's arm.

"Isn't she beautiful, Scott? *The glory that was Greece* . . . Poe and Baudelaire and Dowson and Verlaine are the only poets that matter, you know. Paula has only read Poe, but never mind, I loathe intellectual women. I loathe intellectual women and Englishwomen and badly dressed women. But that's hardly a category, for it's very much the same thing. Paula dear, I wish your nose were more classical, and do you know that one of your eyebrows is higher than the other? *Was this the face that launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium?* Ken, did you realize that you were rooming with the topless towers of Ilium?" He tasted his Tom Collins. "The drinks here are very bad."

"He's a critical little beast," said Paula. "Really, I think I have taught Jule a great deal. I think I am just the kind of woman he should have fallen in love with."

"Do you?" said Scott.

She raised Jule's drooping head. "So this is the Scott Kennerly you've told me about? I think he's a snorting grampus."

"Good," thought Scott, "I've made her a little angry."

He wanted vehemently to disturb her . . . to upset her as he had been upset.

"Certainly," said Jule, "that's why I like him. He was educated to be a grampus, and not many people turn into what they've been educated to be. I didn't. I was educated for lumber, and I turned into a poet. But Ken is all right. He's strong and decent, and he has brains."

SCOTT was astonished, for Jule was so supercilious and petulant in all his relationships. Odd that he should have chosen to worship Scott and Paula Spain out of all the world, placing them together in uncomfortable association. Their eyes met in armed truce.

"You thought I was asleep out there in the garden, didn't you? I didn't sleep for a single minute, but I pretended to because I wanted you to go away. I was thinking of a poem—it's the twenty-ninth I have written to you, Paula, and after the thirtieth I am going to get back to my long epic again. The one in the garden began:

"You came to me on the lips of a strange singer,
A sad melody from alien lands,
You are white with the whiteness of lilies,
You are snow in my warm hands.

That isn't very good. I am not at home with a rhyme scheme. 'Lands' and 'hands'! All rhymes are ugly, for they suggest harsh laws. I prefer to write bootlegger verse in defiance of all the laws of meter, rhyme, syntax, and meaning."

"But if you could only get your poetry published!" said Paula.

"I don't care anything about that," Julian murmured languidly.

After half an hour he consented to let Scott take him home; he wanted to sit down on several doorsteps on the way.

Once in the apartment Scott drew a hot bath and stood by sternly until Julian was in it. Ten minutes passed in silence, then there seemed to be a faint, gurgling sound. Julian was asleep in the tub, his face tucked in the

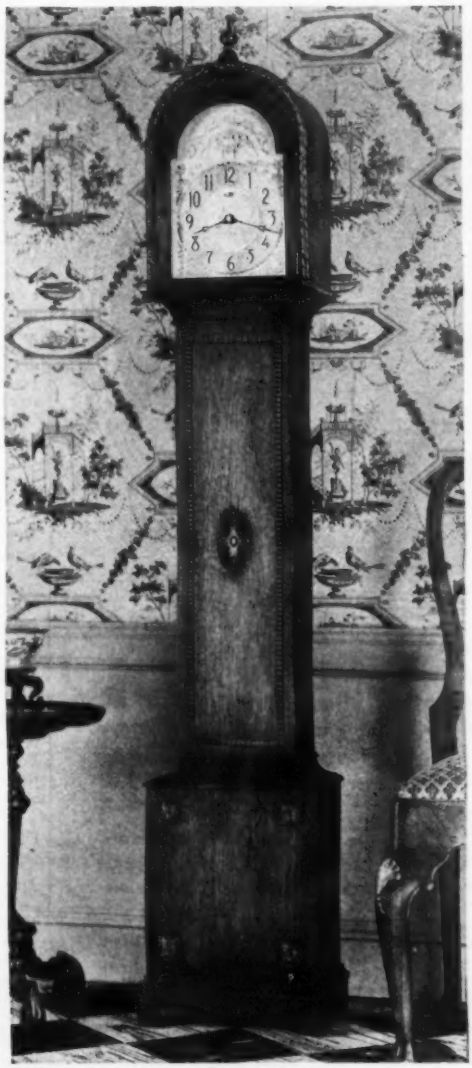
# *They might have marked the minutes when America began—but the accuracy of their Telechron electric motors is modern!*

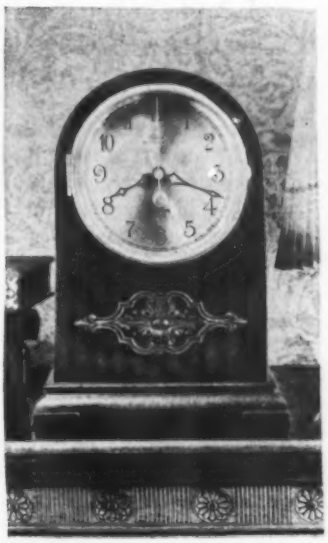
THEY have the charm and simplicity of Colonial things—these three Revere Clocks. They must, you think, have looked upon the stately measures of the minuet—have heard the news of Bunker Hill and Yorktown. The rich resonance of their Westminster chimes and their mellow, hand-rubbed cases strongly suggest the eventful 1770's.

But they're really 1930! Inside each one is a tiny Telechron motor. Driven by the impulses of alternating current from the electric outlets in your home, these motors deliver *accurate* time of day. They'll run for weeks and months and years—quietly, correctly—without winding or regulating.

R-634, the clock shown at the lower right, is made of the finest Honduras mahogany. 11½ inches high, it sells for $47. Plymouth, the floor clock shown in the center panel, is also wrought from mahogany. It stands 68½ inches high and is priced at $125. Decatur, the mahogany wall model, lower left, 25¼ inches tall, sells for $68. All three clocks contain deep-toned Westminster chimes.

There are many other Revere models, ranging in price from $40 to $1200.* Good dealers everywhere display them. They are illustrated also in our free booklet, "Observatory Time." Write for it. The Revere Clock Company, 422 McMillan Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.





* *The Warren Telechron Company of Ashland, Mass., manufactures a full line of non-striking clocks at prices up to $55.*

# Revere Clocks

**WITH TELECHRON ELECTRIC MOTORS**

In using advertisements see page 6

# NOW....

# the *Silky Softness* of rayon

## . . . Embodied in a Far *Softer*, Far *Whiter*, Bathroom Paper

*Silky Rayon Garments and Ultra-Soft "Northern Tissue" are both made from pure cellulose.*

### A Bathroom Paper Created From The Same Material As Softest Rayon

IT represents one of the greatest achievements of modern science—the silky softness of Rayon itself embodied in a far softer, far whiter bathroom paper than ever known before.

Created, in the interest of fastidiousness and health, from the same *pure* cellulose base from which Rayon is made, it is totally unlike harsh, ground-wood "toilet papers." You can feel the difference.

There are no dangerous, "splintery" particles of raw wood in paper made this new way. Thus nothing to irritate the most delicate tissues—to endanger your own or your child's health.

*Made From "Cooked" Cellulose—Not Ground From Raw Wood*

In making "Northern Tissue," only silky cellulose pulp is used—cooked for over 8 hours at a temperature of 302°. Thus it is never like cheap yellow or newsprint white "toilet papers" that are made largely by grinding raw wood into a splintery mass. (Presence of ground-wood is always detected by chemical testing with phloroglucinol.)

Prophylactic properties of paper made this new way are outstanding, of course. Health Commissioners in 254 cities and 45 states advise: "Use soft, white cellulose paper like 'Northern Tissue'—especially where children must be protected."

To make sure of this new health protection, ask for "Northern Tissue." It costs no more than ordinary old-type toilet paper. Only 10c a roll at any grocery, department or drug store. ©N. P. M., 1930

**NORTHERN TISSUE**

With the Blue Core 260R




## Skywriters

hollow of one thin arm. Scott rescued him once more, rubbed him down vigorously, and dragged him to bed.

He got out the book on "Heredity and Development," but found it difficult to read. The fierce challenge of New York rumbled through the open window. Almost for the first time since coming to the city, Scott felt lonely. He remembered what Candace had said, "Love is a cricket on life's hearth—a voice singing a tiny song against an immense loneliness." He built up a picture of her face, feature by feature, but all the time it was easier to feel her soft, brown hands, the slimness of her small body in his arms. She was coming for a visit day after tomorrow. He rapidly calculated the hours and then the interminable sum of minutes that must pass until he felt her delicate lips again.

### CHAPTER VII

AT NOON the next day Scott bought a second-hand chest on Eighth Avenue for fifteen dollars. It was solid mahogany veneer, Mr. Lowenstein pointed out, and he would throw in a set of "new antique" knobs out of sheer friendliness. He wanted twenty dollars, but was ultimately defeated by Scott's adamant Gentile convictions.

"Young man, I have been in business thoity years," he moaned bitterly, "but I have never met a poddy who couldn't spend a few cents extra, yet."

If only it had been fifteen-seventy-five, just as a matter of principle!

But Mr. Lowenstein had his little revenge. When Scott came home from work that afternoon, he found his bureau standing in the front hall, although its delivery to the third floor had been faithfully promised. Angrily he shoved it toward the stairs. Heavy old devil! Maybe it was solid. He got in front of it and hoisted it against his back as he had seen furniture movers do. Breathing hard, he staggered up the narrow stairway. Halfway he caught his foot in the ancient carpet, and the chest pulled him backward. Together they crashed almost to the bottom in an ignominious racket punctuated by every curse Scott could summon. The drawers of the thing had fallen out, and the "new antique" knobs rolled all over the hall.

A door on the second floor flew open. A young man dressed in undershirt and trousers rushed out yelling: "Hey! What's the matter? Are you socko?"

Flushed with shame, Scott struggled to an upright position, trying not to rub his leg, which was badly bruised. It was what he called his "war leg," too. "Rotten old carpet. Lucky I didn't break my neck."

"Lucky—I'll say!"

The young man ran down and seized a side of the chest as if it were toy furniture. Scott limped behind, balancing the other half as a protest against the young man's insouciant strength.

On the third floor they shook hands, eyeing each other gravely.

"I'm Charlie Dunn."

"Scott Kennerly's my name. Thanks a lot, Dunn."

"You shouldn't have tried to get it up with the drawers in."

"I know."

"Sure, I guess you know now." Dunn laughed cheerfully. "Live up here?"

"Yeh. I just moved in last month."

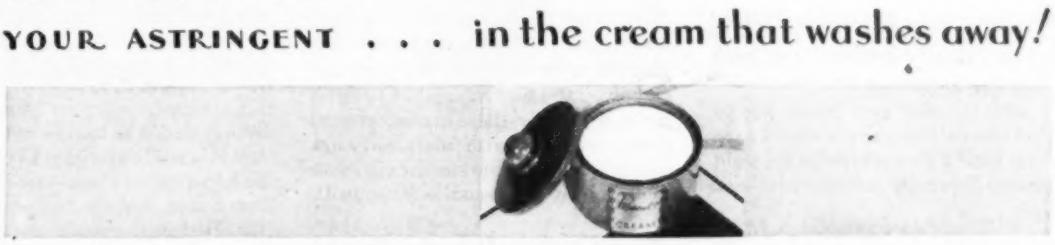
"Come on down and see my dump."

Charlie Dunn's apartment on the second floor was completely barren, dusty, and comfortable. His shoes were on the mantelpiece, his clean laundry on the unmade couch, and the wastebasket was filled with empty ginger ale bottles. The walls were covered with photographs of yearning women subscribed "To Darling Charlie" and "With all my love."

Charlie put on a crisp, white shirt and slicked his hair with water. He emerged as the most attractive man Scott had ever seen—a man's man inevitably fascinating to women, as

# NOW—simplified for practical daily use at last—

**YOUR PORE-CLEANSER**
**YOUR TISSUE-OIL**
**YOUR ASTRINGENT . . . in the cream that washes away!**



To whisk out of every tiny pore its load of sticky dirt . . . to supple the tissues with rich soothing oils (and goodness knows the modern skin *needs* suppling, after the drying effects of daily make-up!) . . . to wake that sluggish circulation so your face is toned as your body after a cold shower . . . What would you give for a treatment like this—for a skin of rose-leaves and satin? You can have it—at home—every day of your life! . . . In barely a minute, night and morning, this wonderful Cream of Pinaud's does all these things. It liquefies instantly into the pores and "floats" the tightest-packed dirt to the surface—at the same time suppling the skin with oils as delicate, as soothing as Nature's own. Then—at the touch of water—it *washes away* . . leaving you with a new sense of delicious cleanliness, a new freshness through all the skin tissues. The pores contract. The texture becomes exquisite. You will find Pinaud's Cream at every good drug and department store—ready to give you the wonderful effects of the new scientific method revolutionizing skin care here and abroad. PINAUD, Paris-New York.

For 25c Pinaud will be glad to send you a special tube of Pinaud's Cream. Address Pinaud, Dept. GH-10, 220 East 21 Street, New York. Copyright Pinaud, 1930

In using advertisements see page 6

# Junior was so frail I almost cried

***..but now he's grown so husky we can hardly believe our eyes***

"I WAS at my wits' end. Junior was so thin and delicate. Every time I gave him his bath, I almost cried at the sight of his frail little body and pipe-stem legs.

"We tried everything. But it wasn't until we put him on Cocomalt that he started to improve. Within a week he started to round out, and soon real, solid muscle began to develop. You can't imagine how pleased we are to have him growing strong and husky at last!"

### *What Cocomalt does*

Hundreds of other mothers write us that they have found themselves facing this same situation—and that they have solved the difficulty the same way.

When children fail to build up, it is a sure sign that their systems are begging for *extra* tissue-building proteins, carbohydrates and minerals. Cocomalt not only provides these in concentrated form, together with malt enzymes which help digest the starches in other foods, but it also contains Vitamin D.

### *How Vitamin D builds health*

Vitamin D is that mysterious element which makes summer sunshine so potent in preventing rickets—and in building strong bones and sturdy bodies.

But Cocomalt is not a medicine. It is a delicious, chocolate flavor food drink every youngster loves. Even children who detest plain milk can't seem to get enough of it when you've mixed it with Cocomalt. Furthermore, Cocomalt adds 70% to the nourishment of milk, almost doubling the health-building elements of this perfect food.

Cocomalt comes in powder form. Simply add it to milk—hot or cold—and it is ready in a jiffy. Cocomalt may be had in three sizes—one-half pound, one pound, and the five pound family size. High as Cocomalt is in food value, the cost is surprisingly low. At grocers and leading drug stores.

### *Special trial offer—use coupon*

Try Cocomalt—and see for yourself what a delightful and nourishing drink it is. See how quickly your children take to it—how they love its delicious chocolate flavor smoothness . . . The coupon and 10c (to cover cost of packing and mailing) will bring you a generous trial package.

★ **Cocomalt**

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD

R. B. DAVIS CO., Dept. 310, Hoboken, N. J.

I am enclosing 10c. Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

## Skywriters

friendly and unsubtle as a stray Newfoundland. Scott regretted his own nerves, his introspection and self-consciousness, while even more he envied Dunn's six feet two of careless muscle and lounging gaiety. And at once it seemed that Charlie detected in Scott a superior intelligence which he admired and coveted.

"I'm a dumb-bell," he told Scott regretfully. "I've been sitting here two hours trying to write a letter to this girl, see, and I can't seem to say what I want. Suppose you have a try at it. Here's the idea; she's married and wants to divorce her husband so she can marry me. Well, I don't want to marry anybody, but I don't want to let her down too hard, see? She's a good kid, you know. So if you could just word it in a nice way—about not getting a divorce—I'd certainly appreciate it, old man."

Scott said that he thought the letter would be a bit tough for anybody, but he was able nevertheless to compose some fluent paragraphs which Charlie read with awe and delight.

"Style!" he said. "Color! Drama! Plot! Boy, it's got everything. It ought to be framed. You must be a writer, a novelist or something."

He seemed disappointed to find that Scott was only a chemist.

"You ought to be a writer," he insisted. "I know quite a few of them. I like to listen to them talk. A person can learn a lot by listening to writers and artists and such people talk. I'm just a newspaper guy, but I often wish I could write down my own experiences. They would make a book. Say, what do you want to be a chemist for? You could make a lot more money in advertising."

Scott stirred uneasily. He wanted to explain his ideas of science, but it would make him seem a silly idealist. And Charlie Dunn was stripped to his hard-muscled flesh of any effete hopes for a better world—germ-free, cancer-purged, microbe-hunted. So Scott asked,

"What do I want to make money for?"

"Money's good," said Charlie. "I never had any, but that's what I hear."

"Doesn't make you any happier."

"Okay, brother. You stay a chemist, and I stay an electrician . . . How's for going out with me on a little party tonight?"

They went to dinner together and then to Jamaica, where Charlie knew a woman who "has parties every night." It did not seem odd in the least to be going out with a perfect stranger. Charlie already seemed one of his oldest friends.

IN FRONT of the squat bungalow, which was trying seriously to resemble an English cottage, they stood for a long time making fun of it.

"It looks like it had just slipped on a banana peel," said Charlie.

"Come on," said Scott finally. "Let's go in."

"All right, you go first. I don't know these people."

"You don't know—!"

"Well, I don't think they'll remember me."

"Not much chance of being welcomed, but now we're out here, we might as well try it."

"Okay, brother."

They rang the bell, and when there was no answer, they walked into the little varnished hall. For a moment Scott felt panic-stricken. The guests around the fireplace in the living room looked middle-aged and wore evening dress. Then a young man in golf clothes came from the dining alcove on the right and put cocktails into their hands.

"How many more cocktails?" he asked with a distraught expression.

"Wait a minute," said Charlie. "I'll count them."

He went into the living room and ostentatiously began to count the people, but at once a little blonde girl appeared and asked him to dance with her.

Scott talked to the distraught man, who

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*Mix 1 chopped banana, 3 teaspoons cocoa, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons vanilla with one cup left-over cooked cereal. Mold, chill, and garnish with sliced bananas. Serve with or without cream.*

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In using advertisements see page 6

# Let the NEW ★ MAYTAG Reduce Your Mending ••

HARSH washing methods and hand-rubbing are unnecessary when you own a Maytag. It loosens the stubborn edge-dirt from collars and cuffs without fraying the edges ... removes the ground-in dirt from the hard-playing youngsters' clothes without punishing the fabric. There are no buttons to sew on because they pass safely through the non-crush rolls of the Maytag new-type roller water remover.

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*A postcard request brings an interesting booklet—"Better Methods of Home Laundering."*

Maytag
ALUMINUM WASHER


## Skywriters

turned out to be Sydney Hacker, the host. He was a commercial artist and knew Oliver.

"Thirteen more cocktails!" Charlie yelled from the living room.

He had his big careless arms around the little blonde and a shiny-haired brunette in a red dress.

Hacker sighed. His youthful, ruddy face held tired lines which seemed permanent, and there were dark circles under his eyes. "Want to come out and help me? I must have mixed hundreds already. It seems as if there are hundreds of people here."

In his shirt sleeves Scott squeezed dozens of lemons and oranges. Diligently Hacker washed glasses and chopped ice in the sink.

"Oliver Kirkland—h'm," he mused. "Know anybody else I might be acquainted with?"

Scott had a happy thought. "James Dare drops into my place once in a while," he said carelessly. "Not a bad sort either."

Hacker stared, then he darted to the door. "Oh, Millie! Here's a man who knows James Dare!"

Millie came running. She was the shiny-haired brunette in the red dress—Hacker's wife. "Darling!" she cried. "But that's too *marvelous*."

She seized Scott's arm with a dramatic hand, thin beneath heavy garnets. "Oh, tell me what he is like. Do come out of this sordid kitchen and tell me all about him. Oh, I was simply cock-eyed after reading 'Epilogue to Laughter'! Don't you think it was frightfully marvelous?"

She drew Scott into the dim sun parlor, where she nestled beside him on a wicker bench. "Now do tell me. Tell me everything. Do you suppose I could meet him? You know I write, too. I'm writing a play."

"Honestly?"

"Tell me—how does James Dare get his ideas?"

Scott considered. "He makes them up."

"Please don't be funny! I mean, does he believe that you have to *live* before you can write?"

"No. He often says that a writer must die and be resurrected in his work." Scott thought it really sounded a bit like one of Dare's ironies.

"Oh, *does* he? That's rather delicious. And what does he feel about character versus plot? I mean, does he think character is best portrayed by violent action?"

"He says that God supplies theme, man invents plot, but the devil molds character."

"How fascinating! And is it really true that—"

"If you'll excuse me, I'll run out and get more cocktails."

He escaped, sweating, into the kitchen, where Sydney was still squeezing lemons. "Thank God you've come! There's a call for seven more. Millie loves parties," he said, washing glasses. "She needs the stimulation of the intelligentsia while she's writing her play."

"What's the name of it?" asked Scott, taking over the ice pick.

" 'Prologue to Grief,' or something like that."

WITH the blank, yellow hair falling against his damp forehead, with the kitchen apron tied over his knickers, and the stains of fruit juices on his red hands, Sydney Hacker was a figure of almost piteous resignation. All at once he beckoned Scott into a little room off the kitchen, which contained an old sewing machine, piles of magazines, a card table, and rows of empty bottles. Wiping his hands on the gingham apron, Hacker rummaged through the magazines and laid one open on the card table.

"There!" he said in an embarrassed voice, pointing with a stubby finger.

Scott saw four black and white scenes of Vermont farm life—an old New England house, birches and pines, oxen drawing a cart—headed "Woodcuts by Sydney Hacker."

# *Faster freezing* with the COLD CONTROL
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You will have plenty of ice cubes when you install a Frigidaire in your home. And you can freeze them quickly. Just turn the "Cold Control" to six and they begin to freeze *at once.* For the extra-powerful mechanism runs the temperature down far below freezing. And, of course, what the "Cold Control" does in freezing ice cubes it also does in freezing desserts. You get *positive* action and you get it *at once.*

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## of new beauty at bargain costs

CANNON TOWELS IN ALL-OVER COLORS COST AS LITTLE AS 39c—AND THERE ARE OTHER STYLES TO SUIT ANY TASTE, AT PRICES FROM 25c TO $2.50.

THIS year's vote on towels was a Cannon landslide—and it's rather a red letter day when all members of the family agree 100% on anything. We quote, word-for-word, a typical conference—and the very same swing toward Cannon towels goes on in hundreds of thousands of homes.

MOTHER—"Here's my choice. I move we buy two more sets of these same designs, in some of the other colors. All the shades I saw downtown go well together. These towels are so bright and cheerful. And those we got last Christmas are just as soft and fresh and nice as ever."

FATHER—"In this case, you're the doctor. Only be sure the bath towels are big and husky, like those—and good values."

FRANCES—"Mother, please get me some with flowers on them, in that divine orchid shade. The girls at school have all been using colored towels since last spring. Please.... I think they're simply slick!"

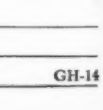
BOB—"Sure, they're all right with me."

BABY—"Oogle-google-oo!" (which, being freely translated, means)—My bath is the high spot of the day. I demand soft, gentle towels that pat me dry without rubbing. Towels that feel like kitten feathers. These are my kind—and I'm pretty particular.

Well, that's the way wide-awake families feel these days. Remember that Cannon towels come in just the sizes, styles, shades, grades you like, at the right prices. You can pay down to a quarter or up to two-fifty—and count on a bargain in beauty and service. The Cannon label is a sure sign of good taste and good sense in towels, wash cloths, bath mats—always. Look for it. Most people do. . . . Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

**Write for this new booklet**

*It helps make every bath a joy and a tonic!*

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**TO COMPARE VALUES . . .** *Professional shoppers visited the leading stores in twelve major cities and bought towels in pairs, one Cannon towel and one other brand of similar style offered at the same price. All the towels were then weighed on delicate scales and the figures carefully compared. The net balance of weight in favor of Cannon was more than 7%. Thus every 92 cents spent for Cannon towels brings you a full dollar's value—more absorbency, more comfort, better service, longer wear.*

# CANNON TOWELS

October 1930 Good Housekeeping

## Skywriters

Hacker watched his face anxiously. "But, gosh!" said Scott. "These are awfully good. I don't know much about such things, but I think they are fine."

"There's no money in them." Hacker closed the magazine and stalked back into the kitchen looking dejected. "I did those five years ago."

Scott changed the subject. "How often do you have parties?"

"Every night, almost. We have to have gaiety—living out here in the suburbs so far from New York."

CARRYING the tray into the living room, Scott met Charlie getting into his topcoat.

"What's the idea? Are you going without me?"

Charlie's eyes were bright, his fair hair rumpled. He grabbed one of the glasses and swallowed the drink quickly. "Listen! This party is too dull. I'm going out and get some cats—to liven things up, you know."

"Cats!"

The blonde girl laughed with excitement, jumping up and down. A number of other people had gathered around Charlie; they looked at him anxiously, hopefully, as if he were somehow the savior of their boredom.

Night after night they drank cocktails in the adventuresome longing for strangeness; they drank for the same reason they read romance or went to the theatre—to see life sharpened and emphasized. It was not because they wanted to escape life, but because they were afraid it had escaped them. They had heard it was piquant and amusing, extraordinary and dramatic, and they turned their eager eyes toward any illumination which could touch it with colors. Night after night they drank like humble mendicants, reaching out their eager hands for the alms of gusto. When gusto appeared—most infrequently—in their midst, they crowded about it, curious and flattered and half-afraid, for it was a coin they had seldom seen in their impoverishment. They did not know that their evenings ended in dulness because they were dull people to begin with; they did not know that to have splendid intoxication you must have splendid drinkers.

And now a young man appeared who seemed talented with vitality. He was going out to look for cats to enliven the party. They did desperately hope he would find cats which might in some curious way prove enlivening.

Charlie was gone for about an hour—driving the best sports roadster he found in front of the house. During his absence there was a quickened chatter, a hum of expectation. In the nervous lulls between Sydney's cocktails somebody would exclaim,

"I think I heard the car!"

And somebody else would rush to the door crying: "No, it wasn't. But do you suppose that he really will—?" So that their wilted senses were already a bit freshened by the absurd suspense and alarm. And when he came in, actually lugging three sulky Angoras and a black Tom, the house was shaken by an unaccustomed impact of gaiety. The cats ran under the furniture and had to be dragged out, then of course there was the experiment to see if they would drink cocktails. They wouldn't. Then Miss Lafferty had to give the poor pussies some milk because she was so frightfully fond of the pretty creatures. Millie was delighted with the quixotic turn of her party—she was going to use the incident in her play. Sydney was able to stop mixing drinks for a while. And the small blonde girl put iodine tenderly on Charlie's scratched hands.

But now that the cats were here, he became indifferent. He sat quietly in the corner watching it all with a grave look. After a moment he said good night in the most subdued manner. Amiable but silent, he wandered with Scott down the streets of the sleeping suburb . . .

DOCTORS PREFER LIQUIDS FOR THOROUGH CLEANSING

# A $25 VISIT TO SKIN SPECIALIST

*(Actual transcript of conversation July 15, 1930)*

**Mrs. A. . . .** Doctor, what shall I do? My skin is getting terribly coarse, and some of the pores are so clogged they look like tiny black dots on my face.

**Doctor . . .** Let me see. Yes, just as I thought. The excretions from the oil glands have become inspissated, that is to say, hardened, in the pores. The greasy kind of dirt that's in the air today sticks to these impurities. Thus you get blackheads.

**Mrs. A. . . .** You mean my face is *dirty*?

**Doctor . . .** Yes, that's just what I mean. You're only one of thousands of women today who rarely get their faces clean. You've probably used a superficial method of cleansing that doesn't remove modern dirt. The result is blackheads, open pores, and a dull, sluggish complexion.

**Mrs. A. . . .** But how shall I keep my face clean?

**Doctor . . .** The best way to remove greasy dirt is with a liquid. Pour the liquid on cotton and wipe gently over your face and neck. Go over your face again with a fresh piece until no more dirt comes off on the cotton. Give your face this thorough cleansing with a liquid at least once a day.

**Mrs. A. . . .** Will that keep the pores small?

**Doctor . . .** Yes, unless there is a systemic condition. If blackheads recur, look after your diet. Eat less sweets, get plenty of exercise; stay out in the open air.

KEEP FACE CLEAN THIS WAY

If you have blackheads at all, or if your face sometimes feels that it isn't quite clean, try Ambrosia at once. This new liquid instantly cleanses pore-deep, leaves the face feeling cool, clean, refreshed. Fine texture and clear, natural color are restored with the regular use of Ambrosia. Write now for generous free sample. Dept. 10-E, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dept. 10-E, 69 York Street, Toronto, Can.

NOTABLE WOMEN WHO USE AMBROSIA

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**Ordinary Cleansing:** note embedded dirt, coarsening skin . . . enlarging pores.

**Pore-Deep Cleansing:** no dirt left to make large pores. Skin gets fine again.

TO CLEANSE YOUR TYPE OF SKIN

**normal skin:**
Saturate absorbent cotton with Ambrosia. Wipe over face and neck, repeating until fresh cotton does not show soil. Then pour a little Ambrosia in the hand and pat over the face. Continue patting till dry to help skin absorb softening oils.

**dry skin:**
Cleanse as for normal skin. At night give dry skin added lubrication it needs by stroking on a softening cream. Soon skin becomes less dry. Then cleansing as for normal skin will keep it soft.

**oily skin:**
Cleanse oily skin frequently during the day with Ambrosia so clean pores can function normally. Rinse with cool water after each cleansing to stimulate circulation and remove surplus oil.

4 oz. $1 8 oz. $1.75 16 oz. $3

AMBROSIA*
the pore-deep cleanser

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In using advertisements see page 6

# The SMART LIVING-ROOM APPEARS in PRINT

THE autumn urge to replenish your wardrobe prompts you to enliven your home as well. For with its bridges and teas and observing guests, the new season is more than ever exacting! Try this inexpensive Waverly way of bringing fresh charm to the rooms of your home. Hang draperies of this lovely, flowing print with its interesting "bamboo" motif . . . a Waverly Fabric whose friendly colors and grace of design make it especially suited to the hospitable living-room. Then cover a favorite chair in the same delightful Waverly pattern and your entire room will assume new beauty . . . a colorful, inviting personality.

**Waverly Fabrics**

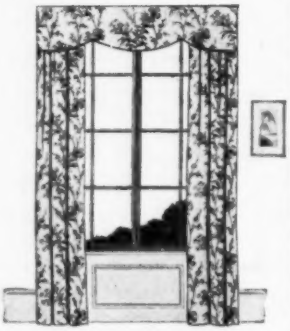
A SCHUMACHER UNIT

WAVERLY FABRICS, Dept. G9
60 West 40th Street, N. Y. C.

Please send me your booklet on home decoration and samples of Waverly Fabrics. I am enclosing ten cents to cover mailing costs.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____



Above—*Draperies of this Waverly Fabric with fitted valance add dignity to a room.* Below—*Make an old chair look like new by covering it in this delightful print.*

There are fascinating new Waverly Fabrics for every room in the home. Consult your dealer or send for samples and our home decoration booklet. Remember—Waverly Fabrics although they *look* expensive are actually priced from 50¢ to 1.50 per yard.


## Skywriters

It was only a week after this party that Scott shuddered with embarrassment at coming upon the most dreadful Sunday magazine sketch of James Dare, written in the smirking style of the intimate reporter and signed Millicent Hacker. It told what Dare ate and it quoted a number of his "scintillating epigrams." Blushing, writhing with shame, Scott went up to Dare's apartment to explain and apologize. Dare read the article.

"Bah!" he said. "It's publicity. One kind of publicity is just as good as another—or as bad, rather. Only I wish the epigrams had been wittier . . . Maybe you had better read Rochefoucauld if you are going to do this sort of thing for me again."

WHEN Scott came home from the Hacker party, he had difficulty in unlocking his door. While he scraped the key back and forth, the knob was suddenly turned from within, and he almost fell into the dark room. To his annoyance he stumbled against the bookcase.

A woman's voice. Fresh scent of sweet peas or mignonette. "Why, it's the godly grampus at last! Steady, have a chair. I haven't been able to get this light to work."

Her voice was hoarse, but not roughened—a contralto voice rubbed down by wine and cigarettes. Something tore at his heart. He thought she could hear the ripping noise. Room in darkness. Those purple shadows undulating around the wall like unexplored foot-hills. Faint, yellow moonlight from the courtyard. Eight panes of faint, yellow moonlight on the floor. He counted them, standing in the middle of the room, legs apart, hands pocketed—clenched—in his topcoat, chin thrust out.

Paula Spain. He hated her. But the conviction came to him blurred by a fog, heavy and perfumed, which sometimes floated close to his hot face, touching it as lightly as a branch of flowering laburnum. But he had never seen a branch of flowering laburnum!

"What's the matter with the lights?" said Scott loudly.

"Don't roar. I've just got Jule asleep, poor baby! I brought him home in a cab. I was afraid to leave him."

He laughed. He had the idea that when he laughed like that, Paula shivered. She was standing about a foot away from him on one of those yellow lozenges of moonlight.

"Why are you trembling?" he asked.

Then he knew that he was trembling himself. But only inside—as if his heart were being shaken back and forth.

"Because I'm tired . . . Jule talked all this nonsense about killing himself. But he won't, of course . . . they never do when they talk about it. Still, I didn't like to leave him."

The silence was oppressive. They stood motionless and taut, looking at each other across the foot of moonlight. It seemed to Scott that their thoughts were dueling to the death with silver rapiers. He shut his eyes and saw her body flowing arrogantly from the hips under the black velvet dress. Superb. But terrible. If he wouldn't think of it as terrible it wouldn't matter. She had poured his imagination into the mold of hatred. That caused the fear and the trembling and the silence.

He opened his eyes and saw her face, dim and pale, a single metallic glint in the copper hair. Then he took a step forward. She gave a slight, muffled cry at the roughness of his arms. She raised her mouth so that he could find it with his groping, unsteady lips.

He wanted to tell Paula that he hated her, but he was afraid she would be too proud.

When she pulled herself away, he did not stir from the middle of the room.

"Good night," he said brutally.

Paula Spain did not answer. The door closed with a brisk, mocking sound as she went out.

(*To be continued*)

★ A PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK, INC.

# *"If I Only Knew! If I Only Knew!"*

So many people thus hesitate—in doubt about which tooth paste really will help. Our answer is, "If only you'll try PEBECO—*then* you will know." For Pebeco's ability to do more than simply wash your teeth is foretold by its very taste. This distinctive tang says Pebeco is *working,* is cleaning, whitening and helping Nature check decay by increasing the flow of saliva. And also, it gives the most refreshed feeling your mouth ever had. But you'll *never* know until you try it. Why not today?

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In using advertisements see page 6

*Old Spanish Missions*

*Orange groves . . . snow-capped mountains . . . sunshine*


# 6 kinds of fall and winter play..all are here

HALF-A-DOZEN vacations combined in one . . . this is Southern California's offer to you.

Know the sun-drenched winter desert. Its mysterious lure has made oases like Palm Springs the rendezvous for smart America. Gain a new experience under its spell.

Bask on sandy Pacific beaches . . . sail over smooth waters to nearby beauty isles.

Drive over scenic highways through evergreen forests to mile-high mountain lakes for another kind of play.

Enjoy golf . . . all your favorite outdoor sports in new and thrilling settings.

Mingle with the stars in gay Hollywood, where many feminine styles are now set . . . see world-famous film premieres. Hospitable, cosmopolitan Los Angeles is next-door, with its unique shops, theaters, cafes and splendid schools.

Explore century-old Spanish Missions and relics of the days of the Dons. Revel in the foreign "color" that tinges everything here . . . the influence of history and of nearby Old Mexico.

*Sunny Pacific Beaches*

*The Desert at Palm Springs*

*Outdoor sports all winter*

*A Hollywood "first night"*

***Low Cost***

Because Southern California is a year 'round vacation land, you escape the "peak prices" of short season resorts. In fact, government figures show that food, rent, fuel and light costs here are 15.2% less than the national average. These basic factors indicate that your expenses here need be no more than at home, whether your stay be long or brief. So come early. You won't want to miss the post-season football and events like Pasadena's Tournament of Roses.

***New Free Illustrated Itinerary***

Send coupon now for your free copy of a new one-month's Illustrated Winter Itinerary for a Southern California visit, showing just what you can see and do, with daily costs of meals, hotels, sightseeing, etc., while here.

# SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

*All-Year Club of Southern California, Div. 10-G,*
*1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.*

(Check if desired). ☐ Please send me *free* Illustrated Winter Itinerary with itemized figures on costs while in Southern California.

(Check if desired). ☐ Four cents in stamps (postage cost) enclosed. Send "Southern California through the Camera." Also send *free* booklets about the counties I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ San Bernardino
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Riverside ☐ Ventura ☐ San Diego

*Name* _____ *Street* _____
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*City* _____ *State* _____

We have published another beautiful book picturing this Southland. It contains 71 interesting photographs by the best men of this land of "pictures." You may have a copy for postage cost. EXECUTIVES and INVESTORS: Los Angeles County oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions . . . the agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage.


## The Last of the Incas

(*Continued from page 34*)

Hernando de Pizarro, brother to Francisco, drew a started breath and shaded his eyes against the flooding of the golden dawn.

"*Sangre de Dios!* The heathen king's army!"

From the outermost walls of the city spread a vast array of color. Upon the emerald green of the plain it lay like a shimmering tapestry loosely dropped. Little fires pricked the distance like ruby-studded pins, and the waving of plumes and emblems was like the movement of close-thronged motes in a streamer of light.

One hundred and twenty soldiers of Spain looked at each other with wide-stretched eyes. No word was spoken. Each man was estimating how many thousands of warriors were in that gigantic encampment on the plain below.

But in Francisco Pizarro's face was no doubt, no hesitation. His dark eyes burned like beacon lights. His breath came fast, eager as the breath of a lion who scents the prey near at hand.

"Onward, my brave *companeros!* God and His angels are above us! The True Cross is our shield, and Santiago rides with us! We go forward to certain victory!"

His hand flashed upward; the blare of deep-throated bugles shattered the matutinal silence. In the little valley below there was confusion. The weaving motes of color went whirling and turning as if blown by a fierce wind. And presently from their midst came a princely cortege, a long line of moving figures that enlarged and became warriors bearing a litter.

"God grant that it be the Inca himself who comes!" Francisco Pizarro breathed to the young Hernan de Soto who rode at his side.

But it was not the Inca. It was the same noble who once before had met them, and who had carried to the Lord of the Realm the first account of the white warriors from an unknown land. He bade them welcome in courteous but laconic fashion. The Lord of the Realm would receive them in the courtyard of his palace.

THERE was a silent, but martial procession through the staring throngs of plumed warriors on the plain below, and through the city gates, along narrow, tortuous streets where shrinking, brown-faced men and women drew back against the stone walls, staring with dazed eyes at the mysterious newcomers and the lordly animals of unknown origin.

The red and yellow banner of Spain fluttered for the first time in the capital of the Incas, and chanting monks lifted high the Cross of the One God amid hideous idols of ancient Peruvian gods.

Past the imperial granaries they marched, led by the young noble in his feather-curtained litter. Past the stone storehouses where were deposited the woven robes of llama and vicuna wool; past the sacred grove that hid the Temple of the Sun virgins; and then, on into a spacious plaza, like to the plazas of Spain, where guarded walls enclosed the Inca's summer palace.

Somewhat had the Spaniards been prepared for magnificence, for upon the coast of Peru they had seen gold baubles and emeralds of no unworthy size, but the sudden opening of the stone-barred gates struck their eyes like smiting rays of the sun at noon.

A dazzling vista stretched before them, a blinding, golden, fabulous world! At first they could distinguish nothing, so startled, so unprepared were they for a sight that nothing in Christendom could equal. For here, in the Inca's outer courtyard, was life reproduced through the medium of gold and silver and precious stones! The very walls were cemented with the yellow, gleaming metal, and the pavement upon which they stood. There were trees whose trunks were of silver, and whose leaves were of gold, bent down by fruit of carven emeralds and turquoise, crystals and pearls and gems rose-pink and wave-green.

"See laundress dressmaker OH-YES have oil changed"

"Laundress" at the head of her morning's list means Mrs. Smith on Vine Street . . . "dressmaker" means Miss Lucy Baldwin . . . "oil" means Mobiloil for her car. And so on down her list. Each penciled item means a *name*—a name which she has carefully selected.

She chose her oil just as she chose her cook: she looked for references—the highest recommendations . . . And Mobiloil stood out above all other oils—she found that Mobiloil is the world's leading motor oil.

In case *you* are interested in references, too, you will like to know that the maker of *your* car approved Mobiloil. (Indeed, no other oil comes even a close second to Mobiloil in the recommendations of car manufacturers.)

To make it convenient for you to choose the *right grade* of Mobiloil for your particular car, the Mobiloil Chart is presented to you—also with the highest references. This famous chart was prepared by the largest group of lubrication engineers in the world. The oil recommended for your car was tested under the sternest eyes. It was approved only after it had surpassed other oils in those rigid tests.

So when you buy Mobiloil according to the Mobiloil Chart, you can be *sure* of your oil. When you say "Mobiloil A" . . . or "BB" . . . or "AF" . . . at the filling station, you know that you are employing for your car an oil with more references—higher recommendations—than any other oil in the world.

**Let's Drive Better than Men** is a free little book written for women drivers by a woman. It contains many helpful suggestions on road etiquette, driving at night, how to back into parking space, cold weather tantrums and many other questions on driving and care of the car. Address Mary Arnold, Dept. MG-100, Vacuum Oil Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

# Mobiloil

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

**The famous Mobiloil Concerts are broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, E. S. T., from . . . WEAF and 29 associated N. B. C. stations.**

## Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

| NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS | 1930 | | 1929 | | 1928 | | 1927 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Engine | | Engine | | Engine | | Engine | |
| | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter |
| Auburn 6-85 | AF | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| " 6-66A, 6-80, 76 | | | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| " other models | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. |
| Buick | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. |
| Cadillac | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. |
| Chandler | | | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Chevrolet | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Chrysler 70, 77 | BB | Arc. | | | | | A | Arc. |
| " Imperial | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. |
| " other models | AF | Arc. | AF | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Dodge Bros. | AF | Arc. | AF | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Durant 614 | AF | Arc. | | | | | | |
| " other models | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | | |
| Elcar 6-70, 75 | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| " other models | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. |
| Erskine | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Essex | AF | Arc. | AF | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Ford Model A | AF | Arc. | AF | Arc. | AF | Arc. | | |
| " Model T | | | | | | | E | |
| Franklin | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. |
| Gardner 6-cyl. 136 | AF | Arc. | | | | | | |
| " 8-cyl. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. |
| Graham and Graham-Paige | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | | |
| Hudson | AF | Arc. | AF | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Hupmobile | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. |
| LaSalle | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. |
| Lincoln | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. |
| Marmon, Big 8, 75, 6-79 | BB | Arc. | | | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. |
| " other models | AF | Arc. | AF | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Moon 6-72 | | | AF | Arc. | A | Arc. | | |
| " 8-80 | | | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | | |
| " other models | | | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv. 6, Sp. 6, Twin Ig. 6 | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. |
| Nash (other models) | AF | Arc. | AF | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Oakland | BB | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Oldsmobile | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Packard | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Peerless 61, 81 | | | AF | Arc. | | | | |
| " 60, 69, 80 | | | | | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| " other models | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. |
| Plymouth | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | | | | |
| Pontiac | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Reo (all models) | AF | Arc. | AF | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Studebaker Com'der 8 | AF | Arc. | AF | Arc. | | | | |
| " President 8 | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | | |
| " other models | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Whippet | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Willys-Knight | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. |
| Windsor 6-60, 6-72, 6-75 | AF | Arc. | AF | Arc. | | | | |
| " other models | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | | | | |

In using advertisements see page 6

*For those feminine accessories to fall smartness . . . . .*

# Be sure to use these blossomy petals of pure soap

FRILLY SILK BLOUSES, gay scarfs and gloves of chamois and washable kid... you'll find that all these important accessories ever retain their fresh newness and color when laundered with Kirkman's Soap Chips... that they're just as safe as in plain water.

For these downy-white soap petals accomplish the two most important things in washing... *they dislodge the dirt and keep the dirt from re-depositing*. Indeed, just as fast as each speck of dirt is floated into the rich snowy suds, a tiny soap globule surrounds it—and takes firm hold of it—so that it cannot be re-deposited, so that all dirt is washed out in the rinsing water.

If you are not familiar with Kirkman's Soap Chips, just fill out the coupon below for a generous free sample and the newest of practical books on modern laundering. Kirkman's Soap Chips, in three convenient sizes, are on sale at all grocers. Kirkman & Son, Brooklyn, N. Y.

# KIRKMAN'S SOAP CHIPS

SOFT WHITE PETALS OF PUREST SOAP

A-6-OCT.

KIRKMAN & SON, BRIDGE AND WATER STS., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please send me without charge your regular bathroom package of Kirkman's Soap Chips and "Modern Washing of Clothes and Dishes."

*Name* _____

*Street* _____

*City* _____ *State* _____

**Because there is no substitute for purity there can be no substitute for Kirkman Products**


## The Last of the Incas

Animals of life size, carved from massive, solid gold—the llama with its long, heavy fleece and the smaller vicuna, the stag of the mountains with silver antlers and hoofs, tropical birds with jewel-crusted wings, and flowers whose delicate petals were wrought from precious stones. Silver stalks of corn with golden ears, and grains that were pearls each worth an Emperor's ransom—was it any wonder that the soldiers of Spain felt their breath come short and a dizziness creep over their senses? The King of Spain had not so much wealth in his treasury as was here displayed in the outer courtyard of the Inca's palace. But Francisco Pizarro's voice came steadying and vibrant.

"Let no one show amaze. Let no hand touch these baubles. Soon they will be ours. Until then—let not the heathen be gratified by our astonishment!"

Through the glittering, fabulous pathway clanged the tired hoofs of the horses of Spain. The worn, leather boots of humble soldiers left imprints in dust of gold—their brown, itching fingers were brushed by golden leaves....

Another gateway opened before them. And now at last they saw the Inca, Atahualpa. Lord of the Realm, supreme ruler of a land mightier than they had dreamed of, sole owner of an incredible treasure—the heathen king they had come to conquer.

He sat beneath a canopy woven of feathers, laced with golden thread, and fringed with strands of pearls. He sat cross-legged, like an oriental monarch, on a low stool of gold spread across with scarlet-dyed vicuna rugs. Behind him were ranged the nobles of his kingdom in order of their rank. And close beside him, ready to minister to his every want, stood the Virgins of the Sun, those whose beauty and exalted birth entitled them to be of the imperial household.

Atahualpa, the Inca, and Francisco Pizarro, soldier-adventurer of Spain, gazed at each other in silence. Between them, sole channel for the communication of their words, was Filipillo, the Indian slave, he who had commenced his life in servitude and who now came face to the face with the Inca himself. He stood insolently, confident of the power of his new masters. His black, lustful eyes strayed back and forth along the line of slender, richly garmented maidens. There was one who carried a fan of parrot feathers, red and green. She was young and beautiful. His eyes sought hers greedily, but she would not look at him.

STILL in silence the Inca stared at the white warriors who had come out of a maiden's dream into a reality more bewildering than the expectation. No hint of the inner conflict of mind and heart displayed itself upon his calm, impassive face.

Even when Francisco Pizarro leaned far out of his saddle with a formal gesture of obeisance and salutation—even then the Inca did not move. He might have been a statue carved from a block of bronze-colored stone, and his brilliant, glittering retinue of maidens and nobles stood as motionless as he, their faces revealing nothing.

Frowning, Pizarro drew back. The silver bridle jingled impatiently between his fingers. He motioned for Filipillo to draw nearer and to translate his words quickly and faithfully.

"*Gran Señor*, we have come from a far land to bring thee the greetings of our most puissant sovereign, his Holy Catholic Majesty of Spain. We offer thee our assistance in warfare against thine enemies and beg leave to reside here in thy kingdom for a time to impart to thee the doctrines of the true faith, and knowledge of the One God who made the Heavens and the earth."

There was silence when he had finished. The Inca remained immobile, stolid, but his mind was busied with the words that had come to him from a strange language and had been wrought into his own.

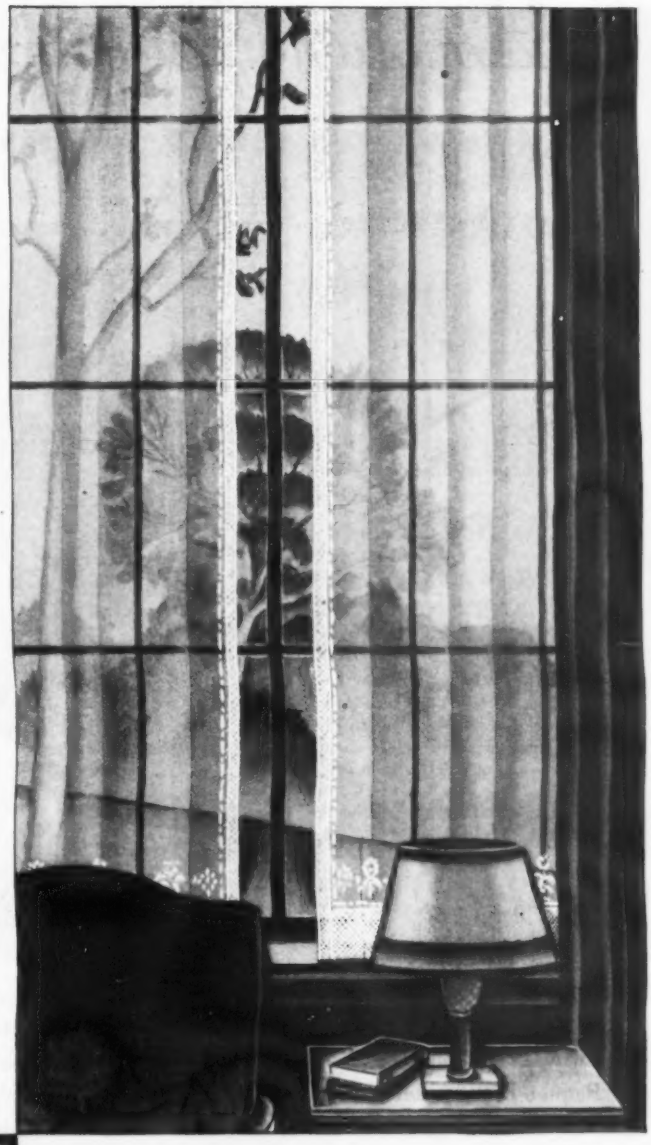
*In the most beautiful homes*
*. . . these new* ZION
# Curtains and Nets

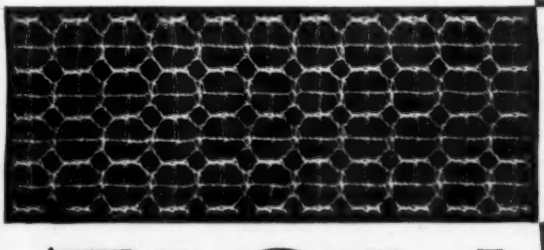
TRIM DESIGNS now make your living room, dining room, or bedrooms fresh and jaunty as an October morning.

Many new and interesting patterns of Zion Curtains and Nets have been produced in fancy weave backgrounds, figured and all-over designs, as well as plain centers.

The practical tailored curtain, hemmed on both sides and bottom is becoming increasingly fashionable, though the rich fringe has its loyal following.

Whatever the type of room you wish to curtain anew, you will find style freshness, long wearing qualities, and moderate price in all curtains and nets marked Zion. Sold at your local dealer.





*Pictured at left*—Actual size reproduction of curtain net illustrated. These nets are also brought out in a variety of patterns including plain, figured, border nets and all-over designs.

*All Zion Curtains and Nets are style sponsored and manufactured exclusively by Marshall Field & Company, Wholesale.*

# ZION CURTAINS AND NETS

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
*Wholesale*
Box 800, Chicago

Enclosed find 10 cents for which send me a copy of "Modern Windows"

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

*City*.....

*State*.....

GZ10

In using advertisements see page 6

# Honorable Discharge

## FOR 6 SHEETS THAT WITHSTOOD 18 YEARS' WEAR

62 Queensberry St., Boston, Mass.
February 15, 1930.

Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Eighteen years ago I was a bride, and bought six Pequot sheets in Portland, Oregon. We first moved from Portland to San Francisco, where the water is hard, and have been in Boston now for two years, where the same water conditions exist. I still have the same sheets! There isn't a worn spot in one of them. I have used these six sheets continually, and am putting them aside now, as keepsakes, only because I want to be up-to-date and am purchasing the new orchid Pequots.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) ALBERTA G. SCHMEER.

*Keepsakes*—Pequot Sheets that have *earned* retirement! Even 18 years' wear is no record for Pequot Sheets! One excellent housewife in Redlands, California, says: *"Twenty* years ago I bought the Pequot brand when going to be married. I am still using some of these sheets!"... Again and again, American housewives have expressed their overwhelming preference for Pequot..."because Pequot *wears longer.*" Pequot sheets come in snowy white or in seven lovely fast colors—soft, firm, smooth, cool to the touch, easy to wash, the hems always straight and even. There is just one grade of Pequot—the best. You can identify genuine Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases by the famous shield label. The Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts. Parker, Wilder & Co., Selling Agents: New York, Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco.

*Pequot Sheets*

PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

THE MOST POPULAR SHEETS IN AMERICA —THEY WEAR LONGER


## The Last of the Incas

"Knowledge of the One God—" Would that be Viracocha, the creator? Were these truly his messengers? Were they gods in human form?

And yet—their faces were worn and tired; the dust of the road was upon their garments. It seemed to him that they looked with awe upon the golden adornments of the courtyard. Surely gods would be well accustomed to the sacred metals of gold and silver which were used in their service?

Francisco Pizarro dared to speak again. "Will Your Grace not honor us with his voice, so that we may know thy pleasure?"

At last the Inca stirred. His countenance was fierce, dark—a warrior's face, yet not uncomely. The golden plaque about his throat flashed as he moved. "I have assigned thee a palace in my city for thyself and thy warriors. Tomorrow I shall come to eat with thee the midday meal. Tomorrow, when I come, I shall decide what will be done."

Francisco Pizarro's hand clenched involuntarily. But he bowed suavely once more from the saddle. "We shall be deeply honored by thy presence, *Gran Señor!*"

AGAIN fell the deep, unbroken silence. The Spanish soldiers moved uneasily. They seemed almost to huddle closer together.

The young De Soto drew a long breath. "*Dios!*" he said aloud. "I'll awaken these heathen from their sleep!"

And striking his iron heel into his charger's side, he brought the beautiful beast careening to its haunches. He wheeled him and turned him, pawing and prancing, and brought him down again so close to the seated Inca that white foam flecked down the royal garments, and the feather cap fluttered madly.

A gasp of terror arose. There was a startled, backward movement, swift suppressed.

But the maiden with the fan cried out. The precious ornament fell from her hands. She stumbled against the golden poles that upheld the Inca's canopy, and the structure swayed dizzily above his head.

The young De Soto swung his horse about. He was laughing. But his laughter ceased suddenly as he saw the terror in her eyes uplifted to his. With a single strong movement of his hand he checked the rearing animal. He leaned out of the saddle.

"Be not afraid," he said gently. "Never have I sought to harm beauty!"

The Inca had not moved. Neither by word or sign had he betrayed interest or fear. Only his dark, heavy-lidded eyes turned ever so slightly at those who had yielded to terror.

The young De Soto swung himself down and retrieved the fallen fan. The maiden was trembling as he placed it in her hands. For one fleeting instant his eyes met hers and held them. Youth and beauty gazed at each other silently, breathlessly—then he was in the saddle again.

The Inca opened his lips. "The audience is at an end," he said calmly.

Hernando Pizarro drew a deep, hissing breath. His black, scowling brows drew together—but the Commander's voice came suave and pleasant. "Tomorrow then, Your Majesty, we shall await the honor of thy coming. I promise thee a manner of cookery new to thee, and gifts which His Majesty of Spain hath sent for thine acceptance."

The Inca seemed not to hear. He deigned not so much as a gesture of dismissal.

It was a silent, discomfited troup of *caballeros* and foot-soldiers who filed out of the gold-glittering courtyard and through the narrow streets of Caxamalca to the splendid buildings assigned for their use. Only the young De Soto looked back with longing eyes. He had left his heart in the Inca's palace.

Massive and richly furnished were the quarters prepared for the white strangers—a group of buildings, opening like the Inca's own residence on a wide plaza, and enclosed with walls of stone. Again the soldiers of Spain

# Man's debt to Woman

ONE of the finest traditions of the human race is the sacrifice women make to bear children. Since time began, they have gladly risked health, beauty, life itself, if necessary—and seldom counted the cost. Medical science will never hold a surer claim to immortality than the record of its painstaking efforts to lighten the shadows of child-birth.

Today, motherhood is easier and far safer. And this is due not only to the modern hospital and the great strides made in obstetrics, but also to the spread of beneficial knowledge into the home, to a wider understanding of such things as diet, exercise and simple every-day care.

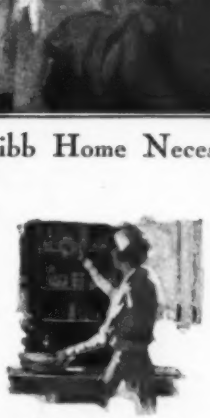
Since 1858 the House of Squibb has led in producing simple, trustworthy products for the medicine cabinet, many of which contribute to the comfort and welfare of the expectant mother. Into the making of these products goes exactly the same high skill as is devoted to preparing the important vaccines and antitoxins for which the Squibb Laboratories are so well known. And we count it a tribute indeed that numberless physicians instinctively specify the name Squibb when they prescribe milk of magnesia, liquid petrolatum or any of the familiar products used in the home.

Whether to meet an emergency or to fill the needs of every-day life, the Squibb label is a pledge of purity and safety . . . the guarantee of an extra value which Squibb Products have always contained: The Priceless Ingredient, the Honor and Integrity of the Maker.

## Squibb Home Necessities

*Many Squibb Products are helpful during pregnancy and valuable in the care of the baby. A few are described below. Your physician will advise you concerning them.*

* * *



**SQUIBB LIQUID PETROLATUM** (Pure Mineral Oil)—an effective internal lubricant for preventing constipation . . . odorless, tasteless—non-habit-forming, non-fattening. Safe for expectant mothers and for even the youngest baby.

**SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA**—a safe, effective antacid and gentle laxative—free from any suggestion of earthy taste. Valuable in combating hyper-acidity during pregnancy. As a mouth-wash, good for the teeth and gums.

**SQUIBB COD-LIVER OIL**—a pure refined product uniformly rich in Vitamins A and D. Widely used by the expectant mother to build reserve strength and also to promote the formation of sound bones and teeth by the baby.

**SQUIBB VITAVOSE**—a wheat-flour-sugar for milk modification, exceptionally rich in Vitamin B and assimilable iron salts. Promotes growth and stimulates the appetite.

**SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM**—made with 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—neutralizes acids, protects as it cleans. Guards The Danger Line. Combats "gingival third decay," a form of tooth decay particularly associated with pregnancy.

**SQUIBB NURSERY POWDER**—an unusually fine, impalpable powder, prepared from the best Italian talc. Pure and non-irritating. Fragrant and soothing.

**SQUIBB OLIVE OIL**—a pure oil pressed from the finest quality hand-picked olives. You will prefer its crystal-clearness. Used by many mothers for massaging the baby.

**SQUIBB BICARBONATE OF SODA**—refined to an unusual degree of purity, hence more palatable and efficacious. Often recommended by physicians for an upset condition of the stomach.

**SQUIBB CASTOR OIL**—special Squibb processes of refining and manufacture make it tasteless, and it stays that way.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

**AT ALL RELIABLE DRUG STORES FEATURING SERVICE AND QUALITY PRODUCTS**

## E. R. SQUIBB & SONS

New York . . . E. R. Squibb & Sons of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

*Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858*

## "On nippy days in Carolina—or anywhere else—what a joyous dish this is!"

*says Miss Gibson, of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company*

"When mornings get nippy, as they must even in Carolina, and black Emma swings along the road, kitchenwards, and sees a glint of frost on the rail fences, then some lucky white family in 'Cah'lina' is going to get meat pie for dinner.

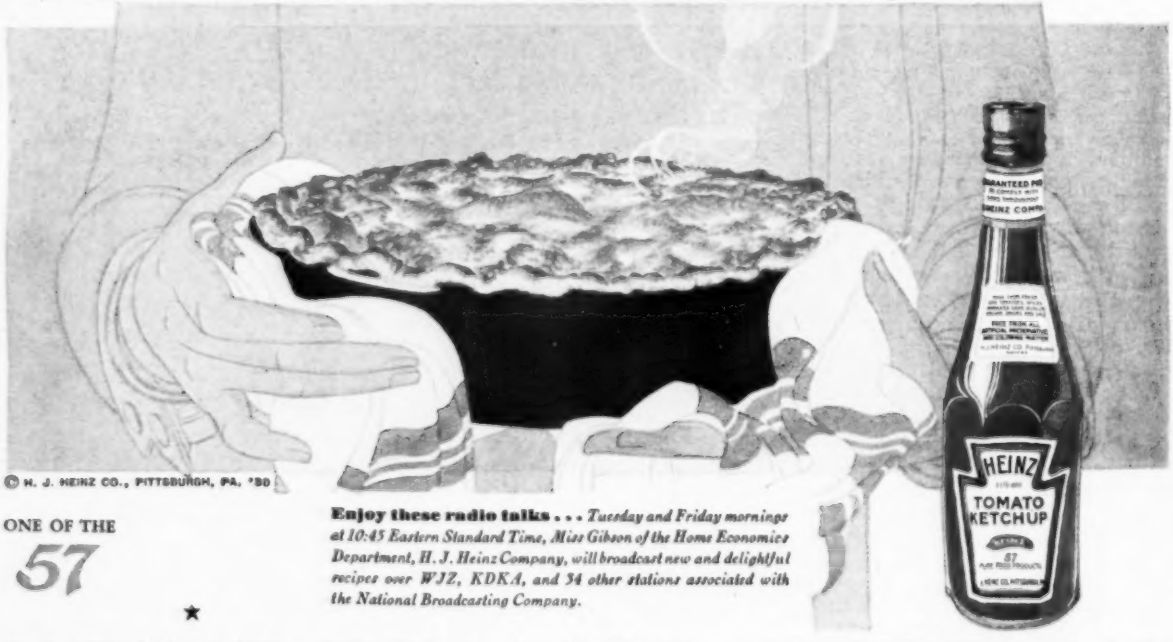
"And such a meat pie! Big, deep, steaming—with a flaky, brown crust crimped so becomingly on its circumference, and pierced twice in the center. What goodness is concealed in its depths! Meat or game—with the tenderest of vegetables—and the tiniest and daintiest of dumplings, and a rich, thick gravy over all!

"You serve it *invariably,* as black Emma's 'fambly' has found out, with Heinz Tomato Ketchup. They are inseparables, these two. For the rich essence of plump, vine-ripened tomatoes that is Heinz Tomato Ketchup, adds its own delightful flavor, and awakens the full flavors of the pie."

### CAROLINA MEAT PIE

*1 pound shoulder of Veal (or rabbit, venison, etc.)*
*2 tablespoonfuls flour • 2 onions • 4 potatoes*
*½ Cupful Heinz Tomato Ketchup • 1 quart boiling water*
*1 small slice of Ham • 1 tablespoonful butter or lard*
*Salt and pepper to taste • 2 carrots*

Cut Ham finely—cut meat into pieces about one inch square. If using game, combinations of rabbit and game birds or venison and birds are best. Sprinkle meat generously with salt and pepper. In a pot, put a tablespoonful of fat and when hot add meat. Brown well, add chopped onions and cook a few minutes longer; add carrots cut in dice. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoonfuls flour, and when browned add the boiling water combined with Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Simmer for one-half hour until meat is tender. Add potatoes cut in dice and cook until potatoes are tender and the stew rich and thick. Meanwhile prepare your favorite pie crust. Line a deep baking pan with this; pour in the cooked meat and vegetables. Cover with a top crust, embellish edge and pierce the center and bake until brown, in a hot oven. Or in place of using the pie crust, and baking with an under-crust, pour the meat mixture into a deep baking dish or casserole—place a biscuit dough over top and brown in the oven. Garnish with parsley. Serve, of course, with Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Few dishes are more delightful than this one.




© H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH, PA. '30

**Enjoy these radio talks . . .** *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Standard Time, Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA, and 34 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.*

ONE OF THE 57

★

# HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

## The Last of the Incas

stared at solid bands of gold ornamenting the walls of the spacious chambers; at niches wherein sat golden gods staring back at the white intruders with emerald eyes.

"I like it not," muttered Hernando Pizarro. "It savors too much of a trap!"

The young De Soto laughed, fingering appreciatively the tapestries of vicuna wool that had the fineness and texture of silk. "At least it is a richly baited trap," he made answer. "I am well content to be here!"

Francisco Pizarro strode moodily up and down the length of the long, stone chamber in the eastern wing of the palace. He was taking stock of the first day's happenings and found them not to his liking. One hundred and twenty soldiers of Spain in the heart of a gigantic empire, isolated, dependent for life upon the word of one man—a man who had shown neither fear, nor amazement, nor interest—

He stopped his pacing; his eyes became sword-points of concentration. "The heathen king is the empire. He is all. There is no word but his. If we possessed his person, we would possess the land of Peru!"

He commenced to stride up and down once more, according to his custom when thinking deeply. And from the plains about the city burned the fires of the Inca's warriors as thick as the stars in heaven; red eyes that watched unwinkingly.

IT WAS near midnight when the young Hernan de Soto, still in his mail armor, patrolling the silent courtyard to make sure that none of the weary sentinels slept, heard the sound of a woman's scream and in the darkness caught sight of a slender form struggling in the embrace of a familiar, despised figure.

Swiftly he crossed the intervening space. His mailed hand came down forcibly on the velveted shoulder of the man and wrenched him away.

"Filipillo—thou black dog! Is not our position here dangerous enough that thou must complicate it with thine unholy appetite for women?"

The face of the erstwhile Quechua slave was contorted with fury. "She came seeking me," he spat out.

Gently but firmly the young hidalgo led the terror-shaken maiden into the light. Then he made a choked sound in his throat.

"Thou!" he said in a whisper.

The Maiden of the Sun stretched out her hands to him. A wild fear was in her eyes, dark and glazed like those of a fawn that feels the hunter's knife upon its throat.

Hernan de Soto wheeled upon the Indian interpreter. His hand came up, and a stiletto glinted in the light from the open doorway.

"Filipillo," he said softly from between rigid lips, "thou art of some importance to the *Señor Capitan*. But thine importance ceases this moment if thou dost not translate swiftly and faithfully whatever this maiden shall say. Do not think to trick me, Filipillo, I have a little knowledge of the Quechua tongue. I shall know if thou art lying. . . . Now ask her why she came hither!"

The Maiden of the Sun began to speak passionately with unconsciously graphic gestures. Sullenly, not daring to disobey, the voice of Filipillo ran back and forth like a shuttle from one language to another. Yet it seemed that these two, the Maiden of the Sun and the tall, young hidalgo of Spain, understood another language that needed no interpreter. . . .

"I came to thee because thou art a god! Because in my dreams thou didst look upon me with kindness. The Lord of the Realm is mighty, but thou art mightier still. If *thou* dost tell me to die, I shall obey thee gladly."

Perplexed, the young De Soto lifted his hand. "How? Hath some one threatened thy life?"

The Maiden of the Sun bent her head.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ARM & HAMMER and COW BRAND BAKING SODA ARE BOTH PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., INC., 80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, N.Y.


In using advertisements see page 6

Study of Child at the Piano by Anton Bruehl

## ABOUT OUR CHILDREN

About our children we rear our gayest dreams, clothe them in our most poignant hopes, and probe their futures with a bright fear that is as old as the world. They will be strong and brave . . . they *must* be healthy . . . to their prosperous door-steps the pleasant people of the world will beat a pathway.

So run our dreams and our hopes. . . . But everything we have and all that we can do must be brought to bear on the effort to make these things come true. In the budding characters we can strive to encourage such few virtues as we, ourselves, had to pass on . . . the small, lithe bodies we can guard and develop . . . but how shall we imprint upon their dawning little personalities that rare glamour that makes the whole world come smiling?

The popular people we see about us are accomplished people . . . accomplished in the manners and arts that generations of culture have tested and found attractive. It is a share in these accomplishments that we must give to our children . . . a share in sport, in dancing, in art, literature and music.

They need not excel in any of these; but their performance in all must be authentic. And this particularly must be the case with their music. That is one reason the Steinway is treasured in important homes where children are being reared in the cultured tradition.

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Because this finest of all musical instruments, the Steinway, ranks so high in the world of excellent things, it long has been looked upon as the exclusive possession of musical artists or families of wealth. But the fact is, that every family may acquire the Instrument of the Immortals on terms that will not overburden even the modest income.

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109 West 57th Street, New York

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS **STEINWAY**

# The Last of the Incas

"Today, when thy lordly animal came so close to me, I cried out in terror. And for that fault I am to be slain at dawn—so hath the Inca commanded. But thou who art a god—"

Hernan de Soto felt his blood turn cold. "I am not a god," he denied vehemently, "but neither shalt thou die!"

A mailed step clanged on the pavement. Francisco Pizarro stood behind them, frowning blackly.

"*Sangre de Dios!* What mummery is this? One of the Inca's maidens here at night? Naught can save us if he learns of her presence in our midst!"

"Nay, but *Señor Capitan*, the maiden seeks sanctuary from death, for a fault of mine own causing!"

Swiftly he related the circumstances, and Pizarro's dark brow lightened a little.

"The Inca fears us then!" he said aloud, but as if to himself. "He but schooled himself and commanded his followers that they should betray no emotion! Well, the game swings to us then! Tomorrow, when the Inca comes, we shall impress him still further with all the brave showing that we can muster!"

Filipillo interrupted spitefully. "The Inca will not come! A red star appeared over the palace tonight, and until he hath received word from the priests as to its meaning, he will make no move of importance. This much—" he added, glaring balefully at the young De Soto, "did I learn from the maiden before the fine *caballero* struck me!"

Pizarro's eyes flashed. Rarely did he show rage. But now he stamped his mailed foot. "Ah—it is too much! The heathen king thinks to play with us like fish caught on golden hooks!"

He drew a deep breath. A strange light, of almost superhuman intensity, suddenly appeared in his eyes. Thus had he looked when first he heard of Peru's fabulous treasures. Thus had he looked when with the point of his sword he drew a line in the snow and dared the desertion of his followers for the sake of going forward with those who were loyal.

"Ask her," he said slowly to Filipillo, "*what will bring the Inca hither!*"

AMID a tense silence Filipillo put the question. The Maiden of the Sun stared at him, loathing in her dark eyes, but a great wonder, too. Simply she turned, not to the Commander, but to the young hidalgo of Spain.

"The Inca would come if he knew as I do, that thou art a god! But he does not believe fully as yet. If thou wilt but show him a sign—show him that thou art more than human. . . ."

The young De Soto flushed crimson under Filipillo's mocking rendition. But Francisco Pizarro started like a war horse feeling the iron spur in its side.

"A sign? By all the Saints he shall have it this night! So a red star hath appeared above the palace. Well, there shall be many such! Hernan, see to it that from our stores of baggage there be brought me the artificial fire balls that we have elsewhere used in impressing the heathen! A sign? The Inca shall have it! And tomorrow—I think he will come, walking into the trap he so carefully baited for us!"

The Maiden of the Sun looked from one to the other, bewildered, without realization of what her words would bring to pass—knowing only that she was under the protection of the silver-clad warrior-god who had championed her and saved her.

That night a shower of fiery sparks burst with a deafening roar above the white strangers' palace. Like terrified rats the awakened people scuttled from their houses, and even the Inca stood gazing into the illuminated heavens, his eyes unmasked of their indifference.

"They are gods then!" he whispered to himself. "And thus they show their anger because I have not received them. Tomorrow I shall go and do them all honor, asking their forgiveness for my doubts!"


RUG BEAUTY
AS NEVER BEFORE EXPRESSED

AMONG the discriminating in matters of style, the name Whittall on a rug is a hall-mark of value. To these—and particularly to you among them—the Whittall Fall Displays of Rug Fashions present an opportunity too real and too precious to be overlooked. Style, as revealed by Whittall, needs no advocacy of urgent words. Taste, experience, artistry speak always for themselves.

Your dealer is now showing these enchanting creations. Variety and value are seen in gorgeous colorings, intriguing patterns. Seamless, luxurious textures, both lustrous and delicately shadowed. Sidewalk-tested durability.

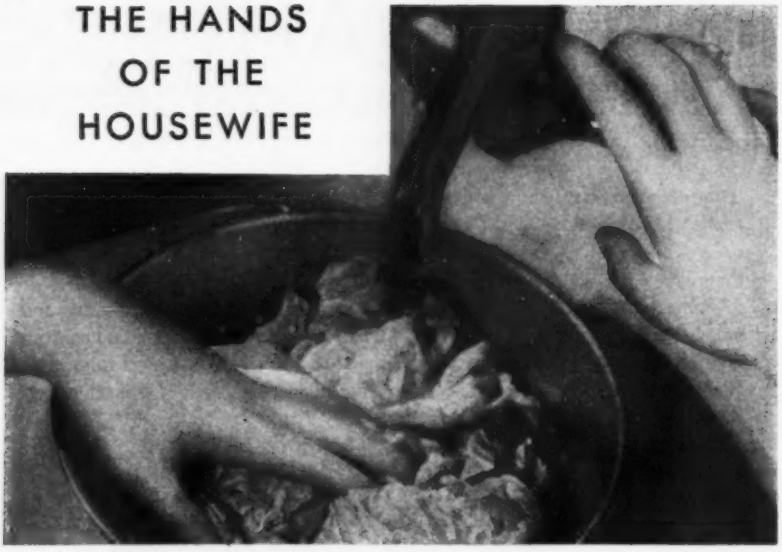
During this month your dealer is making a most unusual display of Whittall Rugs in his windows. It is certain to impress you when you see it

M. J. WHITTALL ASSOCIATES, Ltd.
Worcester, Mass.

WHITTALL RUGS

In using advertisements see page 6

THE HANDS OF THE HOUSEWIFE



BECOME THE HANDS OF THE HOSTESS

WHEN company comes, are your hands dry and harsh from washing vegetables? Are they pitifully red and rough from "fixing three meals a day"? Very likely—unless you keep them soft and white with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Make a practice of keeping a bottle of Hinds on your handiest kitchen shelf. Reach for it at the end of every hand-roughening job. The last thing at night, too, rub it in freely. This soothing lotion will soften and protect the most delicate skin. Do get a bottle from the nearest drug counter. The first few applications will show that housework hands can be *lovely* hands.

**HINDS** *Honey & Almond* **CREAM**

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## The Last of the Incas

DAWN, that was the color of blood, staining the cloudy garments of the eastern sky; a day that was to make history, to record either the success or failure of a fantastic, incredible plan. . . .

In the courtyard of the Spanish soldiers feverish waiting, with the moments dragging by like hours. Then suddenly a sentry cried out from the wall above:

"They are coming! I see a moving line of color!"

Down the long, narrow street came the sound of voices chanting, and the rhythmical swing of little bells. First appeared a bevy of dark slaves liveried in blue and white, with brooms to sweep the pathway of the Lord of the Realm. In order of rank there followed the nobles of the Inca's court, carrying garlands of flowers and ceremonial spears tufted with brilliant plumage of tropical birds.

But most magnificent of all, outshining his attendants as the sun obscures the glittering stars, Atahualpa, the Inca, rode in an open litter on the shoulders of the most exalted lords of his empire.

Upon a massive throne of gold he sat, under a canopy of iridescent feathers that glimmered like the arc of a rainbow. His garments were so thickly encrusted with precious gems that he sat stiffly, idol-like. A collar of enormous emeralds was about his neck; his arms were banded with plaques of gold. Under the conical peak of the turban the crimson fringe of the *llatu* came down to the level of his dark, heavy-lidded eyes. The molten light of the sun struck fire from the golden throne; from the solid coruscation of emeralds and crystals; from the shattering radiation of the Sun God's image upon his breast.

The golden bells chimed and lilted. The voices of the singers arose in a chant of praise to the Sun God, supreme ruler of the world, and to Atahualpa, Lord of the Realm.

But in the plaza of the Spaniards' palace there was silence, and a tensity like that of a cord stretched tight, near the breaking. . . .

THE long procession filed through the narrow gates into the courtyard beyond. There were squat, gleaming things of metal at the entrance, but there was none to warn the Inca of the menace of their yawning mouths.

There was no room for the long column of warriors behind him. The enclosed plaza was filled with the gayly-robed attendants of the Inca. And he, looking down from his high-borne palanquin, stared in wonder, seeing only empty hallways. There was no one to bid him welcome.

"Where are the white lords?" he demanded sharply. "Have they not been told of my coming?"

The answer came in a blare of harsh, brassy notes. A trumpet blew, and from the shadowed corridors a fierce shout rang out:

"*Santiago! Santiago!*"

From chamber to chamber it was answered: "*Santiago! Santiago and at them!*"

And from the spacious hallways the hidden Spaniards burst forth. Unseen, the gunners leaped beside the cannons at the entrance. The yawning mouths belched fire and smoke and leaden death, and a scream of anguish and terror arose.

"*Santiago! Santiago!*"

Stunned, bewildered, close packed in the walled enclosure, the garlanded nobles tried to escape, but no retreat was possible. They fought, screaming, striking with their naked hands at the swords of the Spaniards that rose and fell, dripping redly. The guns spat roaring, fiery death—the mail-clad horses plowed their way through the struggling, fear-maddened throng. . . .

High above swayed the golden litter of the Inca. Helpless, uncomprehending, unable to make his voice heard in a command, his jeweled hands clutched at the feathered curtains. Glittering coruscations of color leaped from his gem-crusted garments; the mocking glints

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**BE SURE—**

to protect your eyes with the good light that is produced by lamps of high quality.

The world-wide resources of General Electric are utilized in the manufacture of Edison MAZDA* Lamps, which have the quality that assures the *full value of the current consumed.*

In the average home the difference between the cost of good light and poor light hardly amounts to a cent an hour. Good light is a protection against eye-strain, which is likely to cause impairment of sight and be damaging to beauty.

In buying lamps, always look for the name EDISON on the carton and the marks MAZDA and GE on the bulb.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

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# EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

## GENERAL ELECTRIC

## easy to clean · · stays bright · · never wears out

Glowing with the silvery sheen that comes only through service, countless aluminum pots and pans have entered their second generation of usefulness. Cooking utensils made of Alcoa Aluminum wear almost forever.

They stay bright. They are easily cleaned. They heat evenly and rapidly, for aluminum conducts heat 5 times faster than iron or steel. And, most important of all, pots and pans of aluminum are absolutely safe when used in direct contact with food.

What wonder, then, that aluminum cooking utensils serve today in practically every kitchen in the country —home kitchens, hotel kitchens, in the kitchens of clubs, colleges, hospitals, sanitariums and dining cars. Even the linings for ovens are now made of aluminum to insure more even baking temperatures.

Nor does aluminum's service to you end there. Light weight electrical household appliances were made possible because of Alcoa Aluminum. Paper-thin Alcoa Aluminum Foil wraps and protects many of the food and other products that enter your home. Capping scores of jars and bottles in your pantry, protecting prescriptions and preparations in your medicine cabinet, screw caps of Alcoa Aluminum serve you almost unnoticed.

The story of Alcoa Aluminum and the development of its manifold present-day uses is interesting to everyone. If you would like a complimentary copy of this story in booklet form ask for "Alcoa Aluminum in the Home". ALUMINUM COMPANY *of* AMERICA; 2416 Oliver Building, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

ALCOA ALUMINUM

## The Last of the Incas

of a rainbow flickered over the writhing mass of humanity.

Swiftly the gates were choked with piles of dead and wounded—guarded by blinding blasts of cannon fire, horribly spattered with blood. Those without fled, thinking the end of the world upon them. Those within the fatal enclosure fought desperately to form a last, frail phalanx of protection about the sacred person of the ruler.

The imperial litter lurched perilously. One of the nobles bearing it had been fatally stricken. Another took his place. Around the golden, tossing throne raged the fiercest of the battle. Flower-wreathed slaves flung themselves at the terrible, mounted warriors. Cut down, dying, they still clutched at the hoofs that trampled them, calling upon their gods to come to the succor of the imperiled Lord of the Realm.

Then suddenly the golden throne slid downward—crashed amid toppling bodies—the Inca fell forward into the mêlée.

Instantly Francisco Pizarro was out of his saddle. His shield interposed a barrier between the flying lances and arrows and the jeweled body of the struggling monarch.

Some one snatched the imperial *llatu* from Atahualpa's temples, holding it high, shouting with triumph. It was Filipillo, the Indian slave. He, who had been born in obscurity and servility, now flaunted aloft, as if it had been a severed head, the crimson fringe of supreme royalty, the emblem of divinity that only the Inca might wear! As if it had been indeed the head of the Lord of the Realm, the battle suddenly ceased. The living sought only to flee, clambering over the sprawled heaps of slain and dying. The Spanish soldiery pursued them out through the narrow streets—out into the plains beyond—and the Quechua warriors fled like hunted animals before the terror of lances that spoke with the voices of thunder and sent blasting darts of death.

IT WAS over. The incredible feat of daring had been performed; the Inca had been taken prisoner in the very heart of his kingdom, surrounded by thousands of his warriors. The Lord of the Realm had come to dine—and remained to become a captive in a golden prison.

At dawn he had been the sole lord of treasure more vast than the human mind could encompass with its wildest imaginings. Now at nightfall he sat in a guarded chamber of the Spaniards' palace. From the niches around the walls golden idols stared down emerald-eyed at the man who had been worshiped like them, as a god. He sat as if in a daze, his jeweled robes spread out stiffly about him. Once his bruised hand lifted to his temples, where once the crimson fringe of the sacred *llatu* had hung. From without came the sounds of the Spaniards' voices, singing, shouting their victory. Still he sat motionless, unseeing, unthinking.

The shimmering tapestry of the wall behind lifted silently. From the secret passage disclosed, the Maiden of the Sun stepped forth. She came with bowed head and disheveled hair, her clasped hands held out before her. She flung herself at the Inca's feet and lay there, limp and sobbing.

Slightly he stirred. A faint sigh escaped his lips. "Then the white gods did not slay thee?" he asked.

She lifted her tear-stained face to his.

"They are not gods!" she cried passionately. "They are evil, terrible men, come to desecrate our land for some purpose we know not of. One of them is good and kind—he who came to me in my dreams. The others are like evil spirits. The gods have deserted us! And I, O Lord of the Realm, beg thee now for the boon of death—death with torture, if such be thy will! Mine is the blame for thine imprisonment—mine alone is the guilt! Speak the word of death, Ruler of the World! Let me


# *tempting Prizes for tempting dishes of* MACARONI *EGG NOODLES SPAGHETTI*

## $5000 IN CASH

| AWARDS | For Macaroni Recipes | For Spaghetti Recipes | For Egg Noodle Recipes |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st . . . . | $500.00 | $500.00 | $500.00 |
| 2nd . . . . | 250.00 | 250.00 | 250.00 |
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| Next 10, each | 25.00 | 25.00 | 25.00 |
| Next 104, each | 5.00 | 5.00 | 5.00 |

**RULES:** 1. Contest open to any resident of U. S. or Canada, except those connected with the macaroni industry. 2. Awards will be based solely on the novel, appetizing qualities of the recipes. The Judges' decisions will be final. Each recipe must contain as an ingredient: Macaroni, Spaghetti or Egg Noodles. 3. Use pen and ink or typewriter. Write on one side of paper only. Use separate sheet for each recipe submitted. 4. In describing recipe give exact measurement. 5. In event of tie for any prize, an equal prize will be awarded each tying contestant. 6. Contest closes Dec. 15, 1930. No entry bearing later postmark eligible. Address Recipe Contest, National Macaroni Mfrs. Assn., Peoples Bank Bldg., Indianapolis.

**JUDGES:** Sarah Field Splint, Director of McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management; Maxime, chef, Benjamin Franklin Hotel, Philadelphia; Jean Rich, recipe counselor, National Macaroni Manufacturers Association.

*Surprise the family with "Macaroni Papoose" from* FRED HARVEY *of the Santa Fe*

½ lb. macaroni (broken into 4" lengths)
Thin slices of raw smoked ham
Horseradish
¼ cup milk
Grated cheese

1. Cook macaroni until tender. 2. Spread slices of ham with macaroni, horseradish and cheese. 3. Roll slices and skewer or tie together. 4. Place in shallow baking dish with ¼ cup milk. 5. Bake in moderate oven (325°) for 35 minutes. 6. Serve hot, with dish of crushed pineapple as sprinkle.

*(Makes 4 liberal servings)*

HAVE you a "pet" recipe for Macaroni, Spaghetti or Egg Noodles? One that is as delicious and unusual as the "Macaroni Papoose" shown below? You can turn it into cash! $5,000 will be awarded by the National Macaroni Manufacturers Association in this new contest. Your recipe may win one of the three first prizes—$500 each!

If you do not serve Macaroni, Spaghetti and Egg Noodles regularly, get acquainted now! These easily digested foods are simple to prepare; unsurpassed in appetite appeal; high in nourishment; yet decidedly *thrifty*.

Read the rules, then submit your recipes. Send as many as you like, provided each contains Macaroni, Spaghetti or Egg Noodles.

To aid you in winning a prize, we offer FREE "The Jean Rich Cook Book" of 70 tested recipes for macaroni products. Contest closes December 15, so mail coupon now!

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FREE BOOK COUPON

THE ENERGY TRIO

NATIONAL MACARONI MFRS. ASSOCIATION,
Dept. 401, Peoples Bank Bldg., Indianapolis.

Please send me, FREE, my copy of "The Jean Rich Cook Book" containing 70 tested recipes for Macaroni, Spaghetti and Egg Noodles. (Print name and address)

Name .....

Address .....


In using advertisements see page 6

# Prodigious Children of Old Father Time

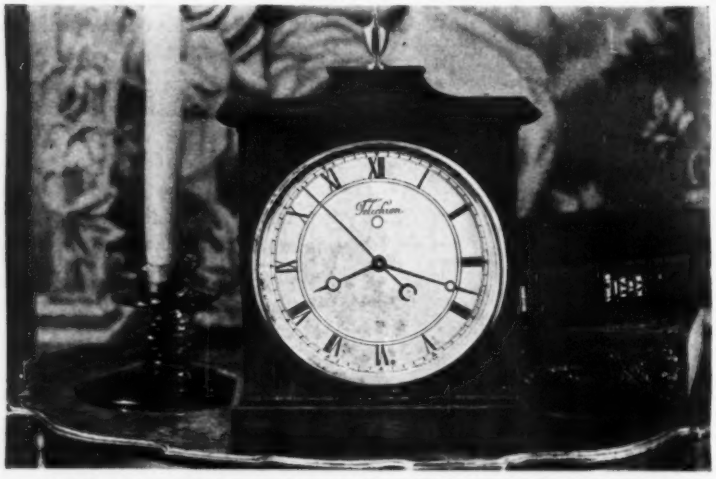
CLOAKED in beauty inherited from the ages, conspiring with the phantom power that lights the world, Telechron* Self-Starting Electric Clocks have in the last decade taught a new conception of effortless timekeeping accuracy. . . .

The Warren Telechron Company founded the industry of electric time. It placed Master Clocks in the power houses to establish a precision which made possible the use of synchronous timepieces. The Warren Telechron Company developed a wealth of models to fill the requirements of every purse, taste and purpose.

And now the fall of 1930 sees the introduction of still greater variety, new models fashioned from fine metals and woods with yet higher craftsmanship. Below are shown a modest three—two for living-room or library, the third a simple model for the kitchen. All supply accurate electric time, without winding, regulating, oiling or cleaning. Prices range from $9.75 to $55. Under the name "Telechron" in your Classified Telephone Directory you will find the nearest dealer listed. Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Massachusetts. In Canada, Canadian General Electric Company, Toronto.

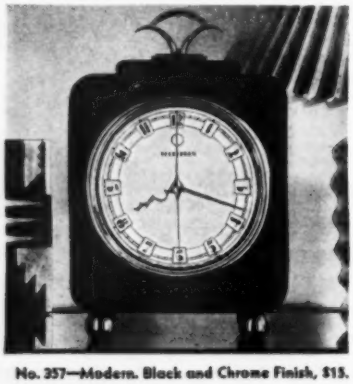
The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures grandfather's clocks and other distinguished chiming clocks of all kinds, equipped with Telechron motors, at prices ranging up to $1200.

* Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in the U. S. Patent Office, of the Warren Telechron Co.



No. 528—Mahogany finish. Five-inch enameled dial. 9⅝" high, $30. With bracket for wall, $33.

No. 454—Duco finish. White or colors, $9.75.



No. 257—Modern. Black and Chrome Finish, $15.

Telechron

October 1930 Good Housekeeping


## The Last of the Incas

live no longer, lest I bring more grief and destruction upon our land!"

Sadly he shook his head. His somber, heavy-lidded eyes looked beyond her.

"Nay, there has been enough death this day! Return to whatever place the white warriors have allotted thee—thus they will not know of the passages within the walls. Surely the gods of Peru are not dead—surely they will send us their aid! We will await the morrow."

IN THE sumptuous, tapestried chamber in the eastern wing of the palace, Francisco Pizarro paced the floor and gazed down upon scattered piles of golden ornaments, and emerald and turquoise collars—blood-stained spoils of battle. His eyes were not now the eyes of a conqueror. They were not the eyes of a man whose audacious scheme, without parallel in history, had caused the downfall of an empire.

"Tonight," he said aloud, "tonight the treasure house of Peru is ours. We are masters of more wealth than we ever dreamed was in the world. But tomorrow the warriors of the Inca may unite and overwhelm us, as the sea covers up the pebbles on the shore. Tonight they flee. Tomorrow—who can tell?"

That night the soldiers of Spain dreamed of piles of gold through which they waded ankle deep. Francisco Pizarro dreamed of the red and yellow banner of Spain floating over a new capital of an age-old land. . . .

Filipillo turned and muttered as he lay, tortured by thoughts of revenge. Hernan de Soto saw before him the delicate beauty of the Maiden of the Sun; and she, having sobbed herself to sleep, found comfort in a dream of eyes that were like turquoise, and a young, ardent face. . . .

Atahualpa, last of the mighty Incas, sat through the long night motionless, staring into the blackness. When the first brightness of dawn tinged the sky, he lifted his hand once more to his forehead where the imperial *llatu* had hung. The redness of the rising orb was like a baleful, questioning eye. And he, Atahualpa the Inca, hid his face from the accusing eye of the Sun God. He, who had been worshiped as divine, felt hot tears scald his cheeks. He, who had thought himself more than human, covered his face and wept like a woman, as the red dawn bloomed in the sky.

(*To be continued*)

## Legends of Old Mexico

(*Continued from page 59*)

Boy Tilim, to this day the cardinal with his lovely coat has a short, ugly song. And that is why every one loves poor Xcok, the ugly bird, for his beautiful singing.

### The Dog and Malinchu

THIS is one of the stories that Grandmother Chich told Little Boy Tilim, one noon when the sun was shining brightly on the corn and bananas.

Grandmother Chich had given Little Boy Tilim a lunch of green corn *tortillas*, and beans, and deer meat and milk from ripe coconuts. Outside the sun was hot, and the dust was white and thick on the roads. Inside, under the palm-thatched roof, it was peaceful and still.

Pek, the dog, was in the doorway with his head between his paws, sound asleep. Little Boy Tilim knew that Pek was his best friend. He asked Grandmother Chich to tell him a story about a dog.

And this was the story she told him, as they swayed in their bright-colored hammocks in far-off Yucatan.

LONG ago and long ago, near the town of Motul, there lived an old woman and her little grandchild. They had no companion except a dog named Pek.

# *Now!*
# Make Waffles Automatically

## Developed by the Makers of the Famous Toastmaster, this Utterly New-Type Waffle Baker takes the Muss and Fuss out of Waffle Making

**1.** *You simply set a lever—and the red signal light flashes "bright"*

**2.** *Then pour in the batter—and forget about it!*

**3.** *The signal light changes to "dim" to tell you the waffle is done*

NOW comes an *automatic* waffle-iron that banishes all the guess-work; all the burn, stick and bother from waffle making!

It comes as another unique electrical invention from the people who invented automatic toastmaking—from the inventors of the famous Toastmaster.

It is called the *Waffle-Master*, is completely automatic *and makes waffles entirely without the use of grease.*

### *All You Do Is Set A Lever*

All you do is set a lever. When the iron is at just the right heat for the batter, a tiny red signal *tells you* that it is.

Then you pour in the batter, close the iron—*and forget about it!*

When the waffle is done—done to just the marvelously golden brown you want—the signal light changes again to *tell you* that it's done.

You don't open the iron, or even think about it, from the time you pour in the batter to the time you are signalled that the waffle is done.

No watching. No burning. No sticking. No underdone waffles. The whole operation is automatic.

### *Won't Stick—Won't Burn*

Another important point is that WAFFLES cooked in this device *will not* stick. Yet—you use no grease.

Another is, that waffles *will not* burn. For when one is done, the Waffle-Master turns the current down from "high" to "low" heat *automatically.*

You can take the waffle out, or leave it in to keep it hot, just as you like.

### *See The Waffle-Master*

If you like waffles, but have had bother making them—see the Waffle-Master. You, like thousands of others, will call it wonderful.

Now on display at most stores carrying electrical devices throughout the United States and Canada. *279R*

**WAFFLE-MASTER**
A TOASTMASTER PRODUCT
*Makes Waffles Automatically*

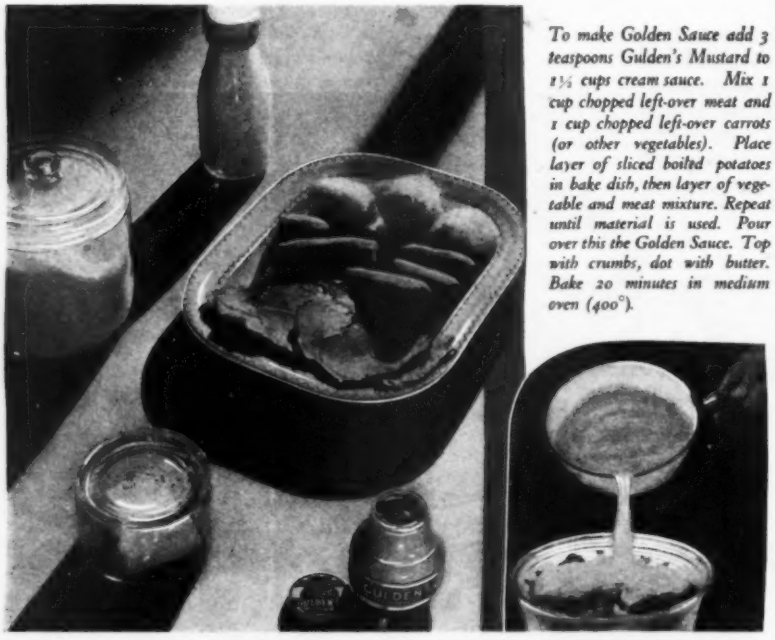
WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
219 N. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

*A Division of the*
McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY

In using advertisements see page 6

# Golden Sauce

## *gives new deliciousness to left-overs*



*To make Golden Sauce add 3 teaspoons Gulden's Mustard to 1½ cups cream sauce. Mix 1 cup chopped left-over meat and 1 cup chopped left-over carrots (or other vegetables). Place layer of sliced boiled potatoes in bake dish, then layer of vegetable and meat mixture. Repeat until material is used. Pour over this the Golden Sauce. Top with crumbs, dot with butter. Bake 20 minutes in medium oven (400°).*

LEFT-OVER potatoes, meat, vegetables to be recooked—it doesn't sound very interesting. But when you prepare them with this Golden Sauce, seasoned to exciting perfection with Gulden's Mustard, you will find them "better than the first time."

Just think what it means to be able to season sauces and gravies so that they give a new deliciousness to the whole meal! And that is exactly what Gulden's does. Try using two teaspoons of Gulden's Mustard the next time you make gravy—your family and guests will be delighted.

Since 1864 Charles Gulden, Inc., makers of mustard and *nothing but mustard*, have taken the prizes given at World Fairs and Institutes for the finest prepared mustard. Gulden's has a matchless flavor—for it combines the world's choicest mustard seeds and rare spices, blended with skillful exactitude in just the right proportion for seasoning.

Gulden's brings out the hidden goodness in meats and gives new relish to salads and sandwiches.

**New Recipes for Savory Sauces**

Send for our recipe book of seasoning secrets compiled by expert cooks, and the popular Gulden chart of savory sauces and how to use them. Enclose ten cents if you want a 2-ounce bottle of Gulden's.

CHARLES GULDEN, Inc., Dept. J-23,
50 Elizabeth St., New York City.

☐ Please send me a free copy of "Seasoning Secrets", containing 76 recipes with a new taste-thrill, the chart of Savory Sauces, and the appetizer leaflet.

☐ I enclose 10 cents for a 2-oz. sample bottle of your delicious seasoner.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

**GULDEN'S Mustard** » » »

★

**USE IT AS A SEASONING IN COOKING**


## Legends of Old Mexico

The old woman would let the dog help her whenever she had anything to do. Whenever she went to the *izo-not* to get water, Pek would stay in the little palm-thatched house where they lived. He would take care of the little boy, who was still so small that he couldn't take care of himself.

One day, when the old woman went for water, the little boy, who had been asleep, woke up and began to cry. Pek sat up and rocked the hammock, beginning to sing a song that went like this:

*"Ko-nish pal ma ocol*
(Now, baby, don't cry)
*Xic tu bin kan an tech*
(I am taking care of you)
*A mama he kutal*
(Your mama is coming)
*Kutal, a mama.*
(Coming, your mama.)"

The little boy stopped crying and listened to Pek's song. Pek rocked the hammock and sang it again. But as he was singing, the old woman came in. She didn't like Pek to sing. She took a big stick and beat poor Pek, while the little boy cried.

The next day, when the old woman went for water, Malinchu, who likes to make mischief, came in to see Pek. Malinchu lives deep under the ground. All he does is to think of ways to make people unhappy.

Malinchu said to Pek, "Pek, will you sell me your mistress?"

"No," growled Pek, and every hair on the back of his neck stood up, bristling.

"Why not?" asked Malinchu.

"Because she's good and kind and I love her," growled Pek.

"Ah, yes, Pek, but she beats you," said Malinchu. "Think it over!"

Malinchu stamped his foot and vanished underneath the ground.

The little boy woke up and began to cry. Pek rocked the hammock and sang to him, just as he had the day before. The old woman came in and heard him. She got a big stick and beat poor Pek until he howled.

THE next day, when she went out for water, Malinchu came again.

"Well, Pek," he said, "do you still love your mistress?"

"Yes," said Pek.

"If you will sell her to me," said Malinchu, "I shall give you as many nice big juicy bones, with meat on them, as you have hairs on your back. And if you sell her to me, you won't have any one to beat you."

"Well," said Pek, "I'll think about it."

Malinchu stamped his foot on the ground and vanished down to his caves under the earth.

The little boy woke up, and Pek began to rock and sing him to sleep. The old woman came in and beat him again.

That night Pek was thinking about Malinchu. He didn't want to sell his mistress. But he was afraid Malinchu would carry her off, if he didn't do something soon. Pek decided that he would play a trick on Malinchu and *pretend* to want to sell her.

The next day when Malinchu came, he said, "Well, Pek, do you still love her?"

Pek licked his sides, still sore from the beating he got the day before. "She beat me again yesterday," he whined.

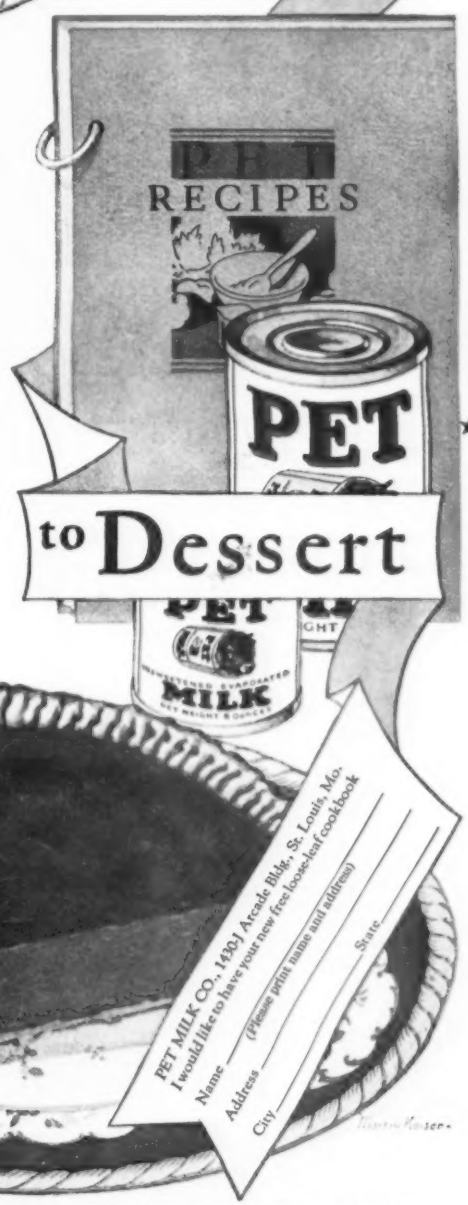
"Do you still love her?" chuckled Malinchu.

"Oh, I'm beginning to think I can live without her," said Pek.

"Well, tonight you can count your hairs, and I'll give you a bone for every hair you count," said Malinchu.

That night, when Malinchu came, Pek's mouth watered to see all the beautiful bones. Then Pek began to count his hairs. He pulled them out as he counted them, and he counted ever so slowly. At the end of every five or six hundred hairs, Pek pretended to sneeze and

# Dinner from Soup




CREAM soup with extraordinary fineness of texture and flavor—vegetables creamed with white sauce of rich consistency, baked fowl with dressing and cream gravy—salad, with a dressing that's different—a dessert, pie that will melt in your mouth, or ice cream or pudding or a whipped confection—and all so wholesome that even the children may eat as much as they will. That *is* a dinner!

## Any One Can Do It

There is milk in every dish. Ordinary milk won't do. Pet Milk gives a particular taste and texture. Nothing else will substitute and give the same wholesome food substance. Pet Milk used where you'd use cream—in the ice cream, for example—is as rich as cream in food substance, but it has *better* richness than that of cream. Cream is rich only in fat. Pet Milk is rich in all the milk-food substances that make milk—*not* cream—the most nearly perfect of all foods—the substances that build and maintain teeth and bone and tissue.

## And When You Use Milk

Modern nutrition experts all agree that more milk in the daily diet would give all of us better health and vigor and longer life. Because Pet Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk it enables you to put more milk solids in many cooked dishes. In your creamed vegetables, for example, you use Pet Milk undiluted except for the cooking water off the vegetables. That puts more milk in your white sauce, makes it creamier than ordinary milk can make it, and saves the fine vegetable flavor as well as the valuable mineral substance of the vegetables that cook out in the water.

## At What Cost?

Economy is not the purpose. It's just the natural result. Your dinner costs less because Pet Milk costs less than ordinary milk—not because it's less good, but because it's better. Concentrated, made more than twice as rich, sterilized in sealed cans, shipped by freight and sold by your grocer Pet Milk is distributed for less cost than is the bottle of milk left on your doorstep.

## Will You Try One Recipe?

Make your cream soup like this. Then let us tell you and prove to you that Pet Milk will do for every dish where milk can be used, just what it does for the soup.

**CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP**

**1 can Campbell's tomato soup**
**Pet Milk to fill can** **½ teaspoon salt**

To the contents of a can of tomato soup, add an equal quantity of Pet Milk. Heat, *but do not* boil, stirring constantly. Add salt and serve immediately. Serves 4.

## Let Us Send You Our New Books—Free

Our new loose-leaf book—more than a recipe book, though it contains more than three hundred recipes—will tell you many ways in which Pet Milk will give you better food at less cost with greater convenience.

*Recipe for Pumpkin Pie, page 61, new loose-leaf cookbook.*

# to Dessert

PET MILK CO., 1430J Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
I would like to have your new free loose-leaf cookbook
Name _____ (Please print name and address)
Address _____
City _____ State _____

**Of course you didn't expect them—but that's all right . . . *Says the Uneeda Boy***

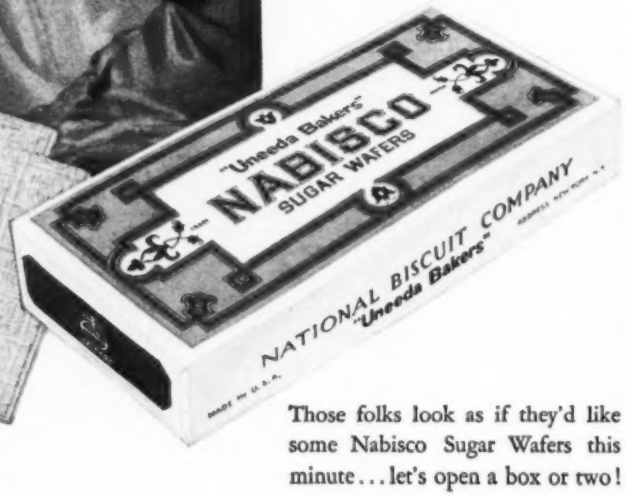
There's nothing to get fussed over . . . I'm the Uneeda Boy, and I've an idea or two for you.

The Uneeda Bakers make so many good things for parties that you can always get up a spread in no time at all.

Here's a package of Nabisco Sugar Wafers to start with—and besides Nabiscos there are just all sorts of other nice cookies and biscuit and crackers—ready for any kind of a treat.

And you couldn't give your guests anything *better,* because "Uneeda Bakers" use the very best of everything, and take so much *extra* care with their baking . . .

Yes, *ma'am!* Any time you open any package with the N. B. C. Uneeda Seal, you're sure of something that's as good as it *can* be baked.




Those folks look as if they'd like some Nabisco Sugar Wafers this minute . . . let's open a box or two!

The happiest combination of airy crispness . . . and melting creaminess . . . that was ever hit upon. Delicate enough for the most finicky appetite—substantial enough for those who like real food value in their dainty wafers. There's nothing quite like Nabisco.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

**"Uneeda Bakers"**

# "Uneeda Bakers"

## Legends of Old Mexico

lose count. He would begin all over again and count them even more slowly.

"Hurry, hurry!" Malinchu would say.

"Oh, dear," Pek would say, "you've made me lose count. Now I shall have to start all over again."

And Pek would begin again, while Malinchu danced impatiently around the room.

Pek knew that when midnight came, Malinchu would have to go away. He counted slower and slower, and soon it was midnight. Malinchu stamped his foot on the ground and disappeared under the earth with all the lovely bones. Pek watched him disappear, and his mouth watered. But he went over to his corner and went to sleep happily, because he knew he had saved his mistress again.

The next night the same thing happened. Pek pretended to have a cold, and sneezed and sneezed, and could hardly count at all.

Malinchu was angry. When he stamped his foot on the earth at midnight, to go home, he stamped it so hard that he nearly woke up the old woman and the little boy.

The next morning the old woman went to the well as usual. While she was gone, the little boy woke up and began to cry. Pek sang him the song and rocked the hammock to make the little boy happy, as he had done on other days. While he was doing it the old woman came back from the well.

"What!" she cried. "Are you at it again? You lazy, good-for-nothing Pek, you wicked dog, waking up my dear little son with your howling! I'll break this stick on your back!"

She flew at him with a big stick and beat and beat him. Poor Pek ran around the little hut, trying to get away. She ran after him, and beat him until the stick broke. Then she picked up the pitcher of water she had just brought from the *tzo-not*. She threw it at Pek, stamping her foot angrily. She stamped her foot so hard that she stamped a hole in the ground.

Pek saw Malinchu's hairy hand reach up through the hole and grab the old woman's ankle.

"Ah-ha! I have you now!" laughed Malinchu.

The pitcher of water she threw at Pek was broken, and the water was pouring out on the ground. It covered the floor with water. It covered the little stools they sat on with water.

Suddenly Pek knew that it was a magic pitcher and that the water would keep coming out of it.

Pek picked up the little boy and ran out of the palm-thatched hut to a hill. He left the little boy there and ran back to get the old woman, who was howling and crying. She tried and tried to get her foot loose, but couldn't. Pek pulled and pulled, but she was fastened fast. Soon the water was so high that Pek had to swim away and leave her for Malinchu to pull down to his dark caves underground.

He saw the water rise and rise. After a while, where the old woman's hut had been, there was a lovely little lake of pale green water.

Pek and the little boy never saw the old woman or Malinchu again. They built a little house on a hill and lived happily, singing songs and rocking in their hammocks and eating lovely, green corn *tortillas*.

"SO YOU see, dear Little Boy Tilim," said Grandmother Chich, "that even a little dog may have a kind heart and help his friends; and the old woman, who was so mean that nobody could love her, hurt herself more than she hurt anybody else. If we are cruel and unkind we always hurt ourselves sooner or later, but if we are good, like the little dog, we can be sure of finding happiness."

And Grandmother Chich smiled at Little Boy Tilim, who called his little dog Pek and gave him a big hug.

(*To be continued*)


# Wheatena *is sun-browned*

—**because** it is the cereal made from the entire wheat kernel . . from wheat ripened in sun-drenched fields . . browned by the same natural rays that turn your skin to healthy tan.

# Wheatena *is nourishing*

—**because** it contains the precious food materials that nature packs so generously into the sun-browned kernel of wheat . . the minerals, proteins, carbohydrates and nourishing oils.

# Wheatena *is delicious*

—**because** the unique roasting and toasting process used at the Wheatena Mills gives it a delicious, nut-like flavor you'll find in no other breakfast cereal.

# Wheatena *is quick-cooking*

—**because** the same roasting and toasting process that gives Wheatena its flavor also prepares it for *quick-cooking* in the home. It's ready for the milk or cream in two minutes.

# Wheatena *is inexpensive*

*Costs less than* 1¢ *a dish*

—**because** each yellow and blue package of Wheatena gives you 30 or more generous servings at a cost of less than 1 cent a serving.

---

## 3 delicious servings FREE

We want you to taste the delicious flavor of this wonderful SUN-BROWNED wheat cereal—Wheatena. Just mail this coupon and we'll send you 3 generous servings FREE.

*Name* .....

*Address* ..... GH-10-30

The Wheatena Corporation, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.


In using advertisements see page 6

# He can't fight winter *alone!*

**Don't let him waste his precious strength fighting preventable winter ills when cod-liver oil, regularly taken, can do so much toward keeping up his resistance.**

**But there's a world of difference in cod-liver oils. How can you tell whether a certain cod-liver oil actually contains *enough* Vitamins A and D to help your child grow straight and strong?**

**Not by looking at it. Not by tasting it. No—not even by a chemical analysis of it! The only way you can be *sure* is to choose cod-liver oil that bears the label of a firm in whose scientific skill you have complete confidence.**

**Carefully-controlled tests in the Parke-Davis laboratories, which take 35 days to complete, are your assurance that each teaspoonful of Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil contains *definitely measured* amounts of both Vitamins A and D.**

**This pure, golden oil comes in 4-ounce and 16-ounce bottles, or in convenient, easy-to-take capsules. At drug stores everywhere.**

**PARKE, DAVIS & CO.**

**The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products**

**DETROIT, MICH. WALKERVILLE, ONT.**

**Each teaspoonful of Parke-Davis Cod-liver Oil contains as much**

**VITAMIN "D"**
**the "sunshine" rickets-preventing vitamin, as**

[ 2 lbs. of butter or 7½ eggs. ]

**and as much**

**VITAMIN "A"**
**the disease-resisting vitamin, as**

[ 11 pints of milk, or 9 eggs, or 1 lb. of butter. ]

# Parke-Davis ★

**STANDARDIZED**

# Cod-liver Oil

**(Parke, Davis & Company supply a number of other cod-liver oil products also, including Cod-liver Oil with Viosterol.)**


## The American Marquis

*(Continued from page 87)*

something like that. It was Elgar who wrote 'Pomp and Circumstance'."

"Not at all. I tell you Sullivan wrote it."

"But he couldn't have written it. It was composed for King Edward's Coronation, and Sullivan was dead— Ah, here you are!"

They broke off, reaching the drawing room and advancing with outstretched hands first to Aunt Josephine and then to the Marquis.

"But where's my dear old Dowager?" asked Lady Kineton, looking around.

"I hope she'll join us after dinner," said Aunt Joe. And, very confidentially: "You know Mother's the dearest old darling who ever lived, but she isn't quite as young as she was ten years ago. But later, perhaps"—with an airy gesture—"when the excitement of dinner is over."

ROMNEY WARING, pale-faced and intensely earnest, was talking in a low voice to Alicia at the end of the window bench; but Alicia was listening not only at her ease, but also with a slight smile of amusement—like one, say, who laughs up her sleeve at the impassioned periods of a melodrama and thereby drives the author to despair.

"Did you hear what I said?" he whispered once.

"Yes," she said. And, smiling into his eyes, "Pretty; wasn't it? But I always think it's better when it rhymes."

"You know you love me," he continued.

"Yesterday, perhaps," she smiled again. "Some unreasonable lovers expect it to last a lifetime. For others a week is sufficient. For those who are still more modern, a day or two is enough. Myself, I fear I am *frightfully* modern. I look—and I love. I look again—and all I can see is the chain."

"Alicia," he pleaded, more earnest than ever. "Won't you please be serious? I didn't—I didn't mean what I said about the chains. That was just a quotation—poetic license—"

They were interrupted by the appearance of the Chandlers—Mrs. Chandler in a triumphant Paris frock, J. Montague in a tuxedo which had been packed not wisely, but too well.

"How darling of you to call like this—with such delightful informality!" exclaimed Aunt Joe—a phrase of greeting which was by no means extemporaneous.

And grandly following her etiquette as she half-turned to the Kinetons, to whom she had been chatting, she continued:

"Lady Kineton, it gives me great pleasure to present Mrs. Montague Chandler . . . Mr. Montague Chandler. Lord Kineton, may I present Mrs. Chandler . . . Mr. Chandler. My nieces: Lady Alicia and Lady Coral—Mr. and Mrs. Chandler . . . Major Middlemass, who guards us . . . Mr. Romney Waring, who writes such famous poetry for us." And then with a swift return to her grand manner, "My brother, the Marquis of Marlebone—Mrs. Montague Chandler."

To make it still richer, the Leominsters appeared at about this moment, the left breast of Geoffrey's irreproachable evening coat adorned with three parallel rows of ribbons.

"That blessed Archey!" thought Aunt Joe after the final introductions were over. "I don't know what he told them over the telephone, but he certainly brought them out in full plumage!"

Lady Leominster, for instance, was wearing the family pearls—and even in an age of clever imitations their soft, glowing luster was unmistakable. And quite as famous in Suffolk were Lady Kineton's emeralds—barbaric, odd-shaped stones which the seventh Lord Kineton had brought back from India nearly a hundred years before.

"And you could just see Mrs. Chandler counting the titles," Aunt Joe later reported to Grandma. "I don't suppose she included my 'Honorable.' at that."

But Mrs. Chandler didn't have much time for title counting. It wasn't long before Lady

# *New health reason*
# FOR SUNKIST LEMON GARNISH

MAKE it a home health habit to serve the Sunkist Lemon Garnish regularly. Oysters and other sea foods are much more enjoyable with the added delicate Lemon flavor. And the same applies to meats and spinach and other leaf vegetables.

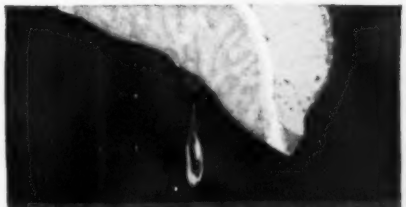
Preparation of the Sunkist Lemon Garnish may be very simple—or fashioned into fancy designs, for a specially attractive effect. The very quick method is to halve the fruit, then reduce it to quarters, again to eighths. Make servings ample, and thus please every taste.

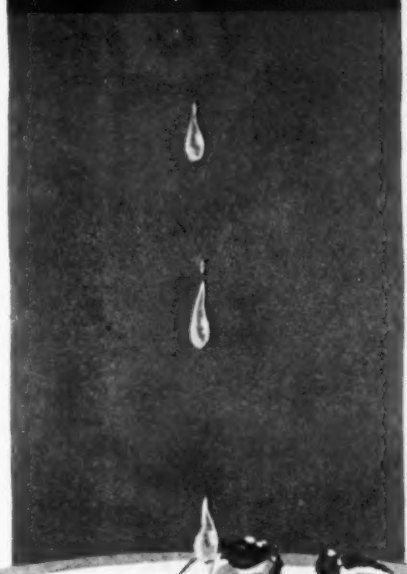
Garnishing is illustrated and explained in the Sunkist Recipe Card File offered here. Many new and original ways to serve Sunkist Lemons and Oranges are also suggested.

Medical authority generally recognizes Lemons and Oranges as the best sources of Vitamin "C". It is essential to health that this vitamin be replenished every day because it cannot be stored in the body longer than 24 hours. Make liberal use of both Lemons and Oranges; in no other way can so adequate a supply be so pleasurably included in your diet.

Besides, Lemons, like Oranges, are alkaline in reaction in the body and are potent correctives and preventives of Acidosis, caused by over-indulgence in acid-forming foods. Mail the coupon for a free copy of the popular book "Telling Fortunes with Foods". It discusses Acidosis, vitamins, and other health subjects, and presents normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing menus approved by an eminent authority.

Be guided by the famous trademark "Sunkist" in purchasing Lemons. Look for it on the tissue wrappers. "Sunkist" means dependable quality. ©1930 C. F. G. E.





## Sunkist
*California*
## Lemons
***Buy them by the Dozen***

Recipe Card File Box and cards 75¢ complete; *cards alone*, 10¢. For information send coupon for new free catalog of *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories.*

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Sec. 310, Box 530, Station "C", Los Angeles, Calif.

Send me FREE, your book, *Telling Fortunes with Foods.* You may also send your new free catalog of *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories.*

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*City*_____ *State*_____

In using advertisements see page 6

*The attractiveness of even the most beautiful women depends upon the appearance of the hair.*

# Leaves Your Hair Radiant with Loveliness

**Why Proper Shampooing Gives Your Hair An Alluring Loveliness—Unobtainable By Ordinary Washing.**

**How To Have Soft, Silky Hair—Sparkling With Life, Gloss And Lustre.**

THERE is nothing so captivating as beautiful hair.

Soft, lovely, alluring hair has always been IRRESISTIBLE.

Fortunately, beautiful hair depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle and the rich, natural color tones of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not cleanse the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. It cleans so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will notice the difference in your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a "Mulsified Shampoo" and see how your hair will sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre. See how easy it will be to manage and how lovely and alluring your hair will look.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter—anywhere in the world.

★ **MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**



## The American Marquis

Kineton was telling her the address of a wonderful dressmaker on the Rue Danou, near the Hotel des Egyptiennes—and Lady Leominster was giving her the name of an equally inspired milliner on Regent Street. The men, meanwhile, were talking fox-hunting—the Marquis learning for the first time that the Marlebones had always been a famous hunting family.

"When Old Noll was a young man," said the Major, "a gray fox was born in the Glen; and I've heard him say that for ten years they waged a constant warfare to see whether the Glen should belong to the Marlebones or the gray foxes—"

The story was interrupted by Sowersby's appearance and the silent bow which he gave to Aunt Josephine.

"Come!" she said, gaily turning to the others. "Let's take the old gray fox into the dining room. Sowersby tells me that dinner is ready."

It was a happy—almost a merry—dinner, every one but the Chandlers laughing easily, not so much at what was said, as at seeing Archey in Barslow's uniform so gravely waiting on the table.

"Is it a bet, do you think?" asked Lady Leominster in a guarded murmur to Lord Kineton.

"I don't think so. The second man left rather hurriedly, I believe, and these Americans dropping in at equally short notice, Archey leaped into the breach. A bit of a joke, I should say, but we mustn't give him away." And in a more conversational voice, "Isn't this delicious soup!"

It was cream of tomato—a soup for which Grandma was justly famous back in Belleview—tart but smooth, fragrant but warmly mellow; and it was served in the Marlebone silver plate—a tureen which was like a circular shrine to Ceres and Pomona, and massive soup-plates each with the Marlebone coat-of-arms deeply engraved in the bottom of the bowl.

The next course, hot from the warming oven, was a great, silver platter heaped high with fried chicken—for which Mizpah was responsible. The peas, the stringed potatoes, the baked squash were also the work of her hands.

"And they say the English don't know how to cook!" scoffed Mr. Chandler, giving Archey his plate for a second helping from the Gargantuan platter.

"But, Monty—they do!" protested Mrs. Chandler. "Why, I've never tasted better fried chicken in my life!"

Aunt Joe laughed at something which she thought the Major had said—laughed and laughed.

"What was that?" asked the Marquis, wishing to laugh, too.

"The Major said 'e was always willing to wear 'is medals for a chicken like this, sir," said Archey in a low, respectful voice.

Whereupon they all laughed louder than ever.

WHEN dinner was over, coffee was served in the drawing room—the Marquis standing in front of the fireplace, Mr. Chandler joining him there.

"A great picture," said the latter, glancing up at the portrait over the mantel-shelf.

"Yes, a Gainsborough," said the Marquis carelessly.

"No!" exclaimed Mr. Chandler, giving it a more careful scrutiny. And turning to his wife, he called, "Bess, this picture over the fireplace is a Gainsborough."

"Yes—beautiful, isn't it!" she said with a reproving glance. And half-apologetically she added to Aunt Joe,

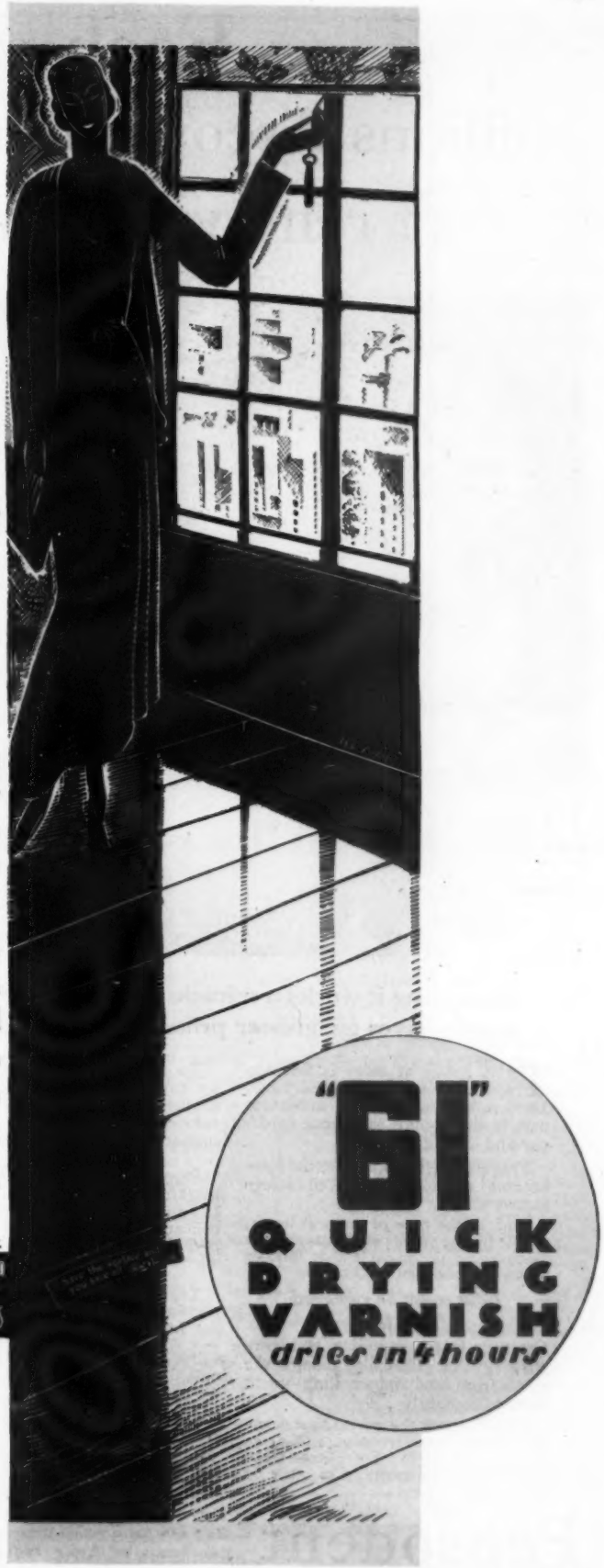
"Monty is so fond of paintings that there are times, I am afraid, when he lets enthusiasm overrun discretion."

"Lucius should take him into the Long Gallery," said Aunt Joe, almost as though to get rid of the noisy fellow. "I'm not very well up on paintings myself—I can tell a Velasquez from a Titian, and that's about all—but I un-

*Floors to admire*
*not to slave over*

BEAUTIFUL floors that do not require constant polishing and care, floors that are safe, not slippery . . . such are floors finished with "61" Quick Drying Varnish . . . heelproof, marproof and waterproof. Floor drudgery is banished! When you want to clean a "61" floor, simply use a dry mop, damp cloth or wash it with soap and water as often as you wish. The smooth, rich finish is not affected. "61" Quick Drying Varnish dries in four hours . . . two or three coats may be applied in a day! An occasional coat over linoleum brightens the pattern and prolongs its life indefinitely. Just as useful on furniture and woodwork and lasts even longer than on floors. See "61" QDV in Gloss, Dull Finish and transparent woodstain colors at paint and hardware stores or write for names of local dealers and color card.

Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 79 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N.Y.
In Canada, 21 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario




*Drawn by R. L. Leonard. Copyright 1930, P&L*

PRATT & LAMBERT
VARNISH PRODUCTS

In using advertisements see page 6

# Each year
# millions discover this priceless secret of removing film from teeth

Film
is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

## Removing it works a miracle in teeth's appearance—gives far greater protection from decay.

THE public at large is learning much about the care of teeth. Diet, it knows, plays an important part in developing resistance to decay and other troubles.

Frequent visits to the dentist have become a widely practiced safety measure.

And, in the care of teeth at home, people by the scores of thousands are discovering the miracle that follows a new and modern method.

### *Film must be removed from teeth*

On your teeth there is a stubborn, clinging film. That film absorbs the stains from food and smoking—teeth become unsightly.

Film harbors the germs that cause decay and other troubles and glues them to the teeth. To protect teeth and keep them lovely, *film must be removed each day.*

To do that more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . Yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth through life.

▼ ▼ ▼

**Amos 'n' Andy** America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:30 p.m., Mountain time. 8.30 p.m., Pacific time.

**Pepsodent** —the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program

## Do These Three Things
### to have strong, healthy teeth

1. *Follow this diet daily: one or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk.*

2. *Use Pepsodent twice a day.*

3. *See your dentist at least twice a year.*

derstand that the collection in the Gallery is quite priceless."

"All right," said Mr. Chandler, who had overheard this. "Let's go see it."

So the Marquis took him into the Long Gallery, and they slowly strolled along between the double rows of canvases.

"How do you like it over here?" Mr. Chandler asked as they drew near the end of the line.

"Not a great deal, to be perfectly frank," said the Marquis in his deep, dignified voice; and paving the way for what he felt sure was to come, he added: "It may possibly be the climate. I don't know what it is. But I do know this, sir—that it wouldn't take much to draw me back to Belleview."

"You mean that?" demanded the other, staring at him.

"I certainly do."

"We ought to be able to work together, if you *do* come back," said the other thoughtfully, "that is, if you are still interested in politics. A man who gives up a rank and position like this to return to his native country ought to stand very strong politically."

He coughed a little then and somewhat hurriedly continued: "That job of State Senator, though, of which I think you spoke to me once—that's not the place for a man of *your* caliber. I knew I couldn't see you there at all when you spoke of it. But if you had said something, now, about a place on the Supreme Court bench, for instance—"

The Marquis felt a warm wave of hope flow over him. In Belleview County the Judges of the Supreme Court received five thousand dollars a year—in addition to their private practice—and re-election every five years was practically automatic.

"I may remind you of this conversation," he said, "if I *do* go back to Belleview."

"I wish you would. You won't have to remind me twice."

They strolled back toward the drawing room, each man busy with his own thoughts. In the drawing room Sowersby had placed the bridge-tables. Mrs. Chandler was already seated opposite Lord Kineton, Lord and Lady Leominster occupying the other two chairs.

"Are you going to play?" asked Mr. Chandler.

"No," said the Marquis somewhat hurriedly. "I don't care much about it. Er—how long do you expect to be in Europe?"

"Returning the day after tomorrow. It was just a flying trip. The madam felt she wanted some new clothes and—well—there you are. She may stay longer next time," he ingenuously added, "—now she's making connections over here."

They were about to step into the drawing room when Mr. Chandler turned for one last glance down the Long Gallery. The men in armor, the pictures, these hardly arrested his glance; but down at the end of the corridor he saw a group which held his attention.

"That's good," he said to the Marquis.

"What is?" asked the other, turning.

"Down near the front door. Your butler is kissing one of the maids. Seems to know how, too!"

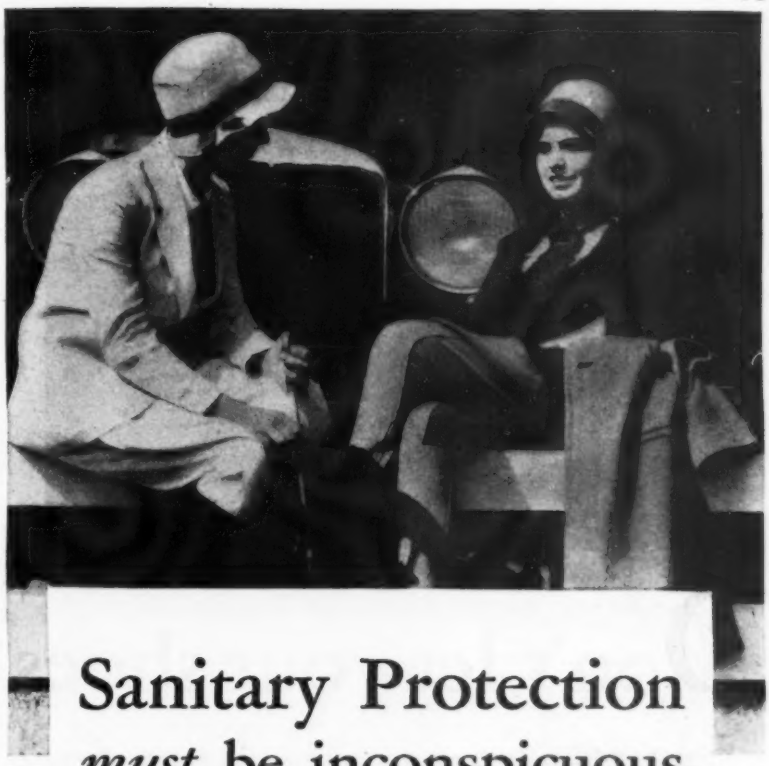
"Maids?" thought the Marquis, spanning his *pince-nez* over his beaky nose. "I thought all the maids had gone. And anyhow, Sowersby, I should think, would be too old—"

By that time he had focussed the scene at the end of the Long Gallery. It wasn't Sowersby whom he saw; it was Archey. And it wasn't one of the maids who was slipping out of Archey's arms. It was no one else than the sprightly Lady Coral.

### CHAPTER XL

THE Chandlers left next morning at ten o'clock.

"I am *so* sorry that you've made your reservations to sail on Saturday," said Aunt Josephine, as they said goodby. "It would have been *so* nice to have had you for a week or two."

# Sanitary Protection *must* be inconspicuous

## that's why most women prefer Kotex

**Kotex now has rounded, tapered corners which eliminate awkward bulges and assure a snug, firm fit.**

THERE are times when you hesitate to enjoy sports to the fullest . . . unless you know about Kotex.

Kotex is the sanitary pad that is designed for *inconspicuous* protection. The corners are rounded and tapered. Sides, too, are rounded. It gives you complete security and ease of mind.

Wear Kotex without a worry, then, under any frock you possess. Wear it for sports or with filmiest evening things—and retain the cool poise so essential to charm.

*Light, cool, comfortable*

There's another way in which this careful shaping brings wonderful relief. There's no unneeded bulk to pack and chafe. No awkward bulges to grow terribly uncomfortable.

Kotex is always light, always cool, always comfortable. This is largely due to its remarkable filler—Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. Cellucotton is five times more absorbent than cotton. This means your Kotex pad can be *five times lighter* than any cotton pad, with the same absorbency and protection.

America's leading hospitals—85% of them—choose this same absorbent for important surgical work.

Kotex deodorizes . . . keeps you dainty and immaculate at times when that is particularly essential. It is so easily disposed of.

You owe it to your comfort and good health to use this modern, safe, sanitary protection. Kotex is available everywhere. Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

**IN HOSPITALS**

1. 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.
2. *Kotex is soft* . . . not a deceptive softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
3. *Safe, secure* . . . keeps your mind at ease.
4. *Deodorizes* . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5. *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Also regular size singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes


In using advertisements see page 6

# Don't let your shoes *put age in your face*

AS a famous beauty editor says, "Tired feet write tired lines in the face. Never was this more true than now when we women are so amazingly active."

Do you realize what it would mean to *your* good looks never to suffer another moment of foot strain? The Selby Arch Preserver Shoe gives you a wonderful new sense of lightness and freedom. Your feet *feel* youthful, *look* youthful, and their complete lack of tension is reflected in face and carriage.

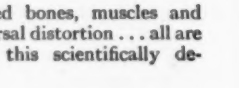
Every cause of foot fatigue is eliminated by the exclusive patented Selby Arch Preserver construction. Strained arches; crowded bones, muscles and nerves; metatarsal distortion . . . all are prevented by this scientifically designed shoe.

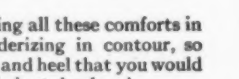
Think of enjoying all these comforts in models so slenderizing in contour, so graceful in arch and heel that you would buy them for their style alone!

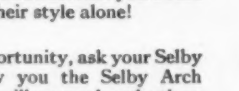
At the first opportunity, ask your Selby dealer to show you the Selby Arch Preserver Shoes illustrated and others equally as fashionable. But in the meantime mail the coupon for our free booklet "Feet and Faces." It gives you information every woman should have.

*Most styles $10.50 and $12.50*
*Others up to $18.*

Selby ARCH PRESERVER SHOE


LOMBARDY


FLORIS


MINUET

There is only one Arch Preserver Shoe. Look for trade-mark on sole and lining. Not genuine without it. Made for women, misses and children by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O. For men and boys by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

The Selby Shoe Company, 300 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio. Please send free copy of "Feet and Faces" and name of dealer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....


## The American Marquis

For five breathless seconds Mrs. Chandler hesitated, looking down the steps at the suitcase which had already been placed in the luggage-rack on the top of the waiting car. Aunt Joe drew an anxious breath behind her hospitable smile.

"No, dear," said Mrs. Chandler, kissing her again. "It's awfully sweet of you, but I'm afraid we must go. Our trunks, you see, are already on the ship. Remember us to that dear old Lord and Lady Kineton when you see them again. And those charming Leominsters."

Again they embraced, almost like two Roman gladiators seeking the advantage for a throw.

"Goodby, old man," said J. Montague, holding out his hand to the Marquis. "Remember what I said. Any time you find this climate too trying, you come back home, and we'll mop up the state between us."

They walked down the steps, waving their hands until the closing door of the car extinguished them; and a minute later their limousine disappeared over a rise of the private road.

"Believe me," exclaimed Aunt Josephine after a deep sigh which seemed to be compounded of equal quantities of relief and satisfaction, "they've got something to talk about! And didn't they have a lovely time, too?"

"You took an awful chance, saying you wished they could be here for a week or two," said Alicia. "I thought she was going to say 'Yes.' Poor Archey—he would have had to keep on working as long as they were here."

"Wasn't Archey an old love, though," exclaimed Coral loyally.

"Yes, and how did you like my tomato bisque last night?" asked Grandma.

"Mmm! And Mizpah's fried chicken. You know, I thought I'd die—"

THERE was a lot of this, and threatened to be more—so much so that the Marquis retired to his study and was standing at the window, wrestling with the problem which had kept him awake half the night, when Grandma looked in at the door.

"What's the matter, Lucius?" she asked. "Something worrying you?"

From the habit of a lifetime, he almost answered: "No, of course not. What could be worrying *me*?" But suddenly he checked himself. For hadn't he already told her the bad news which Mr. Chilthorn had brought the previous morning? Why, then, should he now begin to hide it?

"I think I'm a bit homesick—seeing those people from Belleview," he said. "Do you know what Chandler said last night, and again this morning? He said that any time I went back to Belleview he'd get me in as Judge of the Supreme Court."

Grandma's eyes began to open. "A regular Judge?" she asked. "Like Judge Brown on Washington Street?"

"Yes. Five thousand a year. And Judge Brown probably makes twice as much as that in his private practice."

Grandma turned and closed the door behind her. "You'd soon be rich then, Lucius," she said in a low, wheedling voice, "with the stocks you'd be able to buy from those salesmen who are all the time calling at your office."

"Not for me!" he bitterly exclaimed. "I've bought my last stock from a peddler! If I'd only had more sense, I'd have money enough now to get back home, instead of being trapped by the leg like this."

"But can't you sell some of these things? That picture, for instance, in the living room, that you told me was worth more than a hundred thousand dollars—"

"Of course I can't sell it," he said with that touch of testiness which probably every mother knows. "The estate isn't settled yet—and won't be for months. And even when it is, I shall have only a life interest in the property. It isn't as if I should ever own it outright."

"And you say you aren't going to buy any

**"BEAUTY LIKE THAT, AFTER YEARS OF THE TROPICAL SUN"**

*"The second curtain was down before I found her, but sure enough, it was Martie. She's flown from Cairo to the Cape since then, and hunted on the veldt (you must have read about it). You wouldn't believe it, Phil . . . beauty like that, after years of the tropical sun."*—From the letters of an English traveler at home.

# That Famous English Complexion is Guarded by one simple Beauty Treatment

SHE rides to hounds; she flies her own plane; she golfs in the cold, raw wind; she does all the things that are supposed to *ruin* feminine skins, and yet the Englishwoman is famed in two hemispheres for her glorious complexion. She hasn't the time to spend hours at her dressing-table, either, and so to preserve her radiant beauty she has settled upon one simple, effective treatment.

It consists of just three preparations: soap and cream and powder. To produce such results they are necessarily the finest obtainable — Yardley's English Lavender Soap, Yardley's English Complexion Cream, Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder. And lately, all three have been made available to American women.

You will use the soap to begin the cleansing which English Complexion Cream will complete. The cream will dislodge all the imbedded dust and lift it gently to the surface. Then you will wipe away the accumulation with cotton moistened in Yardley's Cleansing Lotion. Allow a second layer to remain on all night, to refresh the skin. In the morning, use English Complexion Cream as a powder foundation. Smooth on a liberal coat, and wipe away the unabsorbed surplus with water and an ordinary face cloth. Then apply Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder to give your skin the final caressing touch of loveliness. Would you like a complimentary copy of our booklet, "Complexions with an English Accent"?

Yardley & Co., Ltd., 33 Old Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York City; also Toronto and Paris.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

*Yardley's English Complexion Cream, to cleanse, refresh and protect your skin. It is also used as a powder foundation, and can be washed away with water. In an exquisitely designed pot, $1.50.*

*Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder in four skilfully blended shades to accentuate the charm of your own coloring. The price is $1.*

*Yardley's English Lavender Soap for bath and complexion. Bland, cooling, cleansing, refreshing. Box of 3 cakes, $1, or 35c a cake. Guest size, 20c a cake. Bath size, 50c a cake.*

Yardley's ★ THE LOVABLE FRAGRANCE English Lavender

*—Smart women consider the informal charm of Yardley's English Lavender, "the lovable fragrance," in perfect taste for all occasions. $15 to $1 in various-sized bottles.*

In using advertisements see page 6

# Here's a new kind of comfort

By the skillful use of a clever tuck we have brought to the women of America greater comfort and beauty in underdress.

With a short front, and a long, almost accordion-like back, we have eliminated baggy ugliness and made a garment that fits the body snugly in any position.

No more stuffy, bunglesome underwear. Wear Kickernicks sized to actual body measurements.

In all the modish colors, fabrics and styles, it is made with fine craftsmanship and finish you'll appreciate.

If your best dealer hasn't them, send for booklet to Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

*Kickernick*

PATENTED UNDERDRESS

more of those stocks that you've always talked so much about?"

"Never again! Look what they've done for me. Yes, and look what they've done for this estate—and that poor devil of a Lorrabee down somewhere under the sea."

Grandma slowly nodded. "Then I'm going to tell you something," she said. "A year or two before your father died, he said: 'Susan, I'm going to turn everything over to you; and I don't want you to let Lucius have any of it until he's found out that the only way to make money is to work hard for it. As soon as he's sure of that, you let him have a third of what you've got. Josey is to have a third. And the rest is yours to leave as you wish. So I've taken care and taken care—and said nothing to anybody—and if you feel that you really want to go back to Belleview and be like Judge Brown on Washington Street—well, I guess I can find the money all right. You wait a minute."

She disappeared and presently returned with an old russet leather handbag which, it seemed to her son, he could remember as long as he could remember anything.

"Mr. Crandall of the First National Bank has always helped me with my investments," she said. "I have the Oak Street house, and the annuity which your father left for me, but the rest of the money I never touched. I just let it grow. The day before we sailed, I asked Mr. Crandall to make me out a list of everything I owned, and this is what he gave me."

It was, in its individual items, a modest list, but each line was an investment classic that had withstood the double test of time and adversity. The last item was "Cash $3,210.40," and the total was slightly in excess of seventy-six thousand dollars.

"A third of that," thought the Marquis. "Why, it's over twenty-five thousand dollars!"

Enough to get them all home? He couldn't help laughing with triumph—partly to himself, and partly to the proud little old woman across the desk. But wait—

"With twenty-five thousand dollars to tide me over," he more slowly reflected, "I might even stay and be Marquis here—if I choose!"

### CHAPTER XLI

TO BE—or not to be—the Marquis of Marlebone: this was the question which the tousled-headed old boy in the study of the Towers had to decide for himself when Grandma, her russet leather handbag clutched under her arm, finally left him.

"Chilthorn says that *some* of the money will probably be recovered," he told himself. "Surely enough to live on comfortably here. But—"

But, truth to tell, he hadn't greatly enjoyed himself, this week in which he had been the lord of Marlebone Towers. The formality of the dining room—this business of always being properly creased and dressed—the stately lack of comfort in the drawing room—

"Not a chair there," he thought, "as comfortable as the old Morris chair on Oak Street."

And perhaps he missed his office, too, over Bert Barber's Pet Shop—the flat-top desk piled so high with papers that there was hardly room to write a letter—the three enormous safes, somewhat empty, to be sure, but unmistakably imposing to the eye—the windows overlooking Franklin Square with its constant procession of traffic—the clients who came up the stairs to make their wills and have a deed drawn—the cases which he tried as Justice of the Peace, giving them as much dignity as though he were Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, presiding over the settlement of a Constitutional interpretation on which the whole future of the Republic might depend.

"Only now," he thought, "I'd have my Judge's chambers in the court house, and I could start a new law firm with some bright young men for junior partners—men like Carl Vogt and Brad Danielson."


*Lovelier than the Jewels they wear...*

Jewels are cruel to a skin that is red, rough, neglected. Jergens Lotion keeps your hands soft and white—exquisitely cared for

*2 famous ingredients make hands snow-white... smooth...*

*"Wonderful for your hands!"...* The words rise involuntarily to the lips of thousands of women when they speak of Jergens Lotion; for Jergens Lotion really does perform wonders for rough, neglected hands. The first time you use it you feel its effects on your skin—feel a new softness and suppleness in the texture.

After a week's use you decide that it is not difficult at all to have lovely hands. Every bit of chapping, dryness, irritation, has disappeared—your skin begins to look white and smooth, to be silky—soft to the touch.

By using Jergens Lotion every time you have had your hands in water, you can keep them just as you want them to be—appealingly white and smooth. Two famous ingredients, used in medicine for generations, give Jergens Lotion its special power of whitening and softening the skin.

Many women have now begun to use it as a regular accessory of the bath, because they want their arms, back, neck, shoulders, to have the same gleaming whiteness and lovely smoothness that Jergens Lotion gives their hands.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today and see what comfort and loveliness it will bring to your skin! 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

FREE.. *a new trial bottle*

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3219 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
*In Canada*, address The Andrew Jergens Co, Limited. 3219 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Jergens Lotion*

*leaves no stickiness*


In using advertisements see page 6

# Sons and Daughters at School may not have Time to Write

*But they do have time to telephone . . . and it's such a pleasure to hear their voices*

* * *

THERE are so many things to do . . . so little time to write. Even to Mother and Dad.

But telephoning—that's different. It's quick. It's inexpensive. And personal. There are a lot of things that are easy to talk about, but hard to write. . . .

Why not have a regular chat with your boy and girl, just as you do when they are home? Say, twice a week . . . Wednesdays and Sundays. If you wish, you can have them telephone you and "reverse" the charges, which will be placed on your monthly bill.

Your telephone is your pathway to the world—to friends in distant cities, to the "folks back home," to sons and daughters in other towns.

Telephoning out of town costs little. To most places 25 miles away, the day station-to-station rate is about 25 cents; 75 miles away, 50 cents; 150 miles away, 80 cents. Where the station-to-station day rate is more than 35 cents, the rates are lower during the evening and night periods.

Women! Extra Money Quick
In Your Own Home!
An easy, pleasant, dignified way! No canvassing, no soliciting. No previous training needed. No tedious study nor memorizing. Decorate lovely giftwares in your spare moments. WE SHOW YOU HOW. With Monsieur Petit's Secret of Three Simple Steps you can start at once, for fine cash income. We guarantee your satisfaction. We want women in every community. Be the first! Given You To Decorate
Begin Right Away!
We send you BIG COMPLETE GENEROUS KIT WITHOUT EXTRA COST. Thousands of women, many prominent socially, are happy in this delightful pastime—making from hundreds to thousands of dollars. An easy way to bring in money of your own. No interference with other work or duties.
FREE!
Beautiful Fireside book showing giftwares in full colors. Explains everything. Fill in and mail coupon. No obligation. Act now!
FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 24-P, Adrian, Mich.
Send me Free Book. This does not put me under any obligation.
Name.....
Address.....


## The American Marquis

Yes, and he could pay the rest of those old bills which had been languishing so long in the upper left-hand drawer of his desk—even to Horsfield & Son's statement, with its impudent rubber stamp of an old sailor with a telescope, scanning the horizon for a check which never came.

"Josephine probably wouldn't think much of going back," he told himself. "She and that Major of hers—"

Nor the girls . . .

That pale-faced poet who had been hanging around Alicia so closely—she didn't seem to be thinking much of Ed Wyman lately! And Archey who had been kissing Coral so industriously the previous evening. Of course, times had changed, and all that, since *he* was a young man, but it might not be a bad idea if his two girls were safely back in Belleview.

"Then Archey would be the Marquis," he thought, "and his mother could come and live here again—his mother with all her money. Better for them—yes, and better for us. But something tells me it's going to be hard to get the girls to see it. I'd better talk to them one at a time."

HE FOUND Coral leaning over the piano in the drawing room, a dust-cloth in her hand, while Archey was exaltingly playing Nevin's "Venetia"—and having the bridge of his nose dusted at the moment of the Marquis's entry.

"Coral," said her father in his deepest dignified voice. "Are you busy for the next few minutes?"

She followed him into his study, and he told her the plan which was working in his mind—that they should return to Belleview and start there again on that higher plane which befitted a family of a Judge of the Superior Court.

"Archey isn't going to like it," she thoughtfully told him. "You wait till he hears."

"Yes,"— very dryly. "I gathered last night that he might miss you if you went away."

"Wasn't he an old peach last night!" said Coral warmly.

"A rather frivolous young man, I should say."

"I wouldn't call him frivolous," said Coral, in a muted voice. "Not after last night. Even though he knew we had no money—and the way we were fixed and everything—he—now he said that he had always wanted to surprise the world by running away and getting married—and—and he wanted me to go and get married with him."

The Marquis of Marlebone blinked at his sprightly if somewhat incoherent daughter—blinked, it might be said, with the dazed air of a man who is receiving an inspiration direct from Providence, and who is somewhat unaccustomed to such attention.

"That's queer," he said at last.

"What's queer?"

"That he should talk to you about getting married."

"I don't see anything queer about that!" said Coral, protesting.

"No, no; I don't mean it that way. But—yesterday, when I was telling Mr. Chilthorn that I might go back to Belleview, I asked him who would be the Marquis of Marlebone if *I* stepped out of the picture—"

"And it's somebody in Australia, I suppose? Or Canada?"

"No. It's Archey."

"Archey?" gasped Coral.

"Yes. He'd be the Marquis of Marlebone. And his wife—whoever she is—will be the Marchioness."

This time they blinked together, and then Coral softly laughed—a tender look in her eyes for Barslow's substitute of the night before—Barslow's substitute who had wanted to surprise the world by running away and getting married.

"Well," and she gently laughed again, "don't worry too much if you miss me this afternoon."

"Miss you?" Although, of course, he at

# FLUFFED Bathroom Tissues ...for "cranks" on *personal* things

"Fluffed bathroom tissues are really softer... quickly absorbent." That's why women who never thought to specify brand before now call for ZEE and ZALO by name.

SOON a million women will forget they ever bought any other brand. ZEE and ZALO are so much pleasanter. Straight through the rolls, each tissue is petal clear, as clean and fresh as linen dried in sunshine!

Never a weak spot. Never a streak of dingy color. No slippery glaze anywhere in a roll.

Zee and Zalo are pure and safe, because they are made only from new, fresh pulp.

### *Fluffing doubles softness*

Feel the delicate nap on Zee and Zalo. Fluffing... gentle fluffing gives this texture. Each tissue is exquisitely softer... more absorbent, yet firm as it should be.

Fluffing gives extra everything except extra price! Zee and Zalo cost no more than ordinary coarse bathroom tissues.

### *Wrapped like hospital gauze*

See how the ends tuck in the core of the roll. They keep out all impurity . . . keep both Zee and Zalo as clean as hospital gauze.

Most women prefer to get five or six rolls at a time, because they like to keep a reserve supply in the bathroom linen closet.

### FIVE GOOD REASONS WHY YOU'LL INSIST ON ZEE AND ZALO

1. Fluffing makes them softer, more absorbent.
2. Absolutely safe... made from pure, new pulp.
3. Both rolls have tucked-in, sanitary wrappers.
4. Gaily wrapped... to store with your lovely linens.
5. They cost no more than ordinary toilet paper.

POWDER PUFF GENTLE

Fluffed Zee and Zalo are as gentle as a big down puff... absolutely safe enough and soft enough for a baby's tender skin. That means they're safe enough for anyone.

**ZEE**
*Pale Ivory Tissue*
750 sheets (100 extra)
*Price per Roll* 10¢

**Zalo**
*Snow White Tissue*
1000 sheets on a roll, 15¢
*2 Rolls for* 25¢

NATIONAL PAPER PRODUCTS COMPANY · DIVISION OF **CROWN ZELLERBACH CORPORATION** · NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · CHICAGO

In using advertisements see page 6

# JEAN CARROLL'S Page on Hair Beauty

WON'T you try this simple test to prove whether or not your hair is doing you justice? Take your most becoming hat and put it on before a mirror. Study your face and see how charming you look. Then—off with the hat! Are you prettier? Or less pretty? You *should* be prettier . . . for nothing can be so flattering a frame for your face as hair that's sparkling and fluffy, tinted by Nature's own hand to match your coloring. If your hair is less becoming than it should be—won't you give it the simple care it needs?

## "This oily condition darkens my blonde hair"

**Dear Miss Carroll: I have extremely oily hair! I wash it about once a week and the fifth day after it has been washed it looks as though I hadn't washed it for a month! This oily condition makes my blonde hair look a dull brown . . . I admire simple, smart hair styles, but they do mean you have to have good-looking hair, don't they?—P. C., Cleveland, Ohio.**

YES—simple hair styles *do* mean that hair must be truly lovely. And blonde hair just must look fluffy and alive—excess oil ruins its looks. So wash your hair oftener—in fact, whenever you see it beginning to look flat and dark—wash it with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This is a special shampoo *for oily hair*, and it will be good for your hair even if you use it every four days at first. This easy-to-use liquid shampoo contains healthful pine tar and pure vegetable oils, combined with a gentle antiseptic *astringent*. Now isn't that a good idea? It helps to coax overactive oil glands into normal behavior.

Then—a little massage done faithfully every day will wake up the blood and tone up your scalp. These two simple measures won't work wonders overnight—but be patient. You'll soon see an improvement, I'm sure.

## "Dandruff". . . and "hair like straw"

**Dear Miss Carroll: Don't think I'm boasting when I say that my black curly hair has always been envied by my friends. But in the last four or five months I have seen a tragic change. My hair used to be very thick and had just enough oil to make it look glossy and lie down in lovely waves. Now it comes out by combfuls and the ends are split. I have dandruff rather badly—and the hair is coarse and dry just like straw! What should I do?—M. M., Sargent, Nebraska.**

M. M., If some one could discover how to exterminate the dandruff germ forever, he'd deserve a gold crown and a throne and an ermine robe! Dandruff can make the hair excessively dry, or excessively oily . . . it usually makes it come out, and it simply ruins its life and sparkle. The germs are hard to get rid of and they seem to lie in wait for us everywhere—in hats, on brushes and combs . . . Fortunately we know that dandruff germs object to pure pine tar.

So, one of the best things you can do is to shampoo with Packer's Tar Soap which has been a standard remedy in dandruff cases for many years. Use this pure pine tar soap as a treatment, not just as a shampoo. Use it on your hair *every day for three days*, and massage the good piney lather well into your scalp. It is antiseptic and tonic, and three or four shampoos in a row ought to start to clear up your scalp. Then lengthen the intervals between shampoos. But—if the dandruff is too advanced for this treatment—consult a doctor or a dermatologist—a doctor who specializes in the treatment of skin and scalp. You must get that lovely head of hair back to its normal beauty!

## "Dry hair—and it seems so thin"

**Dear Jean Carroll: I have always had fine, soft hair, but lately it has been very thin and seems inclined to be rather dry and split on the ends. I'd like to have it thicker, and more glossy and lustrous.—Miss H. M., Brundage, Texas.**

DEAR H. M., The oil glands in your scalp must be refusing to do any work at all. They'll have to be stirred up—with daily massage and good energetic brushing (with a strong pull away from the scalp). Then—use a special shampoo for dry hair. Perhaps you didn't know there was such a thing but there is—Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo especially made for hair like yours. It's a gentle, vegetable oil soap that coaxes away dust and grime without drying out the scalp. *And*—it contains soothing glycerine, so it leaves your hair softer and easier to manage.

When you once get ahead of this terrible dryness of scalp, you'll see that your hair is growing. Just now the little individual hairs are so dry that they break off when they get to a good length. Don't be discouraged, wake up those oil glands and use this special dry-hair shampoo. I'm sure things will be better. JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty every Tuesday morning.


**LET ME SEND YOU SAMPLES**

(10¢ for one; 25¢ for all three)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc. Dept. 18-J, 101 W. 31st St., New York.

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked:

☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair) ★
☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)
☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

I enclose_____cents (enclose coin, not stamps,—10¢ for 1 sample; 25¢ for all 3).

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

## The American Marquis

least dimly guessed. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that it's possible—just possible," she said, her arms around him and breathing this into his ear, "that I may run away and get married." And straightening herself, she added, *à la* Mrs. Carruthers, "For ahfter all, it is but simple justice. You, deah father, provide him with a title; and I, your daughter—with a blushing bride!"

In spite of her noble words there was more than a hint of color in her cheeks, more than a suspicion of tears in her eyes, as she lightly ran her hands through her father's gray mop and kissed his eyes, his nose, and finally his lips. She left him quickly then; and a few moments later, listening through the half-open door, he heard Nevin's "Venetia" suddenly stop—right in the middle of a run . . .

### CHAPTER XLII

A YEAR later, and we are back in Belleview, with Aunt Joe entertaining at bridge on one of her Thursday afternoons at the Marlebone residence on Prospect Hill.

Judge Marlebone had moved into his new house in April—one of those artistic creations of brick and stucco and roughly hewn timbers which hint at medieval history, and watchmen telling of the night, and men and boys with lanterns singing carols in the snow. But it wasn't Christmas: it was June again, and Aunt Joe was blooming like the roses on each side of the path which led to the new front door.

"That was splendidly played," she said to her partner, Mrs. J. Montague Chandler. "I was hoping you'd make it a heart."

"I always have good luck, dear, when I'm playing with you," said Mrs. Chandler, smiling.

The other two at the table were more serious—Mrs. Grosvenor Schuyler, who liked to come to Aunt Joe's affairs because she knew that the list of guests would be catalogued in "Incidents in Society"; and Mrs. Chandler's brother, Jefferson Adams, a gray-haired bachelor who had lately taken to wearing a white piqué edging in his waistcoat and a flower in his buttonhole.

"You don't play bridge, Mrs. Marlebone?" he said to Grandma, who was sitting in her chair by the window, taking everything in.

"No," she said. "It's too modern for me. But I like to watch."

And there wasn't much that she didn't see—nor much that she didn't know—sitting there by the window and keeping an eye on current events. She knew, for instance, that nearly all the women present took their social cues from Josephine—that because of her example, afternoon tea had become an accepted custom on the Hill—that lessons in conversational French were the fashionable fad of the day—that Jefferson Adams was taking *his* lessons directly from Aunt Joe—was such an assiduous pupil that a day seldom passed when he didn't drop in to verify his pronunciation of "*Je ne sais pas*" and "*Quelle heure est-il, Mademoiselle?*"

Yes, Grandma's life had lately blossomed into unexpected fulness. She alternated her time between this new residence of Lucius's, which she sometimes called "the mansion," and the old Oak Street house where Alicia and Ed Wyman had been living since their return from England the previous summer. Ed was now his father's partner in Wyman's Motor Mart—and hoped before long to be appointed distributor for the eastern part of the state.

"But you know the way men talk," Grandma had confidentially remarked to Josephine. "At least I know your father and Lucius always talked that way. Still, Ed's been getting on very well lately. He's having an electric refrigerator put in, and they're talking of building a garage at the back of the house."

At Josephine's table they were speaking about Coral. Grandma interrupted her thoughts to listen.

"Have you heard from Coral lately?" she heard Mrs. Chandler asking.


Now . . . Anyone can easily have

Lovely Floors

in 30 minutes

"Every floor and every piece of furniture can be wax polished *—so quickly . .*"

YOU have often admired the beautiful waxed floors in modern homes. Do you know that your floors can be given this same wax polish in just a few minutes—for a few cents?

It doesn't make a bit of difference whether your floors are old or new, hardwood or softwood, waxed, varnished, shellaced or painted—all can be given new beauty with this magic polish—Old English Wax.

Old floors look like new and new floors *stay* like new because Old English Wax protects floors against scratches, worn spots and children's carelessness. It contains a higher percentage of hard carnauba wax than any other floor wax—that is why the rich, gleaming polish lasts for weeks and weeks.

Old English Wax cleans the surface thoroughly and then polishes to a perfectly smooth and dry finish. New users are always amazed at the little amount of dust which clings to Old English Wax polish. Your dusting becomes mere child's play.

Old English *Liquid* Wax is ideal for polishing furniture—it gives old furniture that modern wax-finish and preserves forever the satiny sheen of new furniture.

Sold at paint, hardware, drug, grocery, dept. stores. Made by The A. S. Boyle Co., Cin'ti, O., U. S. A., and Windsor, Ont. Canada.

Old English Wax

$643.43 Earned by Mrs. Thomas Finley LAST FALL!

With limited spare time Mrs. Finley of New Jersey made $643.43 last fall. Mrs. Cunningham of Iowa averaged $63.78 weekly in her spare time. You too can make extra money in spare time by showing your friends and acquaintances America's finest and most complete line of popular priced Xmas cards. Experience unnecessary. Eight out of ten people you know will buy Xmas cards soon. *Write for full particulars and free samples and secure these orders yourself.* We pay highest commissions; also prizes and bonuses in addition. Weekly pay.

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The MYSTIC MARVEL

CLEANS POTS & PANS

Almost miraculous! 21,547 magic, continuous coils of pure copper chase hardened grease away like lightning! Cannot rust or splinter off. Rinses readily and thoroughly. At leading chain stores or send 10¢ for sample to The Mystic Mit Makers, West Orange, N.J. 10¢

Maternity Apparel With No Maternity Look

LANE BRYANT Maternity Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and *after* baby comes, as well. Latest modes designed to conceal condition and provide expansion. New Style Book, picturing latest fashions in Coats, Dresses, Skirts and Corsets for Maternity wear; also Apparel for Baby. Sent free. *Write for it today.*

Style Book Free

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In using advertisements see page 6

# ROBERTSHAW
## AutomatiCook

# Surely, I'll go...
## *My dinner is Safe in the Oven*

MISS a fine bridge game because you must stay home to get dinner?—How foolish in this modern age of controlled cooking by Robertshaw. For social peace of mind be sure that you have a range that is governed. One that will prepare your dinner for you on schedule whether you are hostess or guest. ¶ Not only can you leave the safety of your dinner to Robertshaw, secure in the knowledge that it will operate to a split minute of accuracy, but controlled cooking means better cooking, fuller flavor, with every menu an unrivaled success. Bread, meat, fish, fowl, or the entire meal, are prepared with mechanical precision under Robertshaw control. ¶ You will be mighty proud of the Robertshaw with its full vision dial, sanitary chromium finish and white porcelain handle. While the Robertshaw only comes on new ranges, you have more than a hundred fine brands to select from. Endorsed by home economics bureaus and gas companies, your range dealer will be glad to show you how the Robertshaw will bring new joy into every meal you serve.

*Let this smartly prepared cook book tell you how controlled cooking will put new zest into the entire art of food preparation.*

*The food-saving fall and winter menus presented in this well arranged cook book are easily worth the 25c we ask you to send for mailing costs.*

ROBERTSHAW THERMOSTAT COMPANY
YOUNGWOOD, PENNA.


## The American Marquis

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Joe. "They are renovating the Towers—having a lovely time. But—my dear!—whenever I think of that child being the Marchioness of Marlebone—and a possible heir to the title expected before Christmas—!"

The other two tables stopped playing. "No, really?"

"Before Christmas, you say?"

"Well, well, well! Isn't that darling!"

"But I can hardly imagine the Towers needing renovating," said Mrs. Chandler. And whether or not to remind the others that she had been there: "Montague and I have often said that it's one of the most beautiful old places that we have ever seen. That Gainsborough in the drawing room . . . That gallery simply filled with works of art . . . Those deer in the great park—why, there must have been hundreds of them."

"Very beautiful, yes," said Aunt Joe, as they started playing again. "And such charming neighbors. Coral wants me to pay her a long visit this fall."

"Mmm," thought Grandma. "That's news to me."

"Do you ever hear from Lady Kineton?" continued Mrs. Chandler. "And that vivacious Lady Leominster?"

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Joe. "And let me see—the last time Lady Kineton wrote, she asked to be remembered to you."

Mrs. Chandler all but purred, but Grandma didn't.

"Josephine!" thought Grandma.

THE Judge came in then, and if you had been there, you would have seen at once how much he had prospered. As J. Montague had prophesied, he had been elected to the Superior bench by the greatest majority ever given to a Republican candidate. At party rallies he had generally been introduced as "The Man Who Would Rather Be Judge of Belleview County than a Leader of the English House of Lords"—a preference which had proved irresistible to the voters. Moreover, the newly organized law firm of Marlebone, Brown, Vogt & Danielson, with a suite of offices over the First National Bank, was probably doing more business than the other lawyers of Belleview together . . .

The Judge had a few gracious words for each of Aunt Joe's guests.

"Wouldn't you like to take my place while I chat with your mother?" asked Mrs. Chandler.

"No, thank you," said the Judge, in his dignified voice; and, indicating the brief-case which he was carrying, "I have a speech to prepare, and a number of important decisions to make before morning. Some other time, perhaps."

But before retiring to his study, he stopped for a few minutes by the side of his mother's chair. "Well, Mother," he began with a half-suppressed smile, "are you satisfied now?"

"I don't know, Lucius," she said, and in a voice so low that no one could hear but him. "Is—is anything worrying you?"

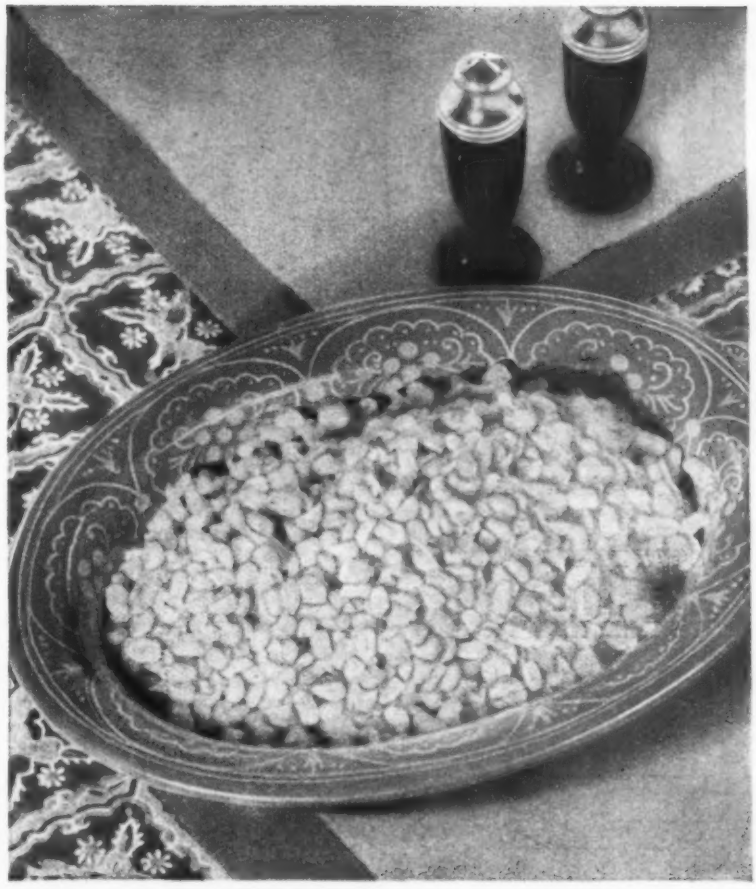
"Not a thing," he said, "except that my speech isn't ready." He drew a clipping from his pocket—a news-item from the *Morning Bulletin*, "Judge Marlebone To Make University Commencement Address."

While she was reading it, the others in the room began talking again as the cards were being shuffled.

"You lost both your nieces last summer, didn't you, Miss Marlebone?" asked Jefferson Adams—he, you may remember, who was Mrs. Chandler's brother.

"Yes," said Aunt Joe, "but I know where they are." And slowly, for the benefit of those who were taking French lessons: "*Il ne faut pas d'annoncer.* And, you know," she continued, "I thought it was terribly romantic—the way Edward Wyman followed Alicia to England. I suppose you have heard about their honeymoon. They toured Europe in Edward's car. It's the richest thing to hear those two dear children tell their adventures."

NOTE: *Send coupon for "Forty Miracles for Your Table" —new and different recipes—menus —table schemes.*



# Each kernel a delicious golden morsel

WHOLE KERNEL Golden Bantam corn such as we've pictured here comes from only one favored section of America where nature has conspired to produce the tenderest and plumpest variety known. We pick it at just the right moment when the sun and rain and rich black soil have brought it to perfection.

It is hustled into immaculate kitchens right on the spot and *cut* from the cob—not *scraped* off by machine—quickly sealed in sterilized cans and cooked in its own delicious juices—so that none of its valuable food elements escape.

It comes to you as one of the hundreds of Richelieu and Ferndell and Batavia foods so utterly different that you instantly see and *taste* their superiority.

### *A sumptuous variety*

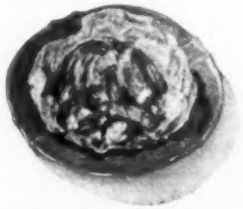
You will find more than 500 different foods under each of the Richelieu, and Ferndell, and Batavia brands—prepared from our own recipes that we have spent 68 years in perfecting. Our experts travel far and wide to search out in the garden spots of the world the very finest variety of each fruit and vegetable and ingredient.

Look for the grocer-agent in your community who sells these finer foods. If you do not know where to find him we will gladly send his name and address with a copy of our new recipe book (use coupon below).

### *A Little Visit to our Coffee Department*

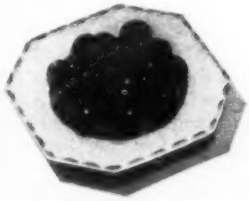
Shining pans come from the roasters fairly smoking with their nutty fragrance. Beyond long lines of bags—bags from Bogota—bags from Medellin in the high Colombian p'lateaux where the air works alchemy in the plants. Bags from the Hacienda of Don Alvarez—who shot a man who boasted coffee the equal of his. Berries from lands of cerise moons and tinkling guitars—berries from chill Colombian mountainsides. Blended here by a serious faced magician into mixtures that send delicious warm feelings stealing through one's very soul.

Betty Thomas



***Crabmeat . . . Fishermen** are sent far into the North Japan Sea for King crabs which yield this tenderest and whitest of crabmeats.*

***Just Tomato Juice** — but what tomatoes we pick! — great dew-damp balls of ruby tenderness. And vitamins? Packed with them!*



***Olives . . . Juiciest** — glossiest — tenderest — tastiest — All of these adjectives belong with our California Olives.*

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***Three complete lines of 500 Epicurean foods of identical quality including the finest* Fruits — Vegetables — Teas — Preserves — Jellies — Spices — Cheeses — Macaroni —** ***and other good things to eat***

***Let us send you our new book*** . . . We've just printed a new kind of recipe book—"Forty Miracles for Your Table." It's different in its wealth of menus and recipes—and it is bursting with ideas for table decoration and services for every possible occasion. Send the coupon with a dime for your copy.

SPRAGUE, WARNER & COMPANY
P. O. Box L, Chicago

I enclose a dime for my copy of "Forty Miracles for Your Table."

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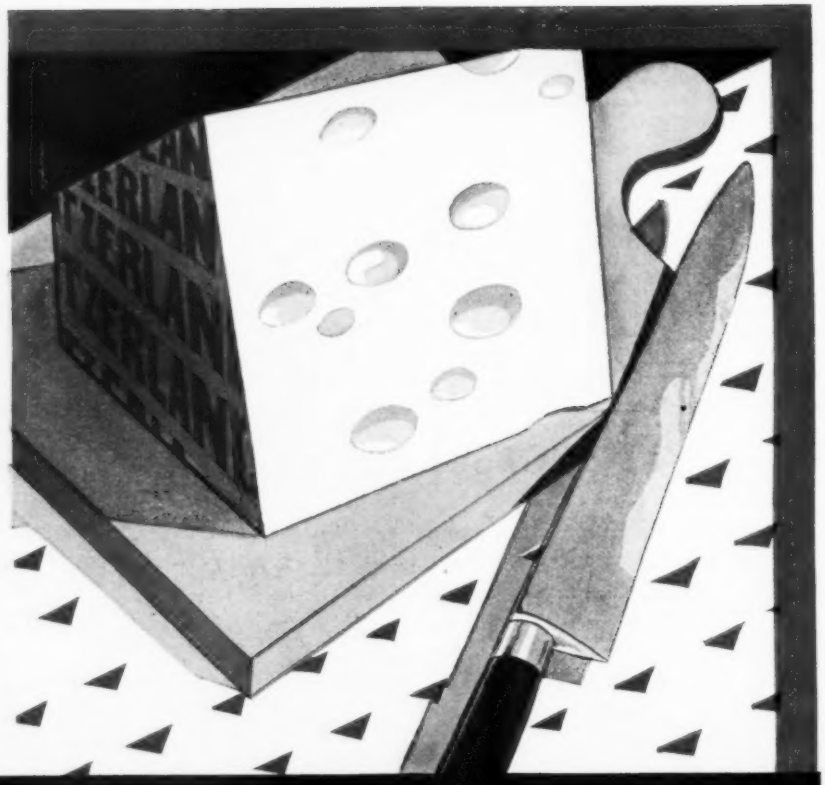
Please check ☐ if you wish address of a nearby grocer-agent

# "Tell America

**...IF THE RIND IS NOT MARKED 'SWITZERLAND,' WE DID NOT MAKE THAT CHEESE"**



## SWITZERLAND CHEESE

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS**

*The "Switzerland" design appearing on the rind of every Switzerland Cheese, as illustrated above, is registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Insist on seeing this marking when you buy, because, due to the growing demand for Switzerland Cheese, certain unscrupulous dealers are stamping their "Swiss-style" products with stencils to imitate the genuine and protected "Switzerland" design.*

CHEESEMAKERS all over the world have tried to copy Switzerland Cheese. But other countries cannot give to their cheese the true elusive flavor of Switzerland Cheese. Flavor is a secret of nature guarded forever in rich, Alpine pastures. No other country has the same fragrant grasses, spicy herbs, glacier-fed streams and clear mountain air. No wonder the Swiss cheesemaker proudly marks the rind of his product with many imprints of the word "Switzerland" so that you can always identify it.

How fortunate it is that you can get in America the cheese that has been the joy of epicures for centuries. Buy a pound cut of this world-famed delicacy . . . break off a thick portion, and eat it slowly. That is the way the Swiss do. Notice the appetizing aroma, the tender texture and the satisfying flavor. Then try it in a sandwich. Serve it with cold cuts. Dice it in soups. Fold it into omelets. Eat it with salads and blend it into rarebits! Each way reveals new and delicious shades of flavor!

Switzerland Cheese is sold everywhere and the word "Switzerland" on the rind protects you from substitutes that do not have the full, fine flavor of the genuine. Although the color of Switzerland Cheese varies from rich butter-yellow to cream, according to the time of year when made, and although the size of eyes may vary, the flavor is always the same.

**MAY WE SEND YOU**

a copy of the beautiful booklet in color—"Switzerland Cheese—How to Use and How to Serve It"—showing many unusual and attractive dishes? It's free for the asking.

SWITZERLAND CHEESE ASSOCIATION,
Incorporated
105 Hudson Street, New York City

*Name* _____

*Address* _____

***An advertisement published by the Switzerland Cheese Association of Berne, Switzerland***

## The American Marquis

"It seemed to be a good summer for romance over there," said Mrs. Grosvenor Schuyler.

"Yes," said Mrs. Chandler archly. "And Josephine isn't telling you everything, either."

"Oh-ho!" said Jefferson Adams, quickly looking up from his cards.

"What isn't she telling us, Mrs. Chandler?" asked Mrs. Schuyler.

"Well—" said Mrs. Chandler, more archly than ever, "I sometimes wonder how she can stay over here so long—with a gallant English Major (oh, if you had only seen his medals!) waiting for her over there."

An unmistakable glint of jealousy appeared in Mr. Adams' eye, although he pretended to be sorting his cards.

"Dear Major Middlemass—" said Aunt Joe, pretending to be sorting hers. "You remember the Major, Lucius?" And to Mrs. Chandler, "You know, I often think about him and the pleasant hours we spent together—each, of course, realizing perfectly well that we were only enjoying a *divertissement*, as they say upon the French menus."

"Are you sure that *he* realized it?" asked Mr. Adams, the tone of half-concealed jealousy in his voice matching the glint in his eye.

"But of course! I won't say," she added, as though trying to be scrupulously fair to the absent Major, "I won't say that he necessarily classed himself among the *divertissements*. He might possibly have thought that he was a *Sweet*—or even a *Salad*—"

Grandma, who had finished the clipping, was quietly listening, and now she gave the Judge a look as though to say,

"Don't miss this!"

"What would you say *I* was?" Jeff Adams was asking. And possibly essaying a jest, he added, "Not a vegetable, I hope."

"Oh, no, Jefferson," exclaimed Aunt Joe. I would say you were the *pièce de résistance*. The primest possible cut of roast beef."

The others laughed, but Grandma grimly thought to herself: "Ah, and he is, too! With a sprig of parsley on the side of the platter, and Josephine sharpening the knife!"

JUDGE MARLEBONE went to his study then—a comfortable, book-lined room at the back of the house, overlooking the city of Belleview in the valley below.

"Well, Jennie," he said, nodding at the picture of the earnest young woman—her hair dressed in the style of a third of a century ago—which stood in the faded leather frame behind his inkwell—"they're talking about making me Governor now. You know what I sometimes told you a good many years ago?—I'm not so sure that it may not happen yet!"

For as long as it might take you to count ten he looked at the picture, half-smiling, half-dreaming; and then, drawing a pad from his desk, he began to make notes for his address to the graduates at tomorrow's Commencement Exercises at the State University.

"Sincerity," he wrote. "No substitute for old-fashioned virtues. Nothing achieved except by hard work—"

But there he stopped and looked up at the photograph of Marlebone Towers which hung on the wall between the windows.

"Nothing achieved except by hard work," he thought. "That's right. But take my case, for instance. If I hadn't been Marquis of Marlebone for a week, I wouldn't be here, and I wouldn't be writing this. I'd still be over Bert Barber's Pet Shop, worrying where the next month's rent was coming from."

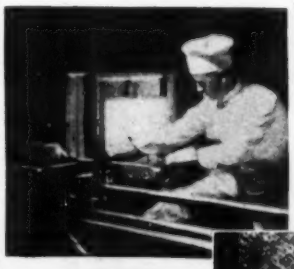
At the memory of those dark days he shook his head and slowly dipped his pen in the ink again.

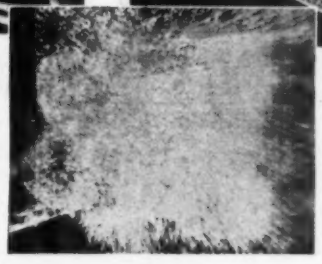
"So suppose I say something like this," he thought, "that a bit of good luck added to a lot of hard work sometimes acts like a bit of good yeast added to a lot of hard dough. Suppose I try to say something like that--carefully and cautiously . . . I wonder if they'll understand . . ."

THE END


# *Now!* Grains of health are shot from guns

**Amazing invention of Professor Anderson causes 125 million explosions in each grain of wheat and rice. Makes Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice virtually as nourishing as hot cooked cereals.**





*After the bronze guns are filled with wheat and rice, they are revolved in ovens. Here they are being removed, ready to fire. Fire! And the air is filled with crisp, fragrant, delectable Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.*

*As freshly crisp as the moment they were shot from guns! Try Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice with cream and sugar . . . or with your favorite fruit. Here's a breakfast to tempt hard-to-please appetites.*

WHY are Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice practically equal in nourishment to hot cooked cereals?

Because they are "food shot from guns." Before their discovery whole kernels of wheat and rice were indigestible, unless cooked for hours to break open every tiny food cell.

*Makes grains completely digestible*

Professor Anderson conceived the idea of sealing wheat and rice kernels in great bronze-steel guns. Then heating these guns until the moisture in the grain changed to super-heated steam. When the guns are fired, 125 million explosions occur in every grain. This explodes every tiny food cell. It makes Puffed Grains as completely digestible as hot cooked cereals. Therefore virtually as nourishing. It makes them crunchy, flaky, deliciously crisp.

*New Seal-Krisp package*

And Puffed Grains *stay* crisp, too. That's because of the new package and special process that "heat seals" these grain goodies into their containers so that they are kept as freshly crisp as the moment they were shot from guns.

Order Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice today. You'll delight in their delicious flavor . . . their nutlike goodness. The Quaker Oats Company.

*Do you like cornbread with that real southern, ripe-corn flavor? Try Quaker Cornmeal. You'll find all Quaker products are superior to ordinary products of their kind.*

This seal signifies that this product has been accepted by the American Medical Association.

★

**Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice**


In using advertisements see page 6

THIS *hundred year old sampler is typical of the authentic sources from which Scranton obtain designs for Scranton Colonial Coverlets.*

# SCRANTON *Colonial Coverlets*

## *with a truly* EARLY AMERICAN *feeling*

BOTH in color and design the spread dominates the bedrooms. A Scranton Colonial Coverlet is the first step in reproducing the true feeling of a Colonial setting. The designs are authentic; the colors, delightful. Available in all the better stores.

*Spread No. 2201. Blue, rose, gold, green and orchid. Guaranteed color fast. 72" x 108", 90" x 108".*

Chile!

*Try a Can of*

WALKER'S
*Genuine Texas Chile*

**Order Trial Package**

★ "Treat from Texas" Package contains full size No. 1 can Walker's Red Hot Chile; No. 1 can Red Hot Tamales; 1¾ oz. can Red Devil Mexene Chile Powder; Kitchen Bill Hook and Booklet of Mexican Recipes.

**All for 49c Postpaid**

If your Grocer cannot supply you, send 49c in stamps NOW for package.

WALKER PROPERTIES ASSOCIATION
Dept. G Austin, Texas

ALSO TAMALES BEANS and MEXENE CHILE POWDER SEASONING

*"Just Heat and Serve"*

*Amazing new way to* HOT STARCH

ELASTIC STARCH

*No need now for cooking, straining or bother in making hot starch—ELASTIC STARCH is powdered, ready-mixed and utterly complete in the package. A modern good housekeeping device.* SIMPLY ADD HOT WATER AND USE!


## Two Ghosts Walk

(*Continued from page 61*)

and the most beautiful gentleman I can find."

"Am I not rich and beautiful enough?" he wanted to know.

"Not nearly," she told him. "Not nearly, my dear boy. You see this girl is the loveliest thing in all of England."

"Are you?" he inquired with mock gravity of the lovely girl.

"Absolutely," she told him and laughed aloud.

"And what about me?" he demanded of Lady Joan.

"You may marry some nice American girl," she promised him.

"There are no girls in America," he declared with finality.

Then, as if she had had enough of it, Catherine turned to Lady Joan.

"My packing is finished," she told her.

Lady Joan hugged her a little tighter.

"How can I let you go," she said, "when we have not had a minute together to talk?"

"If that," said Dickie firmly, "is a hint for me to get out, I will tell you right now that I won't. For I can say the same thing myself: I, too, have had no time to talk with her."

They ignored him as if he did not exist.

"Tell me about your babes?" Lady Joan asked her. "You've scarcely told me a word of them. How is that little Pam?"

The girl's face clouded. "Rather seedy-looking. She worries me, that child does."

Lady Joan sympathized. And inquired of Biddy. Of Bertie. Of Lottie.

"And Mimi. You haven't asked for Mimi," Catherine reminded her.

Lady Joan laughed. "Oh, yes, your ghost. Does Biddy still see her?"

"Yes, Biddy sees her often. They talk together. And you know Lottie keeps talking about her, so I think she sees her, too. But not Pam or I. I am too earthy, I guess, and I suppose Pam is, too. Or else it is because Pam sleeps the dreamless sleep of infancy."

Let this be said for Dickie Hutchinson, that babes and ghosts and all, he wanted her as much as ever.

Right after lunch she left.

At the station Lady Joan embraced her warmly.

"Goodby, my precious, my lamb," she told her.

Dickie Hutchinson shook her hand without saying anything at all.

It was only after he was back in America that it occurred to him that he had been a fool to give up so easily. Indeed such a fool he had not felt since his nursery days when he had tried to eat a pink velvet peach.

A DRAWING room is not considered the world's most fitting place for the greasing of one's boots. But that is where Catherine Brinsley sat doing hers, because that was where the fire was, and where also was her young invalid sister, Biddy, who lay on the flat of her troublesome back on the big, broad davenport.

Biddy's bright, black eyes regarded the fire without enthusiasm, and indeed the fire did seem to make very little headway against all the dampness which crept into the big house from under the heavy trees on the lawn.

"You could put that fire on a dinner plate and have room left for an *entrée*," Biddy complained. "In fact, I can scarcely see it with my naked eye. Why don't we have a decent fire?"

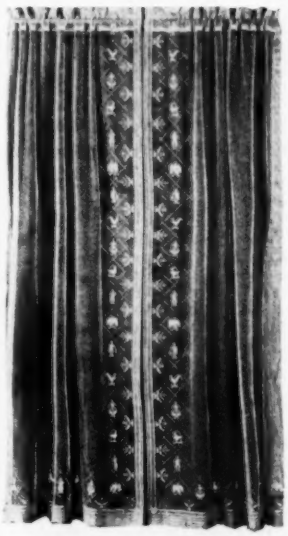
"Funds, my baby lamb, funds," her sister reminded her calmly, without even looking up from her goose grease and her heavy boots.

Small as the fire was, there was enough comfort in it to gather about itself a cosy group. Catherine Brinsley, beautiful and half-starved looking, bent her red-gold head to her task. In tweed breeches and soft shirt, she sat on a low stool at one side of the fire. On the other side of the hearth on a soft, worn, brown-velvet cushion slept the elderly spaniel, Bertie. Between them, in front of the fire, was the davenport with its bright-eyed, motionless occupant

# Lurelle Guild's

## EARLY AMERICAN COLLECTION INSPIRED THIS *Scranton* COLONIAL *Lace*

WE asked Lurelle Guild to design a group of smart glass curtain laces for today's homes in accordance with fashion's latest dictate, "Lace at every window." His collection of many delightful old samplers provided him immediate inspiration, for he found trees, flowers, houses, human figures and decorative borders. Here were quaint, delightful and correct motifs for the new Scranton Colonial Laces, and under the skillful pencil of this trained artist and decorator they are grouped and scaled so cleverly that they will seem to have been planned for your own particular windows. So charmingly adaptable, too, are these new Scranton Window Laces that in this new group of twelve we have christened "Colonial" you can find a design suited to any window in your home.



*In the Colonial pattern shown at the left and at the window, Mr. Guild has caught the gaiety and quaintness of the early American period. This pair of curtains is known as* "COLONIAL DESIGN NO. 2" *and retails at from $3 to $4. Altogether there are twelve smart patterns in this range of curtains known as Colonial Laces and all are moderately priced. Ask to see them at your favorite store. In case you do not find them, write us and we will see that you are served through your store or decorator nearest your home.*

LURELLE GUILD, *artist, decorator, and author of* "*The* GEOGRAPHY *of* AMERICAN ANTIQUES," *says that* "*few know fully the correctness and smartness of Colonial Lace at the window.*" *His Scranton Colonial designs are authoritative as well as beautiful. If you would have your window drapings introduce the greatest beauty into your rooms, use these laces. The folder,* "COLONIAL LACE *created by* LURELLE GUILD" *will tell you more about this interesting group. Write for a free copy. So that you may see just how this lace is made, we shall be glad to send you an attractive table runner made with Colonial Lace. Use the coupon below.*

SCRANTON LACE CO., Dept. 310
Scranton, Pennsylvania
Gentlemen:—

☐ Please send me, free, the interesting folder, "Colonial Lace created by Lurelle Guild."

☐ Enclosed find 25¢ for Colonial Lace Table Runner.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

# SCRANTON *Drapery Fabrics*

In using advertisements see page 6

# better cooking
## ... this easy way

COOKING DAYS are here again...what are your cooking problems? *Too little cooking space?* Smoothtop's broad, flat, enclosed top gives you twice the capacity of other gas ranges in no more floor space. *Better ways to cook?* Smoothtop's 4-heat zone "top cooking" method makes foods more tender and delicious. Its oven heat control automatically assures perfect baking and roasting. *More conveniences?* Smoothtop has ample warming space, waterless cooking advantages . . . every facility for surprising kitchen freedom.

FREE SMOOTHTOP BOOK in color describes the new, easier and surer cooking method of this wonderful gas range. Write for it! Mail us your name and address on the margin below.

★ Smoothtop
GAS RANGE

CAPTURES THE FLAVOR . . . FREES THE COOK

Standard Gas Equipment Corporation, 18 East 41st Street, New York
Manufacturers of Smoothtop, Oriole, Acorn, Vulcan Gas Ranges

## Two Ghosts Walk

snug under her soft, heather-colored blanket. At the window nearest the fireplace hung an ancient parrot, green and scarlet, who kept mumbling to herself.

All this group was in the soft glow of the firelight, but behind them stretched the great reaches of the drawing room, shadowy, chill, and half-denuded.

"Speaking of funds," said Biddy on her couch, "our Mimi said to me one night, 'There is that rich American who is in love with Cath.'"

Catherine frowned without looking up from the boots. "Will you tell your Mimi," she retorted, "to mind, kindly, her own affairs?"

"Mimi! Mimi!" suddenly called the parrot in a clear, penetrating voice, and then cocked her head on one side as if listening for a response to her call.

Biddy turned her head so that she could see the bird. "Lottie, darling, she will be here tonight," she promised her. "Tonight you may stay awake and watch for our Mimi. But don't you listen now to the horrid things Cath is saying about her."

Cath, thumping one greased boot to the floor and picking up the other to her knees, refrained from replying.

"And there is something else that Mimi said which you won't like," Biddy warned her.

"Then I do not wish to hear it," Cath retorted firmly.

"But you must hear it," declared Biddy, "because it is important. Mimi says you are in love with the American gentleman."

Hot color flushed quickly over the other's cheek. "Your Mimi is a meddlesome hussy," she snapped. "Will you tell her so from me."

"So when Auntie Joan was here last week," went on Biddy as calmly as if her sister had not spoken, "I asked her. I asked her, and she said that while she could not say about you, she knew well enough about the young man. And she said that she thought on the whole you were a fool not to have him. At one time, so she told me, she had an idea of saving you for the Prince of Wales, but now, on thinking it over, she has decided that this Dickie Hutchinson would be better."

Cath dropped her other boot to the floor and, with her hands knotted into fists on her knees, wrathfully faced the younger sister.

"Yes, and while you were talking me over with Auntie Joan, I suppose you told her that our coal is almost gone and that James and Jane have not been paid for two months."

"I am too much of a lady," replied the young invalid with dignity, "to speak of our finances."

THE door opened, and a fourteen-year-old girl, thin, undernourished-looking like her sisters, but with shining, child-like eyes and pale, satiny hair, came in.

Cried Biddy: "Pam baby, you come here and listen to what I am going to say, because this is about us, this very next remark that I am going to make. I am telling Cath what Mimi has been saying to me from time to time lately. It was only last night that she said something new: last night she told me that the reason Cath does not go off to America and marry her rich gentleman is because she does not know what to do with us."

Cath sprang to her feet. "You make me sick. Absolutely. Every one of you. If I wanted to marry him, I would. But I don't, and that's an end to it. And let us hear no more of this, ever!"

"Mimi!" plaintively called Lottie at her window.

"But we would be all right," Pam assured her sister, wholly ignoring the fact that she had been ordered to drop the subject entirely. "We could stay here with James and Jane to take care of us, and Auntie Joan could come ever so often to visit us, and you could have your rich husband send us money."

Cath slipped out of her pumps and into her newly-greased boots. "I am going to the stables," she announced with grand scorn,

# The All-Star "KITCHEN-TESTED" RECIPE for Philadelphia Tea Cakes

That So Greatly Simplified Their Making That of 243 Women Trying Them, Not One Failed!

SARAH FIELD SPLINT
Director, Department of Foods and Household Management, McCall's Magazine.

MRS. S. R. DULL
Cooking Editor of the Atlanta Journal, and author of the South's most popular cook book, "Southern Cookery".

MRS. ANNA B. SCOTT
Famous Cooking Editor of the Philadelphia Inquirer, supplies this amazingly simple recipe for Philadelphia Tea Cakes.

MILDRED MADDOCKS BENTLEY
Editor of the Delineator Home Institute, Delineator Magazine.

Eventually Why Not Now?

*It's One of Betty Crocker's 15 All-Star Recipes Prepared by 12 of America's Famous Cooking Experts That You Now Find Inside of Every Sack of "Gold Medal"*

12 of America's most famous cooking stars, working with the noted Gold Medal expert, Betty Crocker, have collaborated in preparing an All-Star set of 15 "Kitchen-tested" recipes to simplify home baking.

The Philadelphia Tea Cakes are one example. Of 243 women trying this recipe, not one failed in getting perfect results the first time!

It and 14 other greatly simplified recipes are being distributed in every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. *You'll find them all in any sack of this flour you buy.* (And the recipes are changed every 3 months.)

***What "Kitchen-tested" Means***

By the development of a new type of flour "Kitchen-tested," scientifically, the same way. Thus the flour acts the *same way*, the recipe the *same way* every time you bake. No guesswork, no uncertainty. Results are unvarying. Baking simplified amazingly.

For the Great Kitchen Thrill, try this way today. Get GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour at any grocery store. Betty Crocker's All-Star recipes—including the one pictured here—are inside the sack.

★

—GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour —baking has been remarkably simplified for the housewife. *And the cause of most baking disappointments banished*—lack of uniformity in the flour used; the chance of two sacks of the same brand varying greatly in result.

GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour means flour that has been tested in a home oven just like yours, for *uniformity of result*, before it goes to you. Every batch tested for home baking of cakes, pies, pastries, breads, by a number of experts directed by the noted cooking authority, Betty Crocker.

"Kitchen-tested" Recipes are likewise

LISTEN IN . . . Every Wednesday and Friday Morning at 10:30 New York Time and 9:30 Pacific Time to Betty Crocker's Gold Medal Cooking School over National Broadcasting Company . . . *Gold Medal Fast Freight* . . . Every Wednesday Night at 9:00 P. M. Eastern Standard, 8:00 P. M. Central Standard, 7:00 P. M. Mountain and 6:00 P. M. Pacific Time, The Gold Medal Radio Organ—The Wheaties Quartet—Coast-to-Coast Over the Columbia System.

The best bakers today are using GOLD MEDAL Flour and other well-known high grade ingredients for making a variety of delicious pastries. Have you tried them? Many of these bakers are making the pastry shown in this advertisement.

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY
of
GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Copyr. G. M., Inc., 1930
934R

Try These Wheat Products Made by The Millers of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour

KNIVES WITH COLORED HANDLES ARE "THE THING" FOR BREAKFAST

*It is 'chic' to serve color for breakfast... bright china, bright fruit, gay linens with a naive flower pattern—and now, these new and lovely* Community *knives with 'jewel-colored' handles..*

## *When you sit down to breakfast does your table please you?*

Do you have a pleasant secret feeling..."mmm that looks nice!" Is it cheerful and amusing—and *correct*—a little indoor garden, with color blooming even on the knives? And plenty of silverware?... If it isn't you should promptly take steps—for the breakfast table is so easy to make charming...

Have you the new colored handled knives, for instance? They are only $9.75 for six, in any one of five distinguished Community designs—(the *Bird of Paradise* is the design illustrated)—with handles scarlet, or jade-green, or sea-blue... Have you fruit spoons and cereal spoons enough? Cereal spoons are only $8.00 for six. Little butter knives for your hot toast? Community has them for $6.50 for six. The sugar and creamer in the picture are $10.00 for the pair... the salts and peppers are $7.50 for the pair.

And—you can get a whole service of the essentials of silverware in Community Plate for as little as $36.50, for a service for six people, or $48.00, for eight.

*A new book on Correct Service!* TABLE WAYS OF TODAY—a summary of the *newest trends* in table service and table decoration—has been prepared by *Community* with the aid of editors of *six leading women's magazines.* Send 25 cents for it to Oneida Community Ltd., Dept. 3C, Oneida, New York.

*Do you know*—that you can get services of TUDOR PLATE, designed, made and guaranteed by the same craftsmen who create *Community*?... TUDOR PLATE teaspoons are $2.00 for six; a service for six costs $18.00—Ask about it!

# COMMUNITY PLATE

October 1930 Good Housekeeping

## Two Ghosts Walk

"where I shall at least find intelligent company."

"Wait," Biddy held up a thin but authoritative hand. "If you won't marry the American, I know of one other way by which we could get funds. Why should we not commercialize Mimi?"

She presented her idea. It was not a wholly new or novel plan. It had been done before in England. The world is full of people who want to investigate the supernatural—scientists, earnest amateurs, and the purely curious.

"Let them come," was Biddy's suggestion, "but let them pay well for their coming."

More than at a hotel, because no hotel could offer them a ghost like Mimi, that lovely, slim thing in floating draperies, who came and stood at the foot of the bed, swaying gently, and sometimes speaking—speaking, at least, to Biddy, though there was no record of her ever having talked to any one else. Others in the house, however—servants and sometimes guests—had seen her, even if they had not heard her speak.

So that was Biddy's plan.

But Catherine was almost as scornful of it as she was of their plans for her marriage. It took days to persuade her to give it a trial of even one week-end, or even one night, just two or three guests for one night to see how it would go.

At last, worn out by argument, she was a little persuaded, persuaded to the extent of that brief notice which appeared on the first page of the *Times* between the paragraphs that indicated that Brighteyes wanted to meet Goldilocks that night at the old place, and that a clergyman in delicate health wanted a post as literary secretary and was not averse to traveling.

There it was, challenging the eye of the reader and terrifying its authors when they saw it actually in print:

"*Ghosts.* If you are interested, why not visit old country house where one is said to have been seen frequently? Rates reasonable. For particulars address Box 2,739. *The Times* E.C.4."

AS the replies began to come in, Cath was seized with panic. "I am not going to let any one come," she threatened. "I'll raise chickens. That is a far better way for us to get money."

"But you will need a little capital for chickens," Biddy reminded her. "Try it this once."

So reluctantly, uneasily, Cath consented, as a beginning, to select three who did not even demand so much as a week-end, but seemed to be satisfied with a night's investigation—three, two men and a woman, none of whom sounded actually prying or vulgar.

After she had posted the letters, making them rates, setting a day, she wished a thousand times that she had not done it, and hoped against hope that her rates would seem excessive.

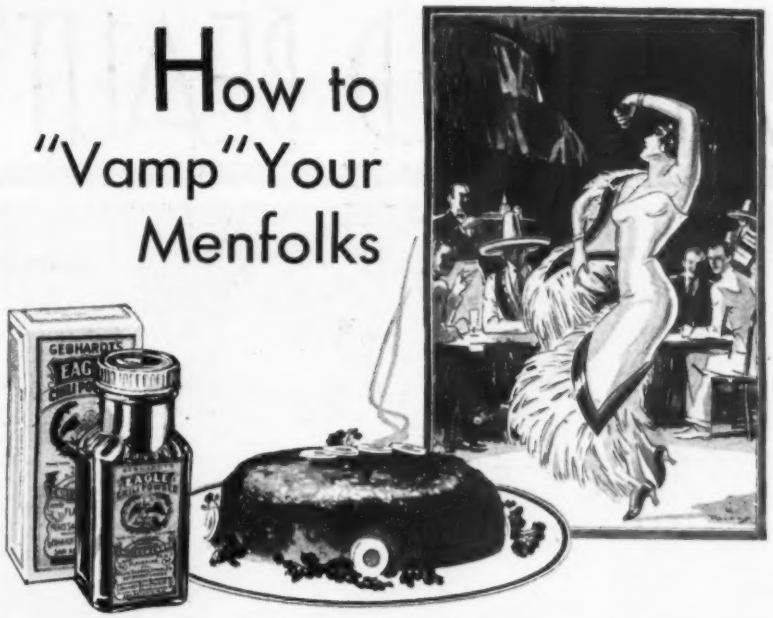
Two of the three sent word that they were coming. (The third, the lady, they never heard from again.) The two arrived one Saturday evening just before dinner, a Mr. Figger, who was an under-sized, elderly Englishman with gray whiskers, and a lanky, large-eared American named Jones.

She and James met them with the station wagon and brought them home. She showed them their rooms and did not see them again until they met that night at the dinner table.

They made, the four of them, a strangely assorted quartette about the candle-lit table with its fine, worn, old linen and its handsome, worn, old silver.

The two girls, Cath and Pam, shabby, undernourished, aristocratic, exquisite, sat at head and foot of the large table. Cath's black dinner frock looked as if it might have been made more than a decade ago for some elderly relative, but its quaint short sleeves and its rounded neck revealed arms and throat as lovely as


# How to "Vamp" Your Menfolks




. . . with just any LEFT-OVER MEATS

LEFT-OVER meats simply can't be thrown away. Yet they *are* hard to "sell" the menfolks, however clever the disguise. But there *is* a way to make men say they *like* left-over meats, and to pass their plates for more. Enlist the magic of Mexican Chili flavor. Introduce the Mexican Tamale pie. Reveal the delights of real Chili con Carne. Glorify ordinary meat loaf. Exalt the lowly meatball and hash. In a hundred ways you can conjure to make humble foods a treat.

Chili powder imparts an irresistible fragrance and flavor to all manner of meat dishes, to fish, vegetables, eggs. And in salads, gravies, sauces and soups, "Voila! it is Heaven." With Chili powder, Native cooks have for years made their foods the enigma and envy of all the world. Now through Gebhardt, you may have it too. In 15c and 35c bottles with a few recipes enclosed. But to get the two complete cook books, accept offer at left. Send 10c for sample and both recipe books today.

MEXICAN COOKERY with American Adaptations And Salads

Two rare recipe books "Mexican Cookery" for American homes by Gebhardt, a manual of Native cooking art. Also Alice Bradley's new discovery-book of party salads with Chili powder decoration, color, flavor, and design. Both books free if you send for . . . .

THIS SAMPLE 10¢

. . . enough for two or three recipes. In no other way can you get these unusual books. You wouldn't sell them for a dollar a piece if you couldn't replace them.

Gebhardt's
GENUINE MEXICAN
Chili
POWDER ©G. C. P. Co. 1930

GEBHARDT'S · San Antonio, Texas GH-8

Enclosed find 10c for sample Gebhardt's genuine Mexican Chili Powder and two famous Recipe Books,

*Name*_____

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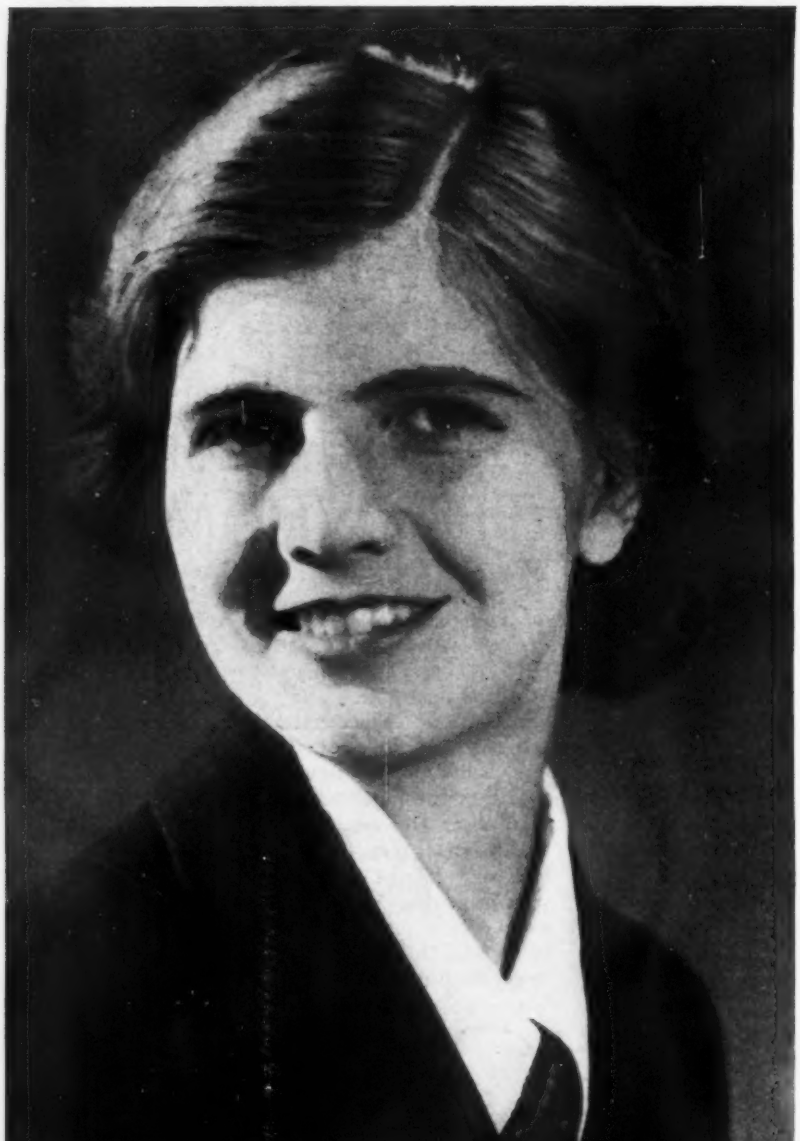
*Dealer's Name*_____


In using advertisements see page 6

# AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET



LET'S enjoy this healthy, young American, a real aristocrat, natural and unaffected and just as she was photographed from her morning's ride. Lips, especially their texture, have much to do with pointing out aristocrats ◆◆ Chew Wrigley's ten or more minutes a day and notice the beauty added to your lips. It pleasantly exercises the delicate muscles which, through lack of sufficient chewing in your daily diet, grow flabby—thus bringing on homely lines and destroying the fresh, young texture of lips. Such a beauty secret is as old as the ancient Aztecs. Try Double Mint ◆◆ it's a new peppermint flavor.

INEXPENSIVE
SATISFYING

★

K-74

## Two Ghosts Walk

they were thin. The child Pam wore a ribbon about her pale, satiny hair and a white dress that was too small for her. Shyly but bravely she tried to contribute her share of the conversation her sister was making.

The elderly Mr. Figger gave a business-like attention to his dinner and answered remarks addressed to himself with a discouraging and business-like brevity. The rest of the conversation he ignored. The lanky and large-eared Mr. Jones was proving terrible beyond words, with his appalling table manners and his buoyant social instincts, which consisted chiefly in narrating slightly poisonous jokes.

The old servant, James, threadbare but elegant of manner, who was coachman or butler according to the occasion's greatest need, served them now with a trained, deft hand. Jane, white cap on her gray hair and a great, white apron over her worn, black gown, passed through the room with Biddy's tray, and, splendidly contained, gave not a glance toward the table.

The dinner hour bore down drearily upon Cath, wishing over and over, as she did, that she had not let them come. She wondered whether, after all, the silver would be safe. And how indeed did she know but that they would all be murdered in their sleep, three girls and two old servants, housed with two unpromising strangers of whom she knew nothing at all?

"How could I have let myself in for all this?" she demanded of herself.

She made another gallant effort to keep a decent conversation going: she talked of conditions in England, of the war debts, of this year's Royal Academy. It seemed a hopeless endeavor, having no help in it save what that shy, loyal child could give. She felt lonely, homesick even. Irresistibly her mind turned to the days at Lady Joan's—how one had drifted through them blissfully, blindly, intoxicated by the mere presence of another!

Suddenly misery tore down those barriers in her heart which, since her return from Lady Joan's, she had kept so valiantly raised against all thoughts of Dickie Hutchinson. But now it all rushed in upon her—loneliness, longing, the utter misery of her renunciation.

"Dickie—Dickie, my darling," her heart cried, while her voice, lovely, controlled, discussed the situation in China. "Dicky, I adore you. . . . I need you so. . . . I can't bear it . . . a whole lifetime without you. . . . I can't bear it."

Aloud she said, "I think for a long time the entire civilized world must be very patient with China."

And again her heart: "But, Dickie, what can I do? I can't leave these children . . . and I can't burden you with everything."

She forced her mind back to her dinner table and to her guests who sat there.

BUT afterward, when they went into the drawing room, there was Biddy to take charge of the conversation for her, little, bright-eyed Biddy, flat on her ailing back with one thin cushion under her head, her Scotch rug over her, with so slight but so valiant a hold on life. So while Biddy led the talk into the channels of the supernatural and told them in particular all about Mimi, Cath let herself be dragged along captive by those compelling memories of days at Lady Joan's. She was invaded by dreams. Restraints were now entirely gone. She abandoned herself to the intensity of her longing.

And all the while the be-whiskered, academic Mr. Figger was taking notes in a black oilcloth notebook, writing down the names of those who in the past had seen the ghost of this old house—servants, caretakers, villagers, guests, and ancestors of the present occupants. He made notes on what Biddy was telling him of her own personal encounters with Mimi.

Biddy eagerly, enthusiastically, gave all her reports, while Lottie, awake beyond her hour, called plaintively and sometimes angrily to


# Hoosier's latest *Triumph*

ONE OF HOOSIER'S STYLE SHOW SPECIALS... *the new Tu-Tone Kitchen and Breakfast Group in Spring-green and Ivory. Available en suite or individually. A splendid value.*

© H. M. C. 1930

FURNISHINGS that can be rearranged and re-grouped from time to time are as essential for the kitchen as for other rooms in the house.

No matter what kind of kitchen you have...large or small, new or old...it can be made colorful, attractive and modernly efficient with Hoosier portable equipment—at surprisingly low cost.

In addition to cabinets and side units in many styles and finishes, Hoosier also leads in the manufacture of smart breakfast room outfits, drop-leaf and extension tables, buffets, servers and chairs. Kitchen and breakfast room pieces to match are obtainable in the latest oak and enamel finishes.

See the special Style Show groups at *your* Hoosier dealer's. Write us if you do not know his name.

POSTPAID—The new Hoosier Style Book, color-illustrated, will be gladly sent on request. Just address the Hoosier Mfg. Co., 1030 Gray St., New Castle, Ind.

HOOSIER

*World's largest manufacturer of kitchen and breakfast-room furniture*

**BEAUTIFUL ALL-WOOL BLANKET *for* YOUR OLD RAGS**

Send us a bundle (5 lbs. or more) of woolen rags—blankets, clothing, etc., any kind or color, with $4.50 and we will mail you a beautiful all-wool blanket, bound with sateen, full size, 66 in. x80 in., weighing 3 to 3½ lbs. Choose one of six pastel shades, baby blue, light green, rose, purple, tan or orchid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

**HUNTER WOOLEN MILLS**
Dept. 7, Newport, New Hampshire

**Big Profits in Candy Making!**

Alice Bradley, famous teacher, shows how to *make* and *sell* her "Approved" Home-Made Candies. Work sheet formulas, equipment, boxes, adv. cards, full selling plans—*everything* provided. Make money 1st week. Profits double the fee or money back! Write today for free "work sheet" on *FUDGE*.
American School of Home Economics, 822 E. 58th St., Chicago

**KREME-SKIN BEAUTY GLOVES**

*Protect and Beautify the Hands*

While you do your
Housework - Driving
Gardening - Golfing

KREME-SKIN gloves are made from extra soft, imported lamb skins of patented tannage which retains in the leather the *lanolin emollient* used in beauty creams. Because of this, KREME-SKIN gloves *beautify the hands while you work!* While they protect, the "play" of this remarkable leather over the hands keeps them clean, soft, white.

KREME-SKIN Beauty Gloves are neat and comfortable. Ask to see them at the toilet goods department of any better department store. Or, if you prefer, send us $1.00 for a pair, postpaid.

**The National Glove Co., Dept. A, Columbus, Ohio**

WIN the praise of your guests with this beautiful, sparkling glassware. Charming design, convenient sizes for every occasion. Obtainable in complete sets, or piece by piece, at the better stores everywhere. Surprisingly inexpensive. Write today for booklet and name of store nearest you. Sloan Bros., Lonaconing, Md. Look for this label.

SLOAN
ROCK CRYSTAL WARE
THE GENUINE *"Rings Like a Bell"*


In using advertisements see page 6

# FACE TIRED?

## Let these Phantom Fingers help you!

● The end of the day! You feel old—you look older. Why *did* you make that engagement for tonight? You just long to creep into bed. Nothing but a miracle can revive you!

And that miracle is in the invisible fingers of Pompeian Night Cream.

*Pompeian Night Cream to cleanse, freshen, youthify! Pompeian Day Cream—a smooth vanishing cream, and a superlative powder base. Each generous jar 60c. (Convenient tubes at better-class 5 and 10c stores.)*

★ Facial fatigue that brings lines about the eyes...that drains the face of youth and color—let the phantom fingers of Pompeian Night Cream banish it.

This cleansing, conditioning cream holds the magic power to lift those drooping lines...to smooth away the furrow of worry and fatigue and bring the flush of youthful radiance to the skin.

Pompeian Night Cream is the double-purpose cream—to cleanse and to condition—the one essential, basic cream for your skin.

*For the Perfect Finish—Pompeian* DAY *Cream*

After your skin has been cleansed and facial fatigue has been wiped away—call on Pompeian's phantom fingers once again—this time in Pompeian Day Cream. It gently closes the pores and holds your face powder and rouge evenly, lastingly.

*Price—like the Night Cream—*60c. *Read the coupon to learn how to procure samples and Mme. Cordet's home treatment instructions.*

THE POMPEIAN CO., Inc., New York, N. Y., Elmira, N. Y. and Toronto, Canada...*(Sales Offices:* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Avenue at 34th Street, N.Y., and 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Canada)

**Send for new Art Panel**

*The new Pompeian Panel is by Clement Dousbee, master painter of beautiful women. Gorgeously colored—expensively reproduced—suitable for framing!*

PRINT Name and Address

Mme. Jeanette de Cordet, Dept. 17-10, Pompeian Laboratories, Elmira, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (coin). Send me the Art Panel and two samples of Pompeian Day and Night Cream; also home treatment instructions and your illustrated booklet "Your Type of Beauty."

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____

State_____

*Canada: Address 10 McCaul Street, Toronto*

**POMPEIAN**

**NIGHT CREAM AND DAY CREAM**


## Two Ghosts Walk

Mimi, then head on side listened for her to come.

Presently James entered, and Biddy, wrapped in her blanket, herself not much more than a young ghost, was lifted into the old servant's arms.

"You will see our ghost tonight," she promised them, as she bade them good-night and was carried up to her room.

Pam slipped over to the parrot and whispered to her. She caught up Bertie and held him against her shoulder like a baby while she whispered to him. And then she bade the others a dignified though blushing good-night.

And Cath, left alone with these men, obliged to tear herself away from her dreams and give herself to the present, felt more desolate and more lonely than ever.

Mr. Figger, still fussing with his book, turned his questions now to Cath.

The American, Mr. Jones, lolled loutishly in his chair, the firelight shining on and through his ears, turning them into luminous, rosy shells. It shone upon his nose. He sat in a heavy, digestive silence. His interest was not academic. He wanted a good ghost story to take home to his club.

Over by the window Lottie had now retired for the night, a strange and headless creature upon her perch.

Bertie on his cushion was twitching and shivering in his sleep, engrossed with the dramatis personæ of his dreams.

Behind them in the dim light stretched the great, half-empty drawing room, on whose walls, like chaperones and guardians, hung portraits of this girl's forebears, while she sat before her fire with two strange men.

At eleven o'clock the wine and cakes came in.

With this aspect of sociability where no real sociability existed, Cath found herself more deeply plunged into the desolation which was upon her this night.

And then it happened on this night, when two strangers had come to see their ghost walk, that Cath, sitting there, forcing herself to sip the wine and nibble the sweet dry biscuit, happened to glance up at the window by which Lottie was sitting, and there for the briefest instant—it was there, and then before she could look a second time it was gone—she saw it! But that brief instant was blood-chilling, was heart-stopping, for she had seen the face of a ghost. It was not the familiar specter of the house, that Mimi who had made this place her own, but another, a new ghost who had never walked there before.

It filled her with terror, and it broke her heart, for she believed on the minute that it could portend but one thing—what could it mean but that he had met with sudden death? That was why the thoughts of him had possessed her so irresistibly tonight. That was why she had felt so strangely alone. And now came into her heart a chill that was like death itself. To the tales of Mimi she had always lent an indulgent but sceptical ear, but in this new ghost she believed.

Her eyes, hypnotized, she could not take from that window. But the face did not reappear. To herself she kept saying:

"How can I go on now? Even for Biddy and Pam, how can I?"

At last, faint, ill, she arose, bade them good-night, offered them the whole house in which to watch for the ghost, wished them luck at their vigil, and then managed to get to her own room.

IN THE morning, in spite of her sleepless and anguished night, and in spite of the secret terror which still lurked in her heart, she managed, nevertheless, to summon a cold, hard common sense to her service. The only ghost that haunted her, she told herself, was a memory, and that sort of ghost could be laid by going about her business and not thinking more about what could never be and what she could never have.

In the drawing room below she found the two

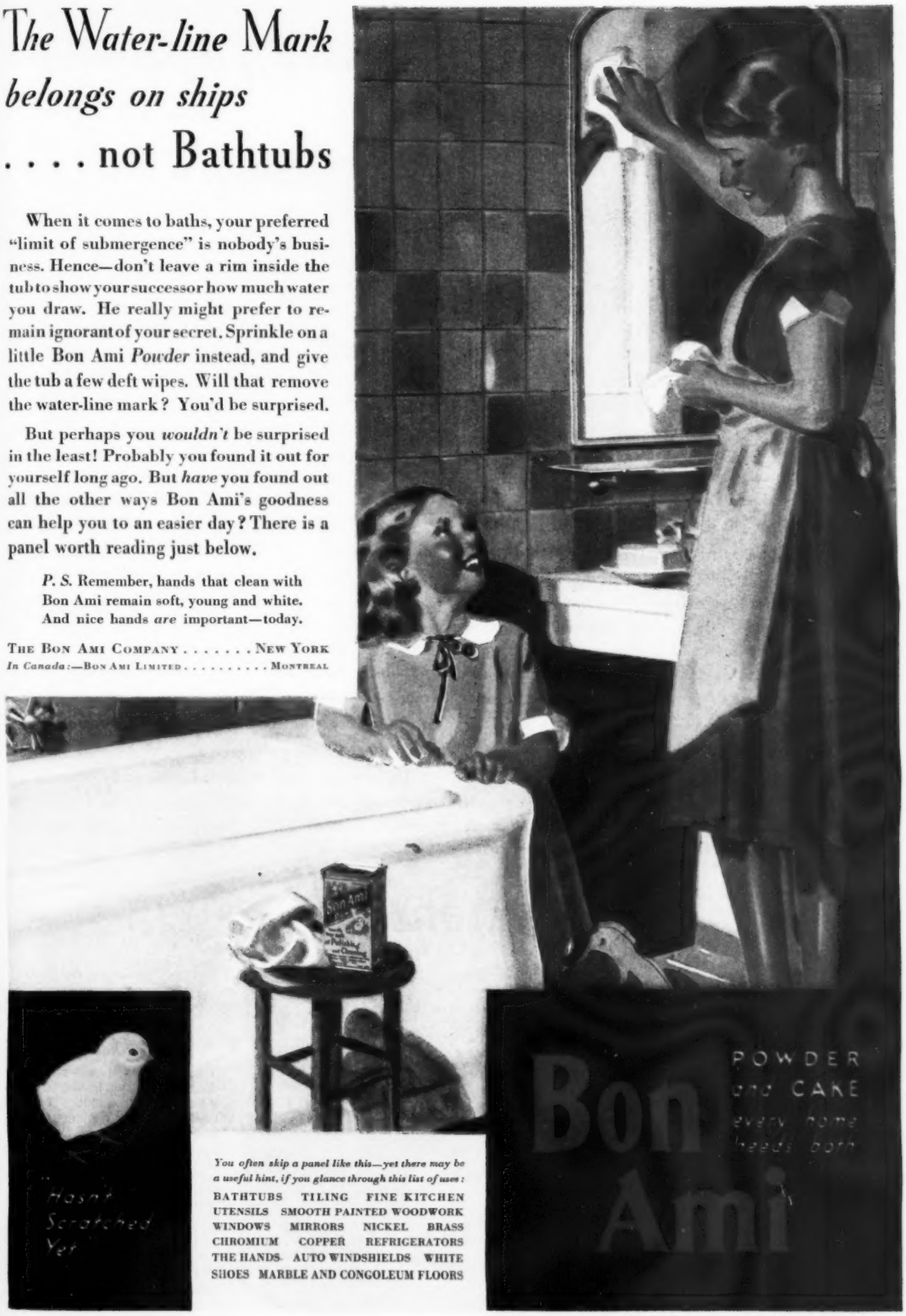
# *The Water-line Mark belongs on ships* . . . . not Bathtubs

When it comes to baths, your preferred "limit of submergence" is nobody's business. Hence—don't leave a rim inside the tub to show your successor how much water you draw. He really might prefer to remain ignorant of your secret. Sprinkle on a little Bon Ami *Powder* instead, and give the tub a few deft wipes. Will that remove the water-line mark? You'd be surprised.

But perhaps you *wouldn't* be surprised in the least! Probably you found it out for yourself long ago. But *have* you found out all the other ways Bon Ami's goodness can help you to an easier day? There is a panel worth reading just below.

*P. S.* Remember, hands that clean with Bon Ami remain soft, young and white. And nice hands *are* important—today.

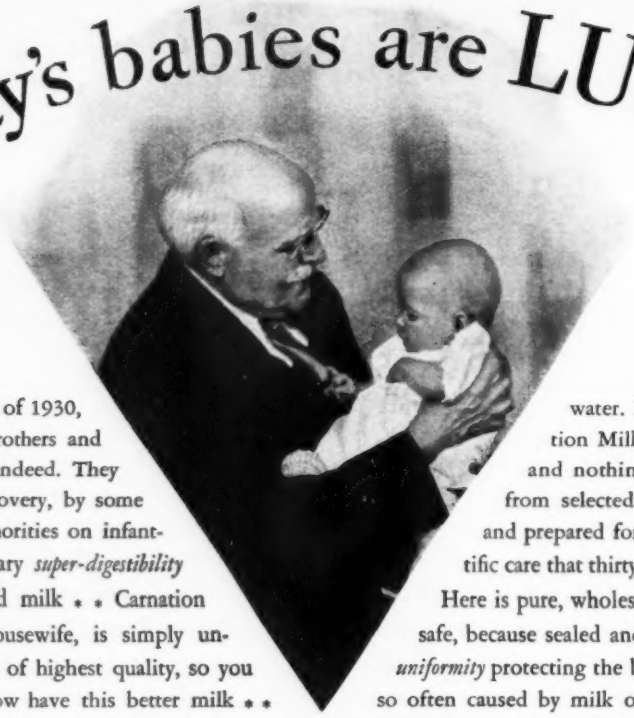
THE BON AMI COMPANY . . . . . NEW YORK
*In Canada:*—BON AMI LIMITED . . . . . MONTREAL




*You often skip a panel like this—yet there may be a useful hint, if you glance through this list of uses:*

BATHTUBS TILING FINE KITCHEN UTENSILS SMOOTH PAINTED WOODWORK WINDOWS MIRRORS NICKEL BRASS CHROMIUM COPPER REFRIGERATORS THE HANDS AUTO WINDSHIELDS WHITE SHOES MARBLE AND CONGOLEUM FLOORS

# Today's babies are LUCKY!



THE BOTTLE-BABIES of 1930, and all their small brothers and sisters to come, are lucky indeed. They will benefit from the discovery, by some of the world's greatest authorities on infant-feeding, of the extraordinary *super-digestibility* of unsweetened evaporated milk • • Carnation Milk, known to every housewife, is simply unsweetened evaporated milk of highest quality, so you see that *every* baby may now have this better milk • • Two things make Carnation far easier to digest than raw, boiled, or pasteurized milk. First, it is *heat treated,* which causes the formation of very fine, soft, flaky curds, instead of the tough, solid lumps formed by ordinary milk. And, second, it is "homogenized"—which means that the raw milk's coarse fat globules are *ground up* into tiniest particles, marvelously easy to assimilate • • At the same time, Carnation has *all the nutritional value* of the very best bottled milk. It contains all the protein, fat, carbohydrates, minerals, *and vitamins.* The only vitamin supplements needed are those now given with *any* milk—such as orange or tomato juice and cod-liver oil. *Nothing* is taken out of this milk except part of the natural water. Nothing is added • • Carnation Milk is simply "the whole milk and nothing but the milk," obtained from selected herds of Contented Cows, and prepared for your use with all the scientific care that thirty years' experience has taught. Here is pure, wholesome, nutritious milk; always safe, because sealed and sterilized; with its *controlled uniformity* protecting the baby's health from the upsets so often caused by milk of varying quality • • Isn't it wonderful that every mother in America should now be able to obtain the very best possible milk for her baby! The city mother, the farm mother. At home or traveling • • Ask your doctor all about this better baby milk. And let us send you our new book, just published—"Baby-Feeding Simplified." If you would like to know why Carnation is *better for cooking too,* ask for the Carnation Cook Book also. Try only one or two of Mary Blake's famous "Hundred Favorite Recipes," and you will see why home economists and good cooks generally are so enthusiastic about this modern way of cooking • • Address Carnation Company, 1026 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.; or 1126 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, Wash.; or Aylmer, Ont.

## "from Contented Cows"

*Carnation White Sauce with variations*

| | |
|---|---|
| **WHITE SAUCE** (*Basic Recipe*) 1½ tbsp. butter, 1½ tbsp. flour, 1 tsp. salt, few grains pepper, ½ cup Carnation Milk, ½ cup water. | Melt butter; add flour and seasonings and mix thoroughly. Add the Carnation diluted with the water and stir constantly until smooth and thick. Place over hot water and continue cooking for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. |
| **CHEESE SAUCE** ½ cup grated cheese added to Basic Recipe. | Add cheese to the cooked sauce and stir until the cheese is melted. Serve hot with vegetables or fish. |
| **PARSLEY & EGG SAUCE** 1 chopped hard cooked egg, 1 tbsp. chopped parsley, ½ tsp. celery salt added to Basic Recipe. | Add ingredients to the cooked sauce. Serve hot with vegetables or fish. |

© 1930, C. Co.

*A finer milk to cook with*

The fine-grained butter-fat that makes Carnation so digestible as a baby milk also makes it *amazingly* better for cooking. It improves the flavor and texture of foods, gives them a butter-richness and cream-smoothness unmatchable any other way. Try one of the recipes at the left—you will be delighted.

Chocolate and cocoa, by the way, are especially fine when made with Carnation. You will also enjoy this double-rich milk in place of cream for coffee, fruits, and cereals—and, at the same time, cut your cream bill two-thirds!

## Two Ghosts Walk

guests there before her. They were deep in discussion. Each of them, it appeared, had seen a ghost, but according to accounts and descriptions, it was not the same ghost at all.

Into the breakfast room the discussion was carried. Mr. Jones, so his story ran, heavy with drowsiness the night before, had retired to his room just before midnight, and while he had planned merely to rest on his bed, awake and watchful, he had nevertheless gone immediately to sleep. He slept, but he had wakened suddenly. It was as if cold air had blown through his room. Then he saw something standing at the foot of his bed. It was slim like a girl, with drapery sort of clothes, and stood there at the foot of his bed, swaying a little back and forth. And while he looked, he suddenly realized that he could see right through her to the wall behind.

"It sounds like our Mimi," Cath told him. "But when Biddy comes down, she is the one who can identify her. Pam and I never see her."

But the ghost of the other guest, the ghost of the elderly Mr. Figger, was diffefent. Very different indeed. For his ghost had been the face of a man, seen for an instant against the window pane.

"Oh, that isn't our ghost at all," cried the child Pam, her porridge spoon arrested by amazement halfway to her mouth.

"If it had not been for its pallor," asserted Mr. Figger, "I would have sworn that it was a man," his eyes suspiciously wandering from one girl to the other. "You have no other men about this place besides the servant I have seen?" he inquired.

"No other," replied Cath.

"Could it have been a villager up to a prank?" the scientific mind inquired.

"I feel certain that it would not have been any one from the village," said his hostess. "Did it look like a villager?"

"No," said Mr. Figger thoughtfully, shaking his head. "No, it did not. I would say rather that it looked like a gentleman."

Then there appeared Biddy, carried down by James. From Mr. Jones' description she identified her Mimi whom she, too, had seen that night. But she was nc:plussed, as were the others, over Mr. Figger's experience.

"It is no ghost of ours," she declared. "And I can't at all make it out."

IT WAS a moment of great relief to Cath when she drove her two guests to the station, a great relief to see their train carry them away.

"There is one silly lesson learned," she told herself wearily, as she made her way home. "From now on, chickens exclusively."

Slowly she drove herself home through the sweet, Sunday morning calm of the English countryside, through the pale, watery sunshine, the damp fragrance of fields, the bright green of the roadside.

She was no longer wrought with emotion as she had been the evening before. She was tired. Life seemed empty, savorless, flat.

She felt old. For where was that gay, nonchalant light-heartedness that heretofore had made the worst of life endurable?

She came into a narrow road that tunneled itself through the green of the great, overhanging trees and wayside shrubbery, and thence into the drive that went through her own grounds.

She found before the drawing room fire her two sisters, Biddy flat upon her davenport, Pam curled up in a great chair, her feet drawn up under her and Bertie in her lap.

And with them another, amazingly another, so that, like the ghost of the night before, it stopped the blood in your heart. . . .

"My dear," cried Biddy, "this is Mr. Figger's ghost, and he isn't a ghost at all. He's a man. So I think we should return Mr. Figger's money to him."

"Mimi! Mimi!" cried Lottie hilariously. "Mimi wants a cup of tea. Goodby all. Polly wants her tea."

*1930 is the 150th anniversary of Walter Baker & Company*

# The weekly treat became a daily delight *and Jimmy's weight went up*

FORMERLY, Jimmy had known cocoa only as a special reward. On days when he was asked to stay home and study while the other boys played baseball, or to mow the front lawn instead of going fishing, Baker's Cocoa had been held forth as the lure.

But now he was underweight, and so he was going to have cocoa every day. Well, well, well—life was pretty good after all. Too bad, thought Jimmy, that he hadn't become underweight a lot sooner.

As you might expect, it was only a matter of time before Baker's Cocoa accomplished the same result in Jimmy's case as it has with thousands of other growing children. Steadily, encouragingly, his weight began to go up.

*For every growing child*

Naturally, Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk is an ideal food drink for *every* growing child. Do you realize how much valuable goodness each delicious cupful contains?

Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk offers in wonderfully flavorful guise, all the wholesome benefits of milk — and the added nourishment of Baker's Cocoa. Indeed, Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk provides an abundance of precious food elements — proteins, carbohydrates, calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin A, Vitamin B — a banquet of those valuable food materials which help every child become strong and sturdy and alert.

In a recent survey, 77% of the dietitians, professional nurses, editors of women's magazines said "Baker's Cocoa is best." The pick of West Indian cocoa beans is obtained for Baker's Cocoa. Still more important are the unique knowledge and skill that enter into their blending—the accumulated experience of 150 years. No wonder Baker's Cocoa is so smooth and rich in flavor. No wonder that grown-ups enjoy it just as keenly as do children.

*Write for recipe booklet: Walter Baker & Co., Inc., Dept. E-10, Dorchester, Mass.*

BAKER'S ★
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
COCOA

*A Product of General Foods Corporation*

© 1930, G. F. Corp.


In using advertisements see page 6

# SAFE

*For the hands of a Lady*

SUCH little effort, so little time to clean even the meanest pots and pans! Yet that is only half the story of the Chore Girl.

It cannot shed splinters to disfigure the hands, nor leave tiny metal particles in the utensil to get in your food.

You see, the Chore Girl is all one piece; knitted throughout from one continuous ribbon of soft copper into the shape of a flexible sponge. It rinses readily, cannot rust and lasts a long time.

And it is easy to buy—at all five-and-ten cent stores, hardware and department stores; or, if you wish, just send a dime for sample to Metal Textile Corporation, Orange, N.J.

# The CHORE GIRL ★

NOW is the Time to have Your *Old Rugs, Clothing* made into

## Finer Olson RUGS

• Rich Oriental Luxury that will Amaze You!

**Save ½**

**Write for Catalog in Colors (33 Model Rooms) FREE**

Here's the sensational *new-type* Olson Rug—luxurious, rich-textured, modern. Woven seamless, reversible for double wear. Send woolen materials, any kind, any color. *Lowest Prices Now.*

**We Pay Freight, Express**

Our Patented Process cannot be copied. Choice of 45 rich designs and colors: Oriental, Plain, Two-Toned, Hooked, Oval. *Any size.* *Our 56th Year.*

**Olson Rug Factory**, 32 Laflin St., CHICAGO, Dept. K-40. Send FREE RUG BOOK to:

Name ..... Address ..... City ..... State .....

## Like a "BUILT-IN" Bookcase yet Sectional and Portable

Per Section: Lacquer $4.00 Unfinished $3.00

**Lundstrom**
SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

A most desirable and economical bookcase for home or office. Sectional; never too large or too small; fits odd spaces and **grows with your needs.** Price of single three book section stack with top and base, style shown above, unfinished (for home painting) **$12.00;** imitation mahogany or walnut, **$13.25;** colored lacquer, **$16.50;** Other styles in oak, mahogany, walnut; etc., with doors, **at correspondingly low prices.** Shipped **direct from factory on approval** at a big saving TO YOU. Write for catalog No. 28.

**The C. J. Lundstrom Mfg. Co., Little Falls, N. Y.**
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases since 1899
*New York Show Room, 130 West 42nd St.*


## Two Ghosts Walk

"Lottie!" scolded Biddy. "When I am trying to talk!"

The man had risen at Cath's entrance, and they were standing looking at each other without even shaking hands.

"He is our cousin," said Pam. "He is Auntie Joan's great friend, which makes him practically our cousin. And we have invited him to come and live with us. Always. And he is coming."

Cath put a distracted hand to her head and leaned suddenly against the mantelpiece for support.

"Suppose we begin at the beginning," suggested Dickie Hutchinson.

"At the beginning," agreed Biddy. "It was only yesterday that his boat got in, and as soon as he reached London he called up Auntie Joan and got our address. And then he took the first train to us."

"As I was about to say," spoke the interrupted Dickie Hutchinson, "I apologize deeply for looking into your window last night. It sounds an appalling thing to do, but you'll see when I explain. After I got Lady Joan, I took the first possible train here, arriving about ten o'clock. When I took my bags to the village inn and inquired something about the distance to your house, I learned that your ghost was having a house-party and that two strange gentlemen had arrived. And because the village was sure you'd all be murdered in your sleep, I began to feel uneasy for you, too. So I inquired my way here and constituted myself night watchman. I do hope you don't mind."

"And he is coming here to live with us," repeated Pam.

"Oh, please don't be idiotic," Cath implored them.

"It is not idiotic," declared Biddy. "It is very sensible indeed. Auntie Joan approves. She sent us her blessing. He will arrange for himself a berth in his father's London office, and he can fly to Croydon in no time at all and get home every night for dinner."

"And he'd like to live in a house with a ghost," ventured Pam.

"Well, of course," said Cath, "it is sheer madness and nonsense. I don't know what has come over you."

"But we want him to stay," persisted Biddy, "and the house is two-thirds ours," she reminded her, "and it is Auntie Joan who is our guardian. So if you do not like it, there is only one thing you can do, and that is to leave us."

"I think," said Dickie Hutchinson gently, "that leaves nothing more to be said on the subject."

She met his eyes. It was an embrace, deep, adoring.

Catherine, who had known the presence of love and had renounced it, had exiled herself from it, knew now that it had come back. A deep, sweet relief came over her: her scruples were overridden, everything had been taken out of her hands, love awaited her.

"Two ghosts were seen last night," said Biddy softly, "and our Mimi says when two ghosts walk, strange things happen."

## Stay Away from Hollywood

(*Continued from page 37*)

"What numbers of perfectly beautiful girls!" is the comment of nearly every celebrity who comes to Hollywood.

And it is true. One finds them in the restaurants as waitresses or cashiers, in the shops as saleswomen, in the offices as clerks, stenographers, and telephone operators. What drew them? The lure of the motion picture. Some came supplied with funds and some with little but hope. Of the thousands who have gone again—to their homes, or to other cities because they were ashamed to go home defeated—some have gone at the expense of welfare organizations, and still others through the charity of kindly

# From Woman to Woman the news has flown.....

# "CLOROX SAVES THE DAY!"

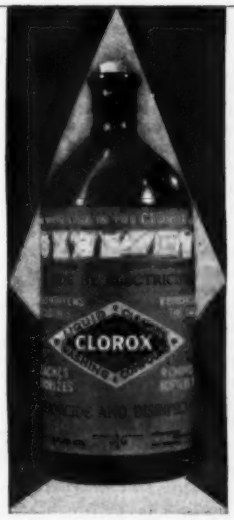
*"I don't worry about stains–I just use Clorox"*

With almost no effort on your part–Clorox performs household tasks you have thought impossible. It makes easy other tasks you've always dreaded. That's news! That's *big* news! And how that news has traveled!

Just consider this: A few tablespoonfuls of Clorox in your soaking suds or first rinse, and your white cottons and linens will come out snowy white–all the ordinary stains removed–and *disinfected.* For Clorox is a marvelous bleach, more effective than the brightest sunlight–and in addition it has *positive germ-killing power.*

To remove stubborn stains from white cottons and linens–ink, blood, fruit, grass, medicine stains, also scorched spots or mildew–just soak in a slightly stronger Clorox solution. They vanish!

Clorox is a product of modern science–every drop contains billions of active units of oxygen. Wherever you use it, Clorox *kills germs, destroys odors*–in the refrigerator, in the garbage can, in your bathroom and kitchen cleaning. It wipes out the danger spots! (Its power to purify is so great that a few drops will make contaminated water safe to drink.)




*Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping*

Use it to bleach discolored wooden drainboards–or any unfinished woodwork–to attractive cleanliness. Use it to remove vegetable, fruit, garden, dye, medicine or nicotine stains and other discoloration from your hands (★).

These are the things women are telling each other about Clorox! One trial, and you'll never be without it. A generous bottle costs little. Order from your grocer today!

If your grocer does not have Clorox, send us his name and address, and we will see that he is supplied. Clorox Chemical Co., Department B, Oakland, California.

# CLOROX

**BLEACHES · REMOVES STAINS · DESTROYS ODORS · KILLS GERMS**

In using advertisements see page 6

## Join The Rainbow Club

**And start the New Season with us. It will mean more money—and more pleasure for you during the coming months**

No matter how fully occupied your time, our Rainbow Club offers you an agreeable way to increase your income or to add to a Fund which you may wish to raise.

Are there some expenses soon to be met? What plans have you for the coming season? Are you going to be able to include certain little luxuries and pleasures with the necessary expenses which the budget must cover? Try the Rainbow Club way. It costs you nothing to join us—you need no special training.

Miss Elizabeth P. Reybold of Delaware (above) finds her magazine work so worth while remuneratively, and so satisfactory as an occupation! Mrs. Esther Schifferman of California (below) finds time to capture many an extra dollar during days busy with home duties and her two small sons. Come join us. It gives you such a feeling of security to know that you have the Club to turn to—a friend in need. Write to Helen Willard today.

Helen Willard, Director The Rainbow Club.
Good Housekeeping Magazine,
57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please let me know about your Rainbow Club opportunities. I want to earn extra money without neglecting my other duties.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State.....

RC-1030

# BREAK OUT OF THIS PRISON!

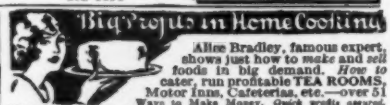
THAT never-ending chore of dish drying! Escape from it as much as possible! Startex Crash Toweling helps marvelously. It dries clean, without lint and with lightning speed. Its ingenious arrangement of linen and cotton fibres soak up water from a dinner's dishes, yet the towel doesn't seem to get wet. Startex gives prompt relief from kitchen drudgery; brings hand dish drying to its highest point of efficiency.

GENEROUS TRIAL OFFER ★

TRY Startex Toweling in your own home. Discover for yourself what a help it is in housekeeping. Just slip a dollar into an envelope, fill out the coupon and mail. Without delay you will receive four full-size Startex Towels and as an extra inducement, a sample bundle of one dozen Startex handy cloth samples showing the various colored borders. All 16 pieces are yours for $1.00. Mail the coupon today. Please be sure to specify colors of borders wanted on full size towels.

STARTEX
CRASH TOWELING

Tucapau Mills, 42 Worth Street, New York City.
Gentlemen:
A dollar is enclosed. Send me four full-size Startex towels with.....borders
Red, Blue, Green or Gold.
Also include one bundle of 12 Startex sample pieces showing color range.
My dealer's name is.....
My name is.....
Street.....
City or town.....State.....



Big Profits in Home Cooking

Alice Bradley, famous expert, shows just how to make and sell foods in big demand. How to cater, run profitable TEA ROOMS, Motor Inns, Cafeterias, etc.—over 51 Ways to Make Money. Quick profits assured. Write today for Illus. booklet, "Cooking for Profit." It's FREE.
American School of Home Economics, 822 E. 58th St., Chicago

A young housewife to her experienced friend ~

"THOSE Remington Kleanblade Knives you gave me are grand. I bought the other styles to make my set complete—and have discarded the odds and ends of knives bought during my first year of housekeeping. Thanks a lot for the guiding hand."

We say thanks, too, for this expression of belief in the quality and usefulness of Remington Kleanblade (stainless steel) Household Knives. Into their making has gone the knowledge gained in years of fabricating good cutlery. Their handsome bakelite handles are seamless—and so is eliminated another favorite gathering place of germs and dirt.

Paring Knife K873 Price 50¢

Your dealer probably has them on display. Look for them the next time, and if he hasn't them in stock, send us his name with the price and numbers of the knives you want and they will be sent to you promptly. Address Remington Cutlery Works, 945 Barnum Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.

Remington

© 1930 R. A. Co. 3427


## Stay Away from Hollywood

private sympathizers or on remittances from friends.

As President of the Motion Picture Relief Fund I have had intimate knowledge of the distress that meets the unwanted in Hollywood. And please realize that a girl alone in a strange city and without sufficient money is in a situation far worse than a man or boy will meet; first, because her opportunities for financing herself are fewer; and second, because her labor market is more crowded—even should she have a talent that she may turn to account.

Each of us, no doubt, looks out upon the world from our own central viewpoint. Each of us is the hub of a universe revolving about *me*. So we are of supreme importance to ourselves, and because of our ego we find it difficult to understand why the world is too busy or too obtuse to recognize and buy our small wares—at our valuation. I must assume that, for otherwise it is difficult to account for the river of letters that flows in upon every motion picture player who has achieved a position.

None of the writers seems to imagine that her letter is unique, or that any successful person should be unwilling to reply to just one appeal. Frankly I couldn't read a fraction of the mail that begs for my advice or help or both. If I spent ten hours a day at them, I would still leave quantities unread, and so my secretary copes with them as best she may. She is a diligent person, long since inured, I hope, to the impossibility of her task.

The Travellers Aid Society, the County Relief, and the Young Women's Christian Association all have the screen-struck girl to help. Not a train or bus arriving at Los Angeles but brings new recruits to the army. Looking back at my estimate of the one-in-fifty-thousand chance, I wonder if I have not put the odds too low. The screen's demands today are so much greater than ever before, so much more exacting than the stage, and the lure of the well-advertised picture dollars and adulation is so intense that the screen will attract a hundred where the stage will draw but one.

And if those who hurry here could only know what the situation is!

### The Truth About Hollywood

In Hollywood there is work for just over six hundred players each day—men *and* women! And this does not include the "extras," as they are called; the people who remain unidentified and who furnish merely atmosphere at a minimum wage—occasionally. To supply that demand for the six hundred plus, *there are over seven thousand competent actors and actresses of experience in Hollywood!* Not amateurs or newcomers, please, but experienced people, some with years of the stage and screen behind them! They range from former stars of the spoken drama to featured players of the silent pictures. And more than six thousand three hundred are idle each working day in the year!

Moreover at least one-third of all the acting parts given out by the studios are filled by their own contract players, and of the remainder certainly less than one-quarter are young-girl parts, which leaves not more than one hundred girls in demand for each day. Chorus girls and specialty dancers are not included in that number; merely actresses. You five million girls of America who have your eyes on Hollywood, you stand so pitiably small a chance here!

Today the screen requirements are almost impossible of fulfilment by one small feminine creature—even if she is of the super-type. The demands are often antithetic, and the duration of screen usefulness is so much shorter than the stage, the concert platform, or any of the other artistic fields. It was that great actress, Ellen Terry, who said of the stage:

"The tragedy of the stage is that one is not a competent actress until one has worked hard to glean experience, and when that experience

# "How I Got My Children to Drink *Twice the Milk* They Used To

**Yet . . . a few weeks ago I couldn't even *coax* them to drink enough"**

My little boy and little girl would not drink the amount of milk the doctor said they should have. I tried every way I know to coax them to drink their milk without success. They were nervous, underweight, and irritable and I was worried.

Then a friend advised me to try Ovaltine—to put it in the children's milk and give it to them hot or cold.

I did this and noticed an improvement at once. That's how I got my children to drink twice the milk they used to, in face of the fact that a week ago I couldn't even coax them to drink enough. And they are so much more healthy.

—Mrs. C. A. Schumaker, 20th Ave. & 14th St., Fulton, Ill.

## This Swiss Discovery not only enables the mother to double a child's milk ration—but also *adds a complete food* to the milk—including the Sunshine Vitamin D

### *Accept 3-Day Supply*

***Weight Increases a Pound or More a Week***
***Nervousness Decreases Remarkably***

HAVE you a child whose appetite is poor? Who refuses milk? Who is nervous, underweight—lacking in energy and strength?

Then let us send you a 3-day supply of Ovaltine. We believe it will solve your problem.

A Swiss creation utterly different from food drinks American children are used to, it makes plain milk into a gay temptation the childish palate cannot resist. More milk is thus taken—and that milk is made far easier, quicker, to digest—much more nourishing, too.

For—*being a complete food in itself*, it adds to milk practically EVERY nutritive element essential to child health and nervous equilibrium.

New to America, over 20,000 doctors are advising it. Weight increases of a pound or more a week frequently follow its use. Nervousness often is curbed in a few days. It may do much or little for *your* child—but try it!

### *What It Is*

Ovaltine is a food-drink that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food concentrate not remotely to be confused with powdered, sugary, chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 38 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, virtually every vital food element necessary to child health, *including, of course, the Sunshine Vitamin D.*

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in easily digested form so that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

### *How It Acts*

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.

### *Digests Starches*

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but actually increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprises over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Results will surprise you. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store or send coupon for 3-day test.

**OVALTINE**
★ *The Swiss Food-Drink*
*Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula*

**MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY**

THE WANDER CO.
180 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
Dept. M-13

Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right)

**SPECIAL OFFER**

Genuine Sebring pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander. Uncle Wiggily Mug and 3-day package, 25c. (This offer not good in Canada.)

C

*Name*.....
*(Please print name and address clearly)*
*Address*.....
*City*..... *State*.....
*(One package to a person)* 721R

In using advertisements see page 6

*Look for the* (H) *on every piece*
embossed on the glass or on adhesive label

# *Lilies of France inspired the design of this lovely glass*

Alluring in its gracious simplicity is this new glass by Heisey, motived by the lilies that knights of France bore into battle for ladies fair.

To your table it brings a new beauty, delightful, indeed, for the autumn days, when the tempo of entertaining goes into swifter rhythm. Colorful, too, for you may have this glass in rose of Flamingo, green of Moon Gleam, gold of Sahara and orchid of rare Alexandrite; or clear crystal if you prefer. And there are items to satisfy the demands of any occasion, from the little luncheon to the greater details of the dinner.

Though charmingly voguish, this glassware is yours at a moderate expenditure, even in complete table services. Ask for the genuine *at leading department stores, gift shops or glassware stores.*

A. H. HEISEY & CO., Newark, Ohio

### *Glass Perfected Through the Secrets of 4,000 Years*

In the days of King Louis the Ninth, whom they called Saint Louis, the glassworkers of France had reached such heights in their art, that glass was in vogue for the royal table. The French cherished the old, old secrets of glassmaking, many of which had come to them from the ancient Romans. The wonder of centuries-old secrets is reflected in fine, modern glass by Heisey.

*Write for your copy of valuable booklet on glassware.*

# Heisey's

GLASSWARE (H) *for your table*

## Stay Away from Hollywood

is fully ripe, lo, age has crept in unawares!"

The screen of today demands the accomplished artist. The physically attractive girl who could be moved through pantomime by a competent director is no longer of use. The public discovered her shortcomings even more quickly than the producers of pictures. Comparisons were all too easy, and the charming idol fell too far short.

In mentioning some of the necessities the newcomer must bring with her to the screen, I take them at random as they occur to me, and not in the order of what may or may not be their importance.

Culture, education, intelligence, knowledge—they are lumped together because they are usually the result of schooling of the right sort. The talking screen is no place for what the industry so unkindly calls the "dumb-bell." Ordinary rôles in today's pictured stories are those of ladies and gentlemen, and where there are exceptions, they fall into the category of "characters." The public I believe to be highly discriminating in such matters, and motion picture audiences are daily growing in appreciation of good acting talent.

At heart most of us are idealists, and we find our interests much the same as the kindly old London shopkeeper when he said:

"Life's rough enough. If it wasn't for fairy tales and 'igh 'opes and fancy dreams this world would be a dust-heap. So show us lords and ladies and pretty things as will keep us going."

### Is Your Voice Cultivated?

It has been often said that the picture stars of the pre-talkie era were in the main quite commonplace young people. However, this was unimportant if only they seemed gracious and cultured—as they did. Then the conversational deluge descended on us, and chaos was in our midst! As a rule an agreeable, well-modulated speaking voice is the result of a natural, suitable home environment, or a long period of cultivation. And if the latter, it is not acquired in a moment, as our studio producers discovered to their dismay, for when they rushed to the vocal teachers, crying,

"Teach our stars to speak lines properly," the teachers replied:

"Certainly, but let us have them five or six years ago, and then give us from six months to a year to ground them in your special requirements."

Which simply means that cultivation of the voice is not a feat; it is a process—and apt to be a long one. Was it not Emerson who said,

"Let me hear a man speak and I will tell you what he is."

Perhaps in America we have paid too little attention to the quality of our voices. And the microphone is a fiendishly acute taskmaster. So the screen aspirant now needs not elocution or stilted dramatic speech, but the cultured voice of the well-bred person. One may learn lines, parrot-like, but rarely can one learn and use inflection and diction so that it seems natural, if their use has not become almost second nature. A player may step down from this to portray a rough, but the reverse is seldom or never convincing.

The great success of such actresses as Ruth Chatterton and Ann Harding, for instance, converts from the speaking stage where they had already won acclaim, is due in no small measure to the thorough educational and cultural grounding they brought to their hitherto untried screen work. Once, perhaps, superficiality might pass the screen test, but the great stage actresses like Bernhardt, Duse, Jane Hading, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell were educationally equipped long before they sought the stage. The latter, forced to take up governessing as a young girl, still was a gold medalist of the piano at the Berlin Conservatory of Music and a student of the classics.

So think, you of the possible five million,

CHARACTER WORTHY OF THE IDEALS THAT PROMPTED ITS SELECTION...

IN ONLY ONE QUARRY, boring deep into the heart of the rugged Vermont Hills is found Rock of Ages... the even-textured, blue-gray granite that defies the ravaging touch of time. During the millions of years required for its formation, this fine granite assumed the close-grained hardness and changeless beauty that have made it the preferred monumental material adaptable to many distinctive finishes. Long after less enduring things shall have crumbled, a memorial of Rock of Ages will remain whole and unblemished, a symbol truly worthy of the everlasting memory it enshrines.

THE ROCK OF AGES *certificate which your local memorial craftsman will give you, is an unqualified guarantee, both of material and of craftsmanship. Write for our interesting and helpful booklet* "HOW TO CHOOSE A MEMORIAL."

ROCK OF AGES

THE *DISTINCTIVE* ROCK OF AGES BARRE GRANITE

ROCK OF AGES CORPORATION....BARRE, VERMONT

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Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**

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CALVERT SCHOOL, since its foundation 33 years ago, has successfully taught thousands of children in their own homes in every part of the world. Calvert Home Instruction Courses provide expert schooling from Kindergarten to High School under the supervision of specialists in child education. Each pupil's work is individually guided by a Calvert teacher in Baltimore.

An Ohio mother writes: "While living in the country, my little daughter had the Calvert course with such success that at twelve she is a freshman in High School, and finds the work very easy."

With Calvert Home Instruction your child can go as fast or as slowly as necessary.

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*Send for*
*this useful*
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KITCHEN MEMORANDA
*in Beautiful Colors*

HANG on the wall or kitchen cabinet—pencil never lost, memo pad always handy. Size 4"x12". Made of artistically enameled metal, complete with pencil and two rolls of memo paper, enough for year and a half. Get your choice of six rich colors to match your kitchen—Apple Green, China Blue, White, Orange, Red or Yellow.

Only $1.00 POST PAID anywhere in the U. S. A. or Canada

**You Have Always Needed One**

For recipes, grocery orders, shopping lists, phone calls, notes to the household, etc. Last a lifetime. And you'll use it a dozen times a day.

*An Ideal Bridge Prize*

Mailed complete, postpaid anywhere in U. S. or Canada for $1—bill, stamps, money order or check. Get one for your kitchen; for card prize or shower gift. **Sent to any address indicated for Christmas delivery.**

BURGESS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. G-2 BEAVER FALLS, PA.

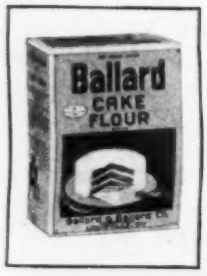

In using advertisements see page 6

A 2 minute lesson in baking

. . . THAT EVERY GARDEN-LOVING WOMAN WILL UNDERSTAND . . .

Flour is to baking what seeds are to flowers. You cannot put color, beauty and fragrance into flowers unless the essence of those qualities is in the seed. Neither can you put light, tender texture, delicate taste and beautiful color into your bakings, unless the flour used is light, dry, fine and white. Cakes, biscuits and bread are simply flour that has been leavened, shortened, flavored and baked.

Discover for yourself what Southern women have known for fifty years: that Ballard Flours have a special fineness seldom found in flour—a fineness which is the result of a half century of experience in milling Obelisk and other Ballard brands from choicest June-ripened wheat . . . a fineness that has expressed itself for generations in the lightness, wholesomeness and deliciousness of Southern breads and cakes, and that has made Ballard's the largest selling flour in the South. You can try a package now by using the coupon.




Ballard Flours

GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER

Send 15c in stamps for our Get-Acquainted offer, consisting of 1 full-size 1 1-4 lb. package of Ballard Cake Flour; an aluminum cookie or biscuit cutter, with hardwood handle; a copy of Ballard's Baking Book; and a picture of the popular Ballard Chefs.

Ballard & Ballard Company, 918 E. Broadway, Louisville, Ky.
I enclose 15c in stamps, or coin for your Get Acquainted offer.

Name _____

Street & No. _____

City & State _____

## Stay Away from Hollywood

just what educational advantages you will bring with you to the screen! Think well before you come to Hollywood, where the fiercest competition in the world is to be found!

Some present-day screen stars who have weathered the talkie storm made the most of their opportunities as success came to them in the pre-talkie era, for they recognized that the mind needs exercise as well as the body. I think they realized that while intelligence may be inborn, culture is acquired.

### What Are Your Accomplishments?

And one needs accomplishments, even if they are never actually used for the screen. They give background, assurance, confidence. One of the things that makes Fred Stone the great comedian that he is comes from his ability to do many things well. He is a fine rifle shot, a graceful wire-walker, an exceptional boxer, a first-rate acrobat, a splendid dancer, and an adept at repartee. So tennis, golf, archery, swimming, riding, dancing are essentials, not merely a smattering, but competency, being needful. And music—the piano for rhythm, the violin for grace—is vital, for it gives poise, balance, and a sense of harmony that is of tremendous importance in timing action on the screen. Languages are of greater value than ever before and will continue to be, and there should be downright facility in their use, particularly French and Spanish.

It is no secret that many of our best-loved players of the silent screen have dropped out. I wish it were not so. One studio retains two of its original group of more than twenty. The eighteen lacked something the talking screen must have, and they have gone—with many others.

As might have been expected, the studios rushed to the stage for artists when it was found that many of the old favorites were unable to meet the new conditions. But of the hundreds that were brought to Hollywood comparatively few have remained. For there is a difference—if even a subtle one—between stage and screen, and no assurance that preferment in one will find success in the other.

Perhaps the difference may be expressed in this way: In the theatre there is a well-defined physical separation between player and audience. The latter is outside the scene of action, just a group of spectators on the outside looking in across a space. But with the screen there is no such feeling of separation; the audience is a part of the scene—actually inside the room—and this breeds an intimacy that affects everything portrayed.

The voice that was resonant and harmonious, carrying well to all parts of an auditorium, is often affected and unreal when transmitted by microphone, for the talking mechanism tends to make words, language, and inflections exaggerated. So unless the young girl—whom I have not discouraged—can bring something in the way of these essentials to the studio gates she stands small chance.

"But," some one says, "you have said nothing of beauty!"

Not because it is unimportant, however, but because alone it has so little value. If you are just a pretty girl, Hollywood has a thousand or more much prettier. Your beauty is only of value in combination with other cultivated or natural talents. What other talents? Some I have mentioned above, and to them I must add a most important trait—character. Without character the screen actress will have but a sorry time of it. Without it the artist can hardly hope to survive. And I think people are not born with character; they achieve it by the slowest of all building processes. I'd say a girl's success in any professional career will depend on her ability to develop character.

In the past we have had on both stage and screen what are called "flash players"; young people whose natural abilities fitted exactly some part they were called upon to play, but

# All your life . . . . *you have been eating butter made of sour cream . . . . because you couldn't get* Sweet Cream Butter

MAKE BUTTER only of *fresh,* sweet cream? Everyone said it was impossible. Then LAND O'LAKES did it. LAND O'LAKES developed this new butter churned only of *fresh,* sweet cream — the same rich, sweet cream that you serve on your own table.

### A *Sensational* Experience

Women tasted it. It was a *sensational experience.* This butter was unlike any other . . . it had a new *freshness* . . . cool and clean . . . it was delicately salted to bring out its delicious flavor . . . the flavor of *fresh,* sweet cream.

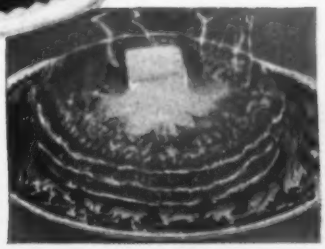
Since that time, housewives, in rapidly increasing numbers, have learned of this new butter and have changed to LAND O'LAKES—changed at the rate of 1,073 every day—so that in five short years a million and a half housewives demand LAND O'LAKES Sweet Cream Butter.

### *Government Certified*

There is another reason for confidence in this butter—every pound is Government Certified, which means an official United States Butter Grader has graded this butter and given it a score of ninety-three . . . the highest score of any Government Certified butter in this country. Look for the "Certificate of Quality" issued by authority of the U. S. Department of Agriculture in each package. It is your further guarantee of perfect butter.

Time and present supply have not permitted the complete distribution of LAND O'LAKES Sweet Cream Butter. If your grocer does not happen to have it, write LAND O'LAKES Creameries, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn., and we will advise you where you can get this butter, made only of fresh sweet cream. *You'll love the sweet cream taste.*

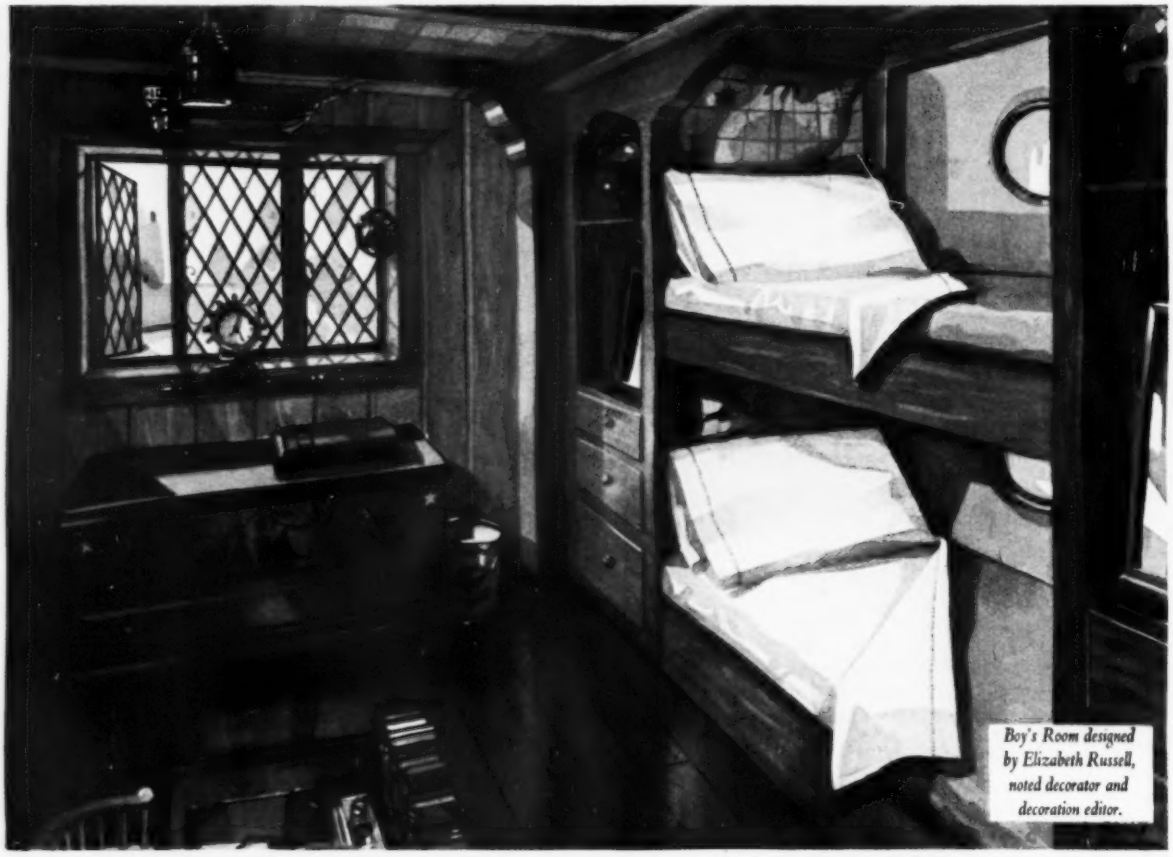
*The illustration above shows the full pound Double-Wrapped Roll of* LAND O'LAKES *Sweet Cream Butter.*



*Try* LAND O'LAKES *Sweet Cream Butter on piping hot wheat cakes. The fresh "Sweet Cream" taste will give a new zest to this popular food.* At the left *is an illustration of the* LAND O'LAKES *waxed carton containing four convenient quarter-pound "sticks."*

# LAND O'LAKES ★
## SWEET CREAM BUTTER

★ A SERIES OF AMERICAN BEDROOMS BY LEADING DECORATORS ★



*Boy's Room designed by Elizabeth Russell, noted decorator and decoration editor.*

# *Your* **son** *- skipper of his ship!*

For Him—a he-man room—the very tang of old-time clippers in the air! And on the bunks —snowy-white Utica Sheets—a match in quality for the sturdy craft of his dreams.

For Uticas are made from especially selected heavy bodied, longer fibre cotton. Nature has generously favored that section of the country where Utica cotton is grown. The growing season is longer, maturity is slower and a stronger fibre is produced. Only a few bales in every hundred are good enough for Utica sheets.

The quality of the cotton is the one attribute of a sheet that you cannot see, cannot feel. That's why even experts cannot tell *how long* new sheets will wear, except by elaborate, costly tests. The Utica Label *guarantees* this *extra* quality, these *years* of longer wear, this *extra* ability to go through hundreds of washings.

Hotels, hospitals, railroads and steamship lines—large users of Utica sheets—users who must have *fine* sheets and must get *longest* wear—have found over a period of years that the Utica Label represents durability of an unusual degree.

What is safe for them is safe for you. Know the quality beforehand and have the satisfaction of extreme value afterwards—*for Uticas cost no more.*

"MOHAWK" BRAND—Similar in quality to Utica, but lighter in weight, so lower in price.

★

UTICA PERCALE—exquisite! Luxurious! Made of fully combed yarn. Fine, soft, smooth, snowy-white.

★

UTICA COLORED SHEETS — Tint-edge colored hems, Paneltint colored panels, Pipedtint real piping at hems, Tint-all solid colors. Seven fast shades.

Utica Steam and Mohawk Valley Cotton Mills, Utica, N.Y.

*Send Coupon*

*Send coupon and 25c. for compass, sample of Utica Sheeting, and booklet on correct bed making.*

Utica Steam & Mohawk Valley Cotton Mills, Columbia St., Utica, New York

☐ I enclose 25c. for compass.
☐ Send booklet "Restful Sleep" and sample.

Name .....
Address .....
Town .....
State .....

*There is a difference in sheets.*
*Insist on*

UTICA

SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

## Stay Away from Hollywood

whose ability to acquire real talent through study and application was either missing or the opportunity ignored. They leaped into prominence in one rôle only to slip backward in the next. If good sense and good work are added to natural qualities, we may get star material—*we may!*

Unfortunately for the lazy folk, natural talent is seldom sufficient. Promising girls have been deluded into believing that God has given them inexhaustible reservoirs of talent into which they need but dip as required. They seldom realize that the greatest artists are the most tireless workers. Today—after years of unrivaled success—Paderewski practices from six to eight hours at his piano, Mischa Elman the same number at his violin, while Mme. Schumann-Heink at 63 is still working to improve her voice!

### How Hard Will You Work?

One of the greatest triumphs of the talking screen is the amazing accomplishment of Gloria Swanson. There is no evading the fact that talking pictures challenged her screen position, as it did that of others—to overcome most of them finally. But Gloria Swanson has an indomitable courage and has never been able to delude herself. She analyzed herself ruthlessly. What her first months of preparation for "The Trespasser" cost her I do not know, for she does not wear her professional heart on her sleeve, but the result was triumphant from every viewpoint.

And Norma Shearer is another fine example of the value of character. She, too, had no easy task before her. She had no stage background to rely upon. She had risen to the heights, and then came the talking picture! When her managers gave her "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," they surrounded her with a company of the best stage players England and America could provide. So Norma Shearer called up her courage, native culture, and intelligence and more than held her own. That required deep wells of character.

I said that few of the former screen players had survived the new era. Those still popular under dialogue conditions have had something more than physical attraction or equipment to offer. They have had definite abilities of which character is by no means the least. And they could not have formed that character without deliberate effort.

Audiences, I am confident, react favorably to the positive qualities such as kindness, courtesy, gentleness, geniality, humor, beauty, symmetry, justice, courage, intelligence, sincerity. Having all or many of these constitutes charm, which, with talent and art, constitutes success.

But above all the elements of character I think self-analysis among the most important. Are we subject to flattery, cajolery, indulgence, self-justification? Can we step aside and, looking at ourselves, form a reasonable estimate uncolored by self-esteem or egotism? If a girl who hopes for a screen career is reading these lines, I hope she will sit down quietly and make a list of the qualifications mentioned above. Then let her take them one by one and ask herself honestly if she possesses any considerable number of them, and if she possesses the courage to acquire those she has not. Can she stand disappointment? Has she self-control, determination, the ability to discipline herself?

Could she work for weeks, pouring her own money into the effort, admit the result unworthy, and cast it all aside? Some have done just that—one "junking" several hundred thousand dollars' value in actually completed work because it was not good. No effort to salvage the wreck at all, when the decision was made.

We are the architects of our own lives to an extent few of us realize. True, there are occasional accidents of career, but the greatest

Premier Reputation Won by Performance —NOT BY CLAIMS

LAST year, after 20 years of constantly improving Premiers, we made a new and distinctive contribution to ease the housewife's work . . . To replace electric cleaner attachments we offered the little Spic-Span, a handy, light-weight electric cleaner for furniture, hangings, clothes, and odd jobs. Women all over the land welcomed this idea . . . But now comes a year for a new Premier—one with 50% greater cleaning efficiency, with many refinements, the finest Premier of our career. A demonstration—rather than exaggerated claims—quickly proves its superiority. Now you may have two cleaners for about the usual price of one—the larger Premier for floors, the Spic-Span for little jobs . . . We invite you to become acquainted with the new Premiers, to know their many betterments.

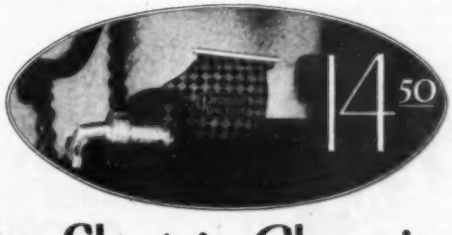
**Floor models, large and small. All with motor-driven brush, ball-bearing motor, no oiling. Light weight. New, trouble-free rubber-covered cord. Floor polisher for giving a glistening wax finish.**

**Also the famous Spic-Span, a 4-pound hand cleaner to use instead of attachments. Comes with blower and deodorizer.**

*Write for a free copy of Harriet Cavell's booklet—"A Cleaner Home for Less Money."*

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER CO.
*(Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.)*
*Dept. 310, Cleveland, Ohio.*

*Branches in all leading cities. Made and sold in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, Ltd., Toronto. Foreign distributors, International General Electric Company, Inc.*




★ This price for the Spic-Span includes deodorizer and blower.

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit


In using advertisements see page 6

*Agnès designs this clever hat of soft black felt with white quills tipped with black.*

*An Unusual Offer to New Readers*

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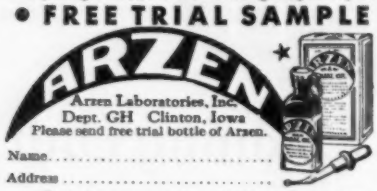


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## Stay Away from Hollywood

successes are not accidental; they are designed, in principle at least, for truly "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

That talking pictures have come to stay I have not the least doubt. Their popularity is due to the fact that for the first time the greater part of America is coming in contact with finely portrayed drama; the type of performance that has generally been the product of the large centers of population, and that consequently touched intimately but a fraction of the public, as much because of cost as because of defective distribution.

That there is a difference between the manner in which stage and screen obtain dramatic effect is admitted, though I doubt if many of us who produce pictures know yet just what that difference is. Now producers of pictures are experimenting, but inevitably they will come back to simple, elemental drama; the thing that touches the deep well-springs of life—human love, human self-sacrifice, human emotions. We can not grow beyond these.

If, as has been advanced, the future picture will differ more in the handling of its story than in the type of its acting, there will be undoubted profit for the screen-struck girl—providing that nothing I have said can deter her—in studying the methods and technique of the established players on both stage and screen.

If for a time the studios seemed to run to a standard type of young girl, that obsession is forgotten. Physicality has given way to artistry. Greto Garbo's success with "Anna Christie" has shown conclusively that a great talent can rise above limitations supposed to be insurmountable. But she could not have succeeded without real artistry, and that did not come from any butterfly existence, but from laborious, sustained effort, day in and day out.

And two outstanding triumphs of the talking screen have been won by two matured players who have spent long years in attaining their technique. Marie Dressler and Joseph Cawthorn have made tremendous impressions on the audiences of the world. And their success has been no accident.

### Is Religion a Part of Your Life?

Parents may wonder that so far I have said nothing of the moral conditions of picture work. With the utmost frankness I believe there is no difference between the motion picture and any other profession in which women are thrown in contact with men. Morality, after all, is a matter of individual character more than environment, and the foundation of character is laid in the home. It should be unnecessary for me to stress this point. Those who need explanation will probably be unable to provide the foundations.

Here in Hollywood we have a policewoman, Mrs. Lillian Toomey, who for over fifteen years has been looking after the women and the girls who come into the ken of the police. A woman of real character, with deep religious convictions and connections, she has no hesitation in saying that she believes the moral conditions of picture-making are on a par with those of any other industry.

This, finally, I believe most firmly: That one of the most important requirements for the picture actress is some firm, workable religious affiliation. I do not mean a mere profession of faith, but something that is deep-seated and both usable and *used* in the daily life. Not that it is more necessary, perhaps, than in other professions, but because it gives cultural as well as moral advantages that can not be rated of too high importance.

When all is said, I can only repeat that the opportunity for even the highly talented and endowed girl is slight; that she should stay away from Hollywood, and that her parents, if they can reasonably and justifiably do so, should help her express herself in another direction.

# *Ladies-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth Embroidered Proud Designs which Orinoka now Weaves in Colorfast Draperies*

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[In cities your dealer's name is listed in the classified telephone directory under Clapp's Baby Foods.]

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## My Story

(*Continued from page 25*)

something—her age, perhaps, and the fact that now marriage was not for her; the years stretching ahead, and nothing much to look forward to.

She took to her bed, and for ten years her old mother traveled to the third floor and back, carrying trays, nursing her. Then one day the old mother, weary with service, lay down and died. For some weeks the invalid languished, then she got up, put on her clothing, and resumed living again.

Escape, of course. But something more than escape, also; the unconscious desire for pity and for love. Perhaps a desire to return to the mother, or even more, to be the unborn child again.

### CHAPTER III

SLOWLY my world enlarged. I went to school. It was my first real contact with other children, and I did not like it. One day the baker's daughter, out of a clear sky, slapped me on the face, and I stood stunned. Why had she slapped me? I still have no idea. Only a few years ago I saw her, a big buxom woman, on the street, and the old puzzle arose in my mind: Why did you slap me?

It never occurred to me to slap her back.

Other things were happening, too. One day my father, always interested in anything mechanical, took me in to an empty store room to see something new and novel. On an unpainted wooden table sat a curious mechanism with a yellow wax cylinder. A demonstrator wound up this strange affair, the yellow cylinder revolved, and—talked.

But it made little or no impression on me. Already at home I had a talking doll. It was a lady doll, and when it was wound it moved forward on small wheels and said something vaguely supposed to be "Mama." This first phonograph, then, was not strange to me. It bore about the same relation to the present ones as the early crystal set radios do to those at present in use.

Looking back, I can see now how my father's interest in the mechanical was always to the fore. Long before the first moving picture was made, I was familiar with the principle. He brought home one day a kinetoscope—a long tape with pictures placed inside it. You revolved the barrel, and the figures in the pictures moved, took on life.

Things were prospering with us. There came a time of great excitement when a new and shiny upright piano was moved in, and I took my first music lesson. Natural gas came, and there was the luxury and cleanliness of it. It burned in big open grates day and night, at a cost of something like a dollar a month for each grate. The grates were filled with broken firebricks, and twice a year or more these bricks were dipped in whitewash. Then indeed the fires were lovely, the grates painted black, the bricks white, and the blue and yellow flames playing over them.

MY MOTHER was a housekeeper. Nothing was ever so immaculate as her house, so white as the oilcloth on the kitchen tables, so red as the legs of those tables, so smooth as her beds. On Saturday mornings the brick pavement was scrubbed and reddened. A pail of red wash was prepared, and with this and a broom the "girl" painted the bricks. On Fridays every room in the house was turned out, the heavy carpets swept, the heavy furniture moved about.

And she liked change. One never knew, after Fridays, where the bed would be, or the bureau. There was one time, too, when we were shut out of the parlor for days, and then ushered in—my father, my little sister, and myself—to see the transformation.

It was indeed transformed. My grandmother had given up the gray house now, and we had the rosewood furniture and the mirror. But my mother loathed the rosewood, with its

Miss Nancy McClelland, famous New York authority, is one of the few women accorded the honor of appointment as Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor. Miss McClelland achieved this distinction through her expert work in developing fine interiors, and her authoritative book, "Historic Wall Papers."

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In using advertisements see page 6

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## *says* Dr. Samuel C. Prescott

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*Dr. Samuel C. Prescott is Professor of Industrial Microbiology and Director, Department of Biology and Public Health, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Director of Research of the Brazilian American Coffee Committee. He is the country's foremost expert on coffee and its physiological effects.*

"G WASHINGTON'S is all pure coffee," writes Dr. Samuel C. Prescott, the country's leading authority on coffee, in a recent article in the Tea and Coffee Trade Journal. "The product is properly made coffee infusion, reduced by vacuum apparatus to a solid form, without the addition of *any extraneous material whatever.*

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G Washington's COFFEE

*the* coffee *part of the coffee bean*

## My Story

black horsehair. So now we stood and rubbed our eyes. She had made slip-covers of rose and white linen for the chairs and the sofa; a long silk scarf, nattily caught up at each end, draped the mantel, and another the piano; and, crowning glory of all, there stood on that mantel two figures in terra cotta. One was the Greek slave, the other was Eve, holding up a round apple.

We were stunned with that vision of beauty and gaiety, nor did the fact that there were strips of white crash tacked to the new carpet and leading to divers chairs and the sofa detract from it. To this moment I can see that gay little room, my gay and smiling mother, my amused father.

But Eve and the Greek slave did not remain long in their pristine nudeness. Representations were made, and so my mother was obliged to clothe them. After that each of them wore a "drape" of soft satin, thrown negligently over the shoulder and so arranged as to do the most good.

Looking back, those two chaste figures in their satin camouflage represent to me not only the strange narrowness of the Eighties, but also my mother's innate sense of the beautiful and the right. She hated having to clothe them. Yet in her own way she was as narrow as the rest of the world she knew.

Sin was sin. Unbaptized children were damned. Hell was real, a place of eternal burning in eternal fires. In the Nineties the same fierce righteousness maintained. In my early teens a girl of fifteen bore an illegitimate child. I had only had a nodding acquaintance with her, but after that I was not allowed to look in her direction. And over all this sat a God, the Jehovah of wrath and punishment, Who had a long white beard like that of the minister who had married my parents and baptized me, Who never forgot and never forgave, unless one was converted and loved Him.

He was a hard God to love, and as I have said, the attempt to repent my sinless life and to love Him with a single heart almost produced a neurosis in my early girlhood. As for the result, I can look over the descendants of that large family, and I believe that only two of them have turned to religion for comfort. One is one of the aunts, a woman now in her seventies and finding in her church—although she would deny this—more of a satisfaction of her social instinct than of real faith in God. The other is myself, and although I conform to the tenets of my church and its outward forms, I am fully aware that my religion of today has no relation to those early experiences, save that I have retained the conviction of sin; that I have built for myself a mystic faith of my own, in which God is a real and controlling factor in my life, and prayer an essential matter, but which conforms to no doctrine and subscribes to no dogma. For in the end each of us builds his own conception of religion, and "an honest God is the noblest work of man."

IN THIS confusing world, in which sin was sin, but with my father accepting no God whatever to whom to answer for sin, this child who was myself lived her small and unimportant life. No great people came to provide me with pen pictures today; the Mayor sometimes stopped and sat on the steps. He was "Your Honor" to the neighborhood. He was a little man with a twisted back. Now and then a fine and distinguished-looking old man came down the street and stopped. He had been a colonel in the Civil War and retained his title. And he was a distant relative. Sometimes he "borrowed" a little money, but in spite of this he had a beautiful place in the country, with a carriage and an open surrey.

When I was twelve, I was madly in love with his son, who was tall, blond, and twenty-five. I would visit at the country place and spend hours before a mirror brushing my two long black braids and in despair examining my face for blemishes. Then I would hang on the gate

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# 3-in-One Oil

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## My Story

casually and wait for him. Sometimes he saw me there; as often as not he never noticed me. But that was later.

This child, then, lived in a slowly expanding world. The street had extended. It now included the public school; one carried a slate and used one's right hand, and bad boys were slapped with a ruler on their palms. It included church, a store or two, and my father's office. It included a remote spot called "the alley," where one went for colored help, and with a planing mill on a corner which hummed and sang in weird and eerie tones. The board would go under the saw, the tone would slowly rise as the plank moved on, and then lower and finally stop. I would stand fascinated and watch. It was the only machinery I had ever seen. But soon I was to see other machinery. A laundry moved in, next door to the row of little houses, and was greatly resented by the neighbors.

One day a fascinating bit of machinery was installed, a novelty, consisting of two hot rollers. A girl sat inside the window and fed it collars, and these collars came out smooth and shiny, and as hard as sheet metal.

One day I heard terrible screams from the window, and I ran there. All the houses opened, and people ran out. The girl was sitting there screaming, and one of her hands was caught between the rollers. It took a long time to release her, and before they did it I was found and taken home. But she lost her hand, and for years I saw her around the laundry doing odd jobs, with a small gray shawl pinned over her shoulders to hide her deformity.

It left me with a horror of machinery. Some years ago my youngest son entered a huge press in Tennessee; he was going into the publishing business and was to learn the technical side of book making. I lay awake at night, filled with terrors, for not only had I seen this girl, but later on, in the hospital one night, I was to admit a boy whose hand had been caught in a press, and which, by lifting the towel which covered it, he showed me crushed beyond recognition as a hand.

I was only seventeen then, but one remembers.

### CHAPTER IV

BUT my life still centered in the street, that street to which I brought "K" long after, seeking sanctuary and peace, and in which I laid the opening chapters of "This Strange Adventure." From just such a little house, too, went Sara Lee of "The Amazing Interlude," to help with the war.

My little sister trotted after me. Together we hitched caterpillars with thread to little paper wagons, put our dolls to bed, cut out paper dolls from the fashion magazines, mostly *Harper's Bazaar*—there were no paper dolls manufactured as such then—and invented little plays in which the paper dolls acted many strange parts. For already I had commenced to read.

I read before I could write with any ease; read everything. Sometime, when I was eight or more, I learned that the "Mayor's office" housed more than the bad men behind the barred windows, and the post office, and "His Honor's" own place where one went to look at photographs of wicked women who stole little girls. It housed a library. Provided one had a card, one could walk in, disregard the suspicious looks of Mr. Benny, the one-armed veteran who dominated the place, and going to the shelves select a book. One then took the book to Mr. Benny, who examined it, and if he considered it proper reading stamped its number on the card.

Very early he gave me up in despair. I read with amazing rapidity, and I had soon gone through the juveniles. After that my reading took on a hit-or-miss quality which almost drove him insane. What could he say when I carted off Eugene Sue's "The Wandering Jew"? Or Stanley's "Dark Continent"? I

# Re-roof for the last time

IT is amazing how many people put off re-roofing until actual failure of the roof has allowed the rain to leak through and do costly damage to both ceiling and furnishings.

Attempts to economize by patching will not save you money. The leak pictured here meant re-plastering this ceiling as well as the one below, and refinishing the bedroom floor.

Don't let this happen to you! Fall rains and winter storms are close upon us. If there is any question in your mind about the condition of your roof why not make certain about it by having a free roof inspection now?

Do as this family did after learning their lesson—ask your local J-M Dealer to bring samples of J-M Asbestos Shingles to your home.

Take the shingles in your hands. See what a contrast there is between these sturdy, unburnable, weather-proof J-M Asbestos Shingles and ordinary roofing. Compare the various colors and see how easy it is to select a color scheme exactly suited to your home and its surroundings. At a price to fit your budget you can have a beautiful, permanent roof.

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Because they are made of asbestos fibres and Portland cement there is nothing in J-M Asbestos Shingles to wear out. The weather of years passes over them harmlessly —leaving them as sturdy and attractive as the day they were laid.

We shall be glad to send you a free copy of "The New Book of Roofs" and to arrange through a J-M Distributor for a showing of the shingles at your convenience, besides having an experienced man make a free inspection of your present roof.

This foresight may prevent an expensive and disagreeable experience with a leak the next time you have a bad rainstorm. Don't let this happen to you!

# DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU

This attractive home will never be damaged by rain or fire, for it has been roofed with weather-proof, fireproof Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles.

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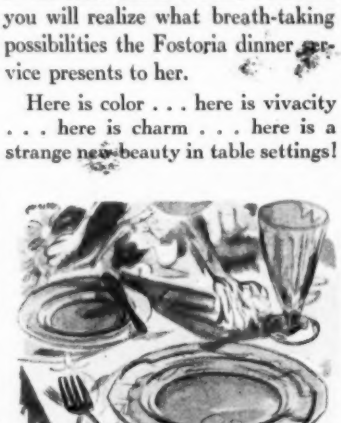
# A Luncheon Table of Glowing Beauty

ALIVE with the beauty of flashing glass, that most vivacious of occasions, the bridge luncheon, achieves new sparkle. The glass throws back the gleam of the silver, catches the light and shatters it in a shower of brilliance. . . . Reflecting the laughter and gayety of the company.

The hostess discovers that not only her table, but food itself, becomes more arresting when foiled by the clear colored beauty of Fostoria glassware. Consider the full richness of the purple plum in Topaz glass, the green crispness of a salad on a plate of scintillating Amber, the red dark beauty of tea in a cup of the most delicate Azure . . . and you will realize what breath-taking possibilities the Fostoria dinner service presents to her.

Here is color . . . here is vivacity . . . here is charm . . . here is a strange new beauty in table settings!

FOSTORIA *can be purchased for moderate prices throughout the United States in complete sets or individual pieces. Replacements can be made at any time because Fostoria is sold* ON THE OPEN-STOCK PLAN. *The Fostoria colors are Amber, Green, Rose, Azure, Crystal, Ebony, and the golden Topaz. Fragile as this glass seems, it resists rapid changes in temperature as well as china does, and so is absolutely practicable for serving hot and cold foods. Send for "The New Little Book About Glassware." It contains invaluable suggestions on table settings and decorative pieces. The Fostoria Glass Company, Dept.* G-10, *Moundsville, West Virginia.*



**Rose is used effectively on doilies of pale green in this luncheon for eight people. Fall flowers in the centerpiece accent the color. The salad course is shown in Amber at the upper right, while at the upper left bridge accessories are suggested . . . a candy jar, a sixteen-ounce tumbler and a plate that can be used either under the tumbler, or for salad.**

## My Story

have read neither of these books since, but I still remember them. Indeed, one of the outstanding facts to be considered in this whole question of books for the young lies just there. It is the early reading which makes the indelible impression, which registers on the clean slate of the child mind.

I read incessantly from that time on, and Mr. Benny was obliged to stamp some queer books. I read Zola and Dumas and Balzac, reading for the stories alone and with no comprehension whatever of the human relations involved. I read Dickens and Thackeray, Victor Hugo and Jules Verne, "Robinson Crusoe" and "Treasure Island," wept over "The Duchess," and once carried home Fox's "Book of Martyrs," illustrated with the most grisly and horrible pictures ever drawn.

But one day I saw Mr. Benny, and he was not in the library. He was in a uniform, marching up the hill toward the cemetery with a lot of other men in uniform, and he was carrying a ragged and shot-to-pieces flag. It fitted into a socket at his belt, and he steadied it with his one hand. The fife and drum corps marked time with its strange, shrill music, and for some reason I cried.

It was strange the next day to see Mr. Benny behind his desk, stamping cards again.

After that on every Decoration Day I looked for Mr. Benny. For Mr. Benny and that other one-armed man, the park policeman. Then one year Mr. Benny was missing. But the park policeman marched for many years; a hard man, running and flourishing his stick if I walked on the grass or tried to sail a boat in the fountain. A Spartan father, too, for when he was quite an old man—but still driving children off the grass and dogs out of the park—he one day discovered his son in some infraction of the law and promptly arrested him.

Directly across from us lived an artist. To the street I fancy he was a queer bird, a man who went to no office each day, but instead painted pictures. I never saw any of his work in those days, and I doubt if any of the neighbors did. I was fairly well grown before I learned that A. Bryan Wall was celebrated for his pictures of sheep in finely-done landscape backgrounds. And three doors away lived another queer person. He was a young man, and he was away from home a great deal. Not until he had died some years later, going down with the *Maine* in Havana harbor, did I realize that he had been a naval officer. His name was Jenkins, Friend Jenkins.

BUT one day a thing happened which was to change my entire life.

It is hard now to remember the status of women in the late Eighties. Economically, they were almost helpless. Unmarried women of good family had practically no resources. They could like my grandmother resort to the needle, or open their houses to paying guests; or if sufficiently trained they could teach school. Also in dire emergency they could go into shops as saleswomen. This last, however, implied a loss of social status, and all of them implied, too, that the men of the family could not support their womenkind. Also there were only a limited number of such positions.

The result was that innumerable women found themselves dependent for homes, for their clothing and the very food they ate, on other, and often reluctant, members of their families. Their situation was always humiliating and often actually wretched. They had no status. Often they were shifted from one branch of the family to another. The disagreeable work was for them, the outworn clothing, the least habitable of the rooms.

There were exceptions, but this was the rule. They lived their frustrated lives, glad to be tolerated, to have found sanctuary. They often died rather more than resigned, confident that in their traditional heaven they would at last find a place where they belonged.

The street had its share of such dependents.


# RESTORING THE SKIN
## To Whiteness

DEMEYER

LESSON NUMBER FIVE—*In previous lessons Miss Arden has given exact instructions in Cleansing, Toning, Soothing and Clearing the skin. Copies of these lessons will be gladly mailed to you, if you ask for them.*

YOU are a rare person indeed if your skin does not need a clearing and bleaching treatment at this season. Maybe you have only a sprinkling of golden freckles to be banished, or—if you have exposed yourself extravagantly to sun and weather—there may be serious work to be done.

An indispensable preparation for this use is Anti-Brown Spot Ointment. This potent salve brings the blood to the surface, to flush the tissues and clear and brighten the skin. Before applying the ointment, cleanse and tone the skin according to directions I have given you in earlier lessons. This awakens the skin and makes it receptive to treatment.

Next coat the skin with a protective layer of Velva Cream. Then, using the fingers, smooth the Anti-Brown Spot Ointment over the area to be bleached, keeping well away from the eyes and lips. Leave the ointment on from three to five minutes, depending on the sensitiveness of the skin. Remove with liberal applications of Muscle Oil. Pat in a little Velva Cream and, if possible, leave for an hour or two, or even overnight. If your skin is extremely sensitive, take this treatment only on alternate days.

Another treatment which I have prepared for home use is my Venetian Masque, which brings up the blood to purify the skin and lighten it. It should be given exactly according to the directions on the jar.

For an intensive bleaching treatment you should also use one of my special bleaching preparations nightly. Venetian Bleachine Cream is a mild preparation which should be smoothed well into the skin after it has been cleansed at night, and left on. You really ought to keep a jar of this handy on your bathroom shelf and rub just a little of it lightly into your elbows every night.

A stronger preparation is Ardena Bleach Cream. Do not rub this into the skin, but smooth it lightly over spots and dark places.

Whenever you undertake a strenuous bleaching of your skin you must watch out for dryness, as all preparations which are active enough to lighten and brighten the skin have a tendency to dry it also. Just be sure that you have plenty of Velva Cream near at hand, to be used with soothing liberality between your bleaching treatments.

**PREPARATIONS REFERRED TO IN THIS LESSON**

VENETIAN ANTI-BROWN SPOT OINTMENT
A creamy, tingling ointment which stimulates the circulation . . $2.50, $5.

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL
A penetrating oil to tone and invigorate flabby tissues . . . $1, $2.50, $4.

ARDENA BLEACH CREAM
Will diminish or remove discolorations from the face, neck and hands . . $1.50.

VENETIAN BLEACHINE CREAM
A mild bleach and a soothing, emollient cream in one . . . . $1.25.

ARDENA VELVA CREAM
A delicate cream that smooths and refines without fattening . . $1, $2, $3, $6.

VENETIAN ARDENA MASQUE
A wonderful corrective which purifies and awakens the skin . . . $5.

*Write for Elizabeth Arden's book, "The Quest of the Beautiful," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home. And a second book, "Your Masterpiece—Yourself," will tell you about Elizabeth Arden's Home Course for beauty and health.*

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*In Canada Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are obtainable at no increase in price. Canadian Wholesale Distributors: Elizabeth Arden of Canada Ltd., 207 Queens Quay, Toronto, Canada.*

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## My Story

Then one day a strange thing happened. A woman doctor moved in and put out a small brass sign. It read "C. Jane Vincent, M. D."

The street neither approved nor disapproved. It simply waited. Itself it had no intention of patronizing C. Jane Vincent. Still, it had its emergencies, and even a woman doctor then might be better than none. Just how long Doctor Vincent sat in her offices and waited for patients I do not know, but gradually they began to drift in. Not from the street, however; the street was still waiting. Later on I am glad to say that she became very successful.

But she had struck my small imagination. A doctor was an important person who drove about in a buggy, and everything had to be in order before he came; even, if possible, the front steps scrubbed. I would stand and watch her going in or coming out. She was not young, and she looked stern and businesslike. Soon I announced to an amused family that I intended to be a doctor. They laughed at me, and my pride stepped in. A doctor I would be, and drive in a buggy and have a small satchel. I announced it at school, and as I had hitherto intended to be an actress, I was greeted with shouts of laughter.

For by that time I had been to the theater. I had seen "East Lynne," being sent to a matinée with a servant, and cried until I became actively nauseated into the orchestra pit below and had to be taken home. And I had seen the opera of "Patience," where the most beautiful women in the world, with rosy cheeks and marvelously big eyes, had struck me dumb with their loveliness.

Strange that that dream should die before C. Jane Vincent, that stern and un-handsome woman to whom people had begun to take their sick children. The adults did not patronize her, but they took their children. Strange psychology, which persisted for many years, that a woman physician could be efficient only with children! Strange, too, that C. Jane Vincent should so profoundly have influenced my life. I never knew her. If she saw a small, high-colored girl staring at her, she paid no attention. No member of my family ever consulted her or welcomed her to the street. She worked for many years under the shadow of their stern disapproval.

OTHER changes were taking place. The old frame high school had become a large brick and stone building behind us, and the penitentiary had gone. In its place there was being built a huge circle of cement with a bandstand in the center, and later on among the first free open-air concerts were those given there. Uncle John's house had gone to make room for the high school, and he and Aunt Sade and the horses had moved out of town into the suburb of Sewickley.

It was there that I began to ride.

It was definite now that Aunt Sade would have no children, and I rather think that his paternity turned to me. My sister was still too small. It became a settled thing that I should week-end with them and learn to ride. My mother made me a scrap of a riding habit, a long skirt, a little basque, and I still remember that first ride. My uncle had a big bay named Charlie, and I used my aunt's large side-saddle. Charlie was gaited. The vogue of the trotting horse for women had not come in, and they ambled along at a pace or an easy single-foot.

But I returned from that first ride badly blistered. No one had remembered the starched ruffles of my small panties, and it was some time before I had my second lesson. In time I learned to ride well, and while I have never become a horsewoman in the technical sense of the word, for many years horses have played their own part in my life and in that of my family.

Things were going well for us, there in the little house. My father was still inventing, and a lawyer up the street was looking after his patents. A fine man, that lawyer; his wife

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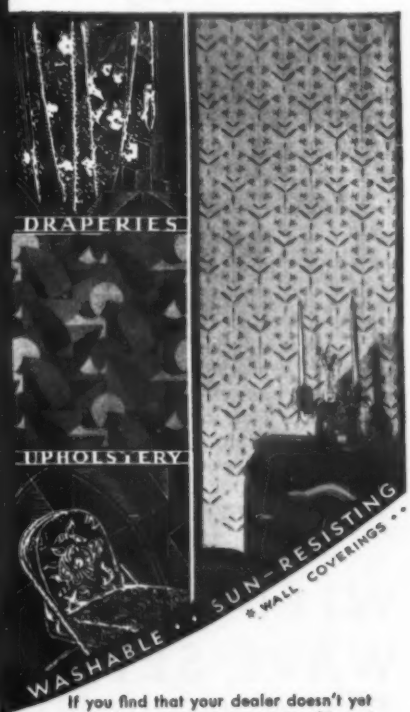


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## My Story

had lost an arm and wore the stiff and useless artificial limb of that period, the hand always covered with a kid glove. And my father had found a friend, a man to dream with.

My practical mother did not approve. There was too much talk and not enough action. Together they would go into the dining room, where the table was large, and spread out their drawings and blue-prints. They dreamed and talked in low voices and high figures, and in their dreams they were incredibly rich, incredibly successful. But after a time these meetings took place elsewhere. Time was going on, and where was the money? Where was the success?

I can see all this now. At the time it merely registered as a series of pictures. I know and thank God that my father was happy at those times; that this was his real life—those hours over the table with a man who understood. He loved us all, I am sure, but we were curiously detached from his inner life. When his fellow dreamer was not there, he read, steadily and carefully. A student and a dreamer, selling sewing machines from that office on Sixth Street in the daytime and beginning to live only when twilight fell on that little house, and the gas was lighted, and he could retire into that realm of the mind where only he was content.

I inherited from my mother a sort of fierce driving energy and a practical outlook on life which have been most helpful. But such invention as I have, such dreams as I have dreamed, have come from him. And quite early, by unconscious imitation, I assumed his viewpoint.

We were watering the yard one evening. A connection of the family, who owned a private greenhouse, had sent in a wagonload of plants, and we had set them out; pinks and lady-slippers, hollyhocks to hide the old board fence, larkspur and a few roses. Never was such pride as we took in that little garden. I had tired of the hose and stood by.

"Why can't we run a water pipe down along the top of the fence and bore holes in it?" I asked. "It would save a lot of trouble."

He saw nothing in the idea, and only smiled and shook his head. But I have lived to see established not only overhead but surface sprinkling systems of this nature, and I like to think that as a child of ten or so I had already invented one.

Odd to think that while we stood there, at the observatory on the hill above a man named Langley was also dreaming a dream, and was experimenting as to the possibilities of human flight in the air by a huge whirling table, driven by a steam engine and achieving at the outside edge the incredible speed of seventy miles an hour. Experimenting with fuel for an aeronautic engine, too; one of them a mixture of compressed air and carbonic acid gas. And was being laughed at for his dream. That madman Langley, on the hill over our heads.

LIVING was astoundingly cheap. I daresay that at that time my father's salary was not over a hundred and fifty dollars a month, but it was entirely adequate. The maid received two dollars and a half a week, and the same amount bought me a pair of excellent spring-heeled shoes. The five dollars which was the Saturday market money bought the roast for Sunday, fruit, vegetables, groceries, even flowers and candy. Milk was high, however; it was five cents a quart, and cream was twenty. There was money for extras.

We were a simple people in those days. One day a phrenologist came to the house and examined all our heads. He left us careful charts; a drawing of a skull, divided into squares and marked with queer words: amativeness, philoprogenitiveness. He told me not to be afraid of ghosts and thus penetrated into one of my closest secrets.

For I was afraid of ghosts. There was a room at the top of the stairs which was haunted. Even in daylight I passed its closed door

*Light weight, form fitting, easily laundered is this smart combination of soft durene... And dull lustred chiffon-weight stockings of durene-and-silk give unusually long service.*

# . . soft, fine, clinging durene is so comfortable in crisp fall weather!

WHEN you replenish the family supply of hosiery and underwear this fall, be sure to ask for soft, lustrous, durable durene—it's the very finest specially processed cotton ever made. Only one bale of cotton out of twenty-five is fine enough to meet the durene standard... You'll like the feathery softness of durene—its greater elasticity and the absorbent quality that makes it feel so comfortable next to the skin. And durene things look like new after every laundering!... Sturdy durene underwear, socks, and stockings for children outlast the most strenuous play. Men like durene socks, golf stockings, and underwear because durene garments keep their good looks through all their long, satisfying service. And *you'll* enjoy wearing smart, beautifully-fitted underthings of durene, in lovely pastel colors, with stockings of durene for sports and day wear, or silk stockings with feet and tops of durene for evening. Ask to see durene hosiery and underwear at your favorite store.

DURENE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, 250 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

*Durene socks and golf stockings for men are soft and comfortable. They look like new after every laundering.*

*Magnified view of durene mesh fabric in the big boy's union suit.*

*Magnified section of soft durene fabric in union suit worn by little boy.*

*A union suit of soft, smooth durene fabric, and another of mesh durene — porous, absorbent, comfortable. Socks of durene-and-wool.*

Durene

***Quality begins with the yarn***

In using advertisements see page 6

# Extra Money Makes a Big Difference

*Miss Lucille W. Roberts of New Jersey writes: "I am thinking of devoting my entire time to selling subscriptions. They are a pleasure to sell."*

Pay a few dollars more for a new hat—for a new dress—for something new for the house. What a thrill to be able to say, "Charge it, please,"—and know you can pay the bill.

Thousands of alert and smartly dressed women have let us show them how to earn these added luxuries. It is a simple and delightful plan—you drop in on your friends, chat with them, 'phone them, and write short notes. No experience or expense is necessary. You won't be tied down to a regular position and yet you will be carrying on your own subscription business right in your own community. You'll be happy that your spare time is bringing you real money. You have earned it all by yourself—it's yours to spend—in any way you desire.

NAME PLEASE

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING DEPT. 1030 B, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York, N. Y.
Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can earn extra money.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



The Jones Family

Announces the Opening of the 48th Season for the national distribution thru the JONES DEALERS of

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

NOW READY

at the better class markets.

Made from corn-and-milk-fed young pork and pure spices—Jones Dairy Farm Sausage is a *primary product* which means that all the loins and other "choice cuts" are used in making it just as Milo and "Aunt Sally" Jones made it nearly 100 years ago. SHIPPED DAILY FRESH FROM THE FARM.

JONES DAIRY FARM
Fort Atkinson, Wis.

In the heart of Wisconsin's great dairy country—owned and operated by the Jones Family since 1834.



CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS ARE MONEY MAKERS

Sell 21 card $1 assortment in spare time. Also personal greetings. Amazing values. Up to 100% profit. Cards sell on sight. Start earning big profits Now. No experience necessary. Write for unique plan and samples.
HARRY DOEHLA CO., Dept. A-6, Fitchburg, Mass.



WHERE DO *YOUR* KITCHEN ODORS GO?

Why permit your hair, your clothing, your home to be filled with disagreeable smells, greasy fumes, smoke—when the touch of a button will whisk them outside? Enjoy a clean, wholesome kitchen with the new Victor IN-BILT Ventilator. A winter necessity and a summer comfort. Beautiful dome shaped grill conceals sturdy fan. Outside shutters automatically closed weather-tight except when fan is running. Quiet, no radio interference. Can be installed in any type of wall. Write now for free descriptive literature and name of nearest dealer.

Victor IN-BILT CLEANAIR

PERFECT VENTILATION *at Low Cost!*

Here's a model that is quickly installed in window or transom. Does not interfere with raising or lowering windows or screens. Self-sealing weatherstrip prevents wind or insects from entering. The CLEAN-AIR Ventilator can completely change the air in the average room once a minute. For use wherever fresh, pure air is desired. A postal brings the whole story and dealer's name. Write today.

*Dealers!* These products offer you a great opportunity—write for complete facts on this Victor line today!

THE CINCINNATI VICTOR COMPANY
716 Reading Road :: Cincinnati, Ohio


## My Story

carefully, and at night I ran. I fell down the stairs one night as a result and was unconscious when I was picked up. I was just getting about after a broken leg, and I fell over my crutches.

How trivial all this is! And yet that broken leg in itself held a bit of drama.

Progress had come our way, and Pittsburgh was holding an Exposition. It was held, however, in Allegheny, where its flimsy frame buildings were established on the flats annually inundated by the spring floods. A year or two later I stood by and watched them burn to the ground, and felt that there was a sort of retributive justice in that destruction, for they had nearly cost me my life.

My father had a display there. The saleswomen sat all day at the machines and did fancy sewing—shirring, ruffling, what not. And by way of additional attraction there was a wonderful toy in a glass case. You wound it with a key, and a little ship inside rocked and rolled on little blue waves which rose and fell. There was always a crowd around it.

One night my Aunt Ella, my mother's sister, took me to the Exposition. There was a huge crowd, and at last we sought refuge in the balcony, high above the main floor. Here somebody had had the bright idea of placing the piano display, and among the pianos we were when there was a sound of splintering, and that portion of the gallery fell. We fell with it, and my aunt limped somewhat until the end of her life. When I was found I was nearly impaled by the chin on a spike of a low iron fencing around a display beneath, and that scar I bear to this day. The spike had entered at the point of the chin and come out just beneath my lower lip. But I had also a broken femur, and for this I later on received, to be administered toward my education, the munificent sum of three hundred dollars.

A very small world still; the world of a child, extending slowly. One day during my convalescence a Russian woman who had sewed for my grandmother came to see me and brought her husband. There was some question about letting me see him, for he was something dreadful. He was a Nihilist and was exiled from Russia. He was a huge man with a black beard and soft, gentle, blue eyes. He came often after that, and he brought a supply of cigar boxes and made me a little bureau for my doll's clothing. When it was finished, he varnished it, and it was always a little sticky in damp weather. Some years later he disappeared, and it was said that he had gone back to Russia to kill the Czar.

### CHAPTER V

I WENT to a public school. Practically every one did in those days, for private schools were few and expensive. And as I look back, I can see that the public schools of that day must have been bad, although Pittsburgh schools were rather better than the average. They were, I realize now, badly ventilated and badly lighted. Sanitation as such did not exist, open toilets in the brick-paved school yard answering the purpose. And the school work was sheer unenlivened drudgery. There was no appeal to the imagination, and no recognition of the child as an individual. There was an august individual called the principal, who sat in an office, and whose sole function appeared to the pupils to be to thrash recalcitrant boys with a long rattan. The schools were indifferently cleaned and dingy in the extreme. Also most of them were fire-traps. For many years there was no recess. Children sat from nine to twelve, from one to three in the lower grades, and from one to four in the higher ones. Then some altruist suggested that fifteen-minute breaks be permitted, and the small, brick-paved school yard was filled with children standing about, for there was no room for play.

Once a week the singing teacher came, an elderly man with a white beard and a tuning fork. He unrolled a chart and hung it over a

# One hand Control!

THIS unique Pic-Wax package—open it like a book—pick one sheet at a time—only one hand needed! One at a time these Pic-Wax sheets answer your need—quickly, conveniently, easily. Lift each as you want it and a flip of the finger closes the package when you have finished.

The compact Pic-Wax package holds 40 sheets of extra strong, heavily waxed paper. Every sheet, fresh and smooth. Use Pic-Wax for wrapping sandwiches or other food, for picnics, for storage in refrigerators, for wrapping flowers or for waxing irons. However you use waxed paper—you'll find Pic-Wax the most convenient of all. Ask for it at your dealer's. If he can't supply you send for full sized package. The coupon is handy—use it!

Regal Paper Co., Inc., Pulaski, N.Y.

Pic-Wax roll too. Same quality paper in new roll box with special edge for tearing desired lengths. 40' in orange & black box 10c. 125', blue & yellow box 25c.

REGAL PAPER COMPANY, Inc.
7 Port Street, Pulaski, N. Y.
☐ Pic-Wax Sheets 10c ☐ Pic-Wax 10c Roll
☐ Pic-Wax 25c Roll
Check package wanted.
Name .....
Street .....
City .....State .....
This store is where I usually buy waxed paper.


blackboard, and we sang in our thin childish trebles, "Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la."

He would clear his throat, rap the tuning fork sharply, and the lesson was on.

Once a week also came the writing teacher. The ink wells were filled, and pens were passed. We used the Spencerian system, and I still believe that one of the tortures devised for unhappy children was that same Spencerian system; the flatly horizontal wrist, the slightly curved forefinger, the three fingers resting on the paper. Individual types of writing were forbidden, and all character was eliminated. And as the use of pen and ink was limited to this half-hour or so once a week, I was a grown woman before they became the familiar tools of my trade, and then largely because I have never learned to use a typewriter, and because the heavier pressure necessary for the pencil tired my writing hand.

Yet so far as primary education is concerned, those public schools of the Eighties and Nineties did what they were expected to do. They turned out children who could read and write and do simple arithmetic; who knew something of American geography and rather less of American history; who knew how many bones there were in the human body, and that alcohol and tobacco were poisons, and that a drop of nicotine on the tongue of a dog would kill it. Also that the British were a bad lot, and so were the Indians. Also that we raised and exported products which went to various countries which were pink or blue or green or yellow on the maps. Of these countries, however, we had no conception; of America as a part of the active living world, even less.

It took many years and much living to undo those early impressions as to the Indians and the British. It appeared to be my patriotic duty to hate them both, and hate them I did.

WE WERE fairly literate, but that was all. We learned to read, but not to interpret. We were filled with facts, not all of them entirely accurate, and this purely factual training placed a premium on the child with the best memory. To the imaginative child school was torture, nothing less. My own experience was not bad. I learned surprisingly little of the things the other children whispered about. But I suffered in health. I was an active child, and to the long school day, mostly sitting in the uncomfortable seats provided, I was obliged to add, from four to six each day, my piano practice.

Some day we shall learn the fallacy of that, too; the long hours on the piano stool, when young muscles need exercise; the folly of trying to make musicians out of unmusical children. I learned, of course; even now I read rather well at sight. But I still have a vivid memory of a small girl painfully obeying her music teacher's orders and day by day in school stretching the membranes between her fingers against the sharp edge of her school desk, so that she might be able to play the eight keys of the octave.

Yet we were fortunate, my sister and I. We went home to an orderly house, where everything had its place and was kept in it. We were well cared for, well dressed, for my mother sewed beautifully. In the mornings she brushed my long hair until it shone, braided it tight, and tied it with ribbons. At night my sister, whose hair had come in curly after the fever, had her hair rolled up on kid curlers and was obliged to sleep on them as best she could. Our fresh clothes were laid out for the morning, the window was raised an inch or two, our prayers were said kneeling by the bedside, and so to bed.

In the mornings my mother laid out my father's fresh linen, as good wives were supposed to do. She put the studs in his shirt, the links in his stiff and glistening cuffs. And on the bureau she laid his neatly folded fresh handkerchief. If his tall silk hat required ironing, it was she who did it. In my small girlhood many gentlemen, as opposed to those of less pretension, still wore silk hats regularly, and I have a vivid picture of my father, during

*How to* prepare delightful MACARONI dishes

It's positively amazing the delicious, appetizing dishes you can prepare with macaroni, spaghetti and egg noodles. For assured success, use a *superior* product and a *tested* recipe. Mueller's is the largest selling brand of macaroni products in America—largely because it cooks up so light and fluffy—so tasty and easy to digest. It is made from farina —*the heart of the wheat.*

## 2 *Big Aids*

Here are two of the greatest helps you could have in achieving perfection in your macaroni dishes—a package of Mueller's product and the new Mueller Recipe Book. Mueller's Macaroni, Egg Noodles and Spaghetti have a real affinity for other foods. They combine perfectly with left-over meat, fish, beans, peas, asparagus, oysters or almost any food you happen to have in your ice box.

## *New* FREE BOOK

The new Mueller Recipe Book is full of valuable household pointers, and will be sent free. Illustrated in colors, contains scores of delightful new recipes. Also contains a host of suggestions on table service, etc.

## MUELLER'S

MACARONI · · SPAGHETTI
EGG NOODLES · ELBOW MACARONI
COOKED SPAGHETTI
*Largest Selling Brand in America*

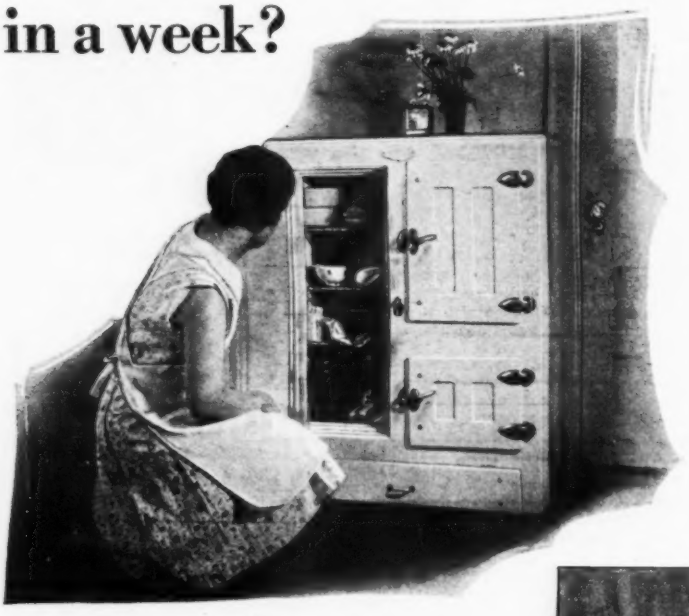
FREE RECIPE BOOK

C. F. MUELLER CO., Jersey City, N. J.
Home Economics Dept. G. H.
Send me your FREE Recipe Book with suggestions on table setting, table service and table etiquette.

*Name*.....
*Address*.....
*Town*.....*State*.....


In using advertisements see page 6

# Who'd think an icebox could get so *messy* in a week?



STICKY HANDS reaching for things . . . dishes a little too full . . . an occasional spill . . . they all happen in the best refrigerators. And even without accidents, the number of bacteria that can get into an apparently clean icebox is appalling.

Gold Dust is the answer. A sprinkle on a damp cloth . . . a quick wipe . . . and the refrigerator is clean. Every smear . . . every germ gone. There's real *dirt-dissolving* soap in Gold Dust. That's why it works so fast.

Don't use scratchy, gritty cleansers on fine porcelain surfaces. Grit cleansers are meant for scouring pots. Keep your fancy flakes and chips for the fine washing they are intended to do. They can't get rid of heavy, greasy dirt and destroy germs as Gold Dust does.

Gold Dust works fast because it dissolves fast. Leaves no grit in the corners, no undissolved soap sticking to the surface. And it's a real antiseptic, chemists say.

Your grocer has Gold Dust. Kitchenette size 5c; household size, even more economical.

Woodwork washed with fine flakes or chips often looks gray and smudgy, not quite clean.

Harsh cleansers are so likely to scratch and mar. And they leave unsightly deposits of grit.

Gold Dust, the ideal soap for dirty dirt, cleans things clean. It works quickly—safely.

FOR DIRTY DIRT USE

**GOLD DUST**


## My Story

the epochal Pittsburgh flood of 1884, rowing his family through his Sixth Street office in a small boat, his tall silk hat on his head and no sense whatever of any incongruity.

Floods were familiar to me from my earliest days. Years later I was to lay a crime story, "The Case of Jennie Brice," in a flooded district. And only last week, sitting on a commission to which the President had appointed me, the Committee on the Conservation and Administration of the Public Domain, I was taken back to those early days.

Floods then were an act of the providence of God. No one referred them to man's criminal folly in deforesting the hills and over-grazing the plains. They came, were lived through, came again. There were warnings, and the people whose homes were near the water front moved upstairs and tied a skiff to a window sill. Then the rivers came down, the Allegheny, the Monongahela. They swept through the streets, backed up through the sewers, tore up brick pavements. In due time they receded, having deposited their silt in every cellar and many lower floors, and the skiffs were put away until Providence should again elect to send the rivers outside their banks.

One flood, however, was man-made. I was a little older then, but still a child.

I was wakened one early morning and taken to the river bank. Something dreadful had happened; a dam had given way, and my mother's eyes were red and swollen. We stood by the river, on a bit of high land, and saw houses sweeping by, and all sorts of strange things. Men were watching, too, for now and then a body was salvaged. My mother continued to cry. That was the Johnstown flood, and a dear friend of hers had been on a railroad train and had been lost.

Life was extending, but it was still a very small world. In the spring, due thought having been given, I was allowed to shed my winter flannels, the long-sleeved shirts, the ankle-length drawers. Likewise in the spring, stiff, white mosquito bar was tacked over the windows; the shed, the cellar, the old board fence of the yard were whitewashed. Quantities of thin materials were bought, too, a seamstress came in to help my mother, and the spring sewing commenced. Yards of lace and embroidery had to be whipped on to yards of ruffles. Petticoats had to be made, two and three very full ones being the rule, and generally underneath a short flannel one to the knees, it being considered unhealthy to let any air of any sort strike the abdomen.

Not long ago a young girl of my acquaintance was going through an old trunk of her mother's and came across a brief bit of white, embroidered flannel.

"What on earth is this?" she demanded.

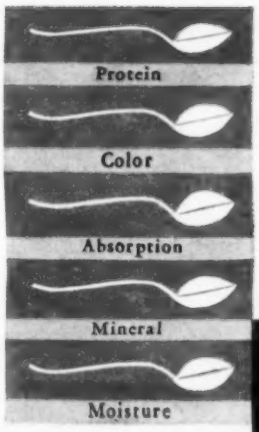
"That? That was my flannel petticoat for my wedding."

Whereupon the girl burst into shrieks of delighted laughter.

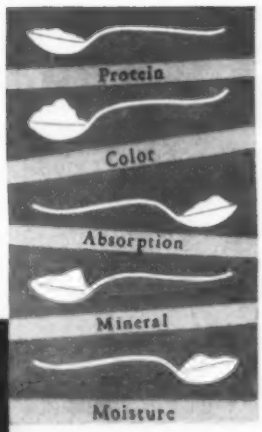
I smiled when I heard that story. I, too, have somewhere just such a garment. I scalloped and embroidered it myself for my wedding, and I should have felt a shameless woman without it.

I HAVE no idea as to when my understanding of life extended to a knowledge of death. Very early, I think, but then it was a bird who had died. I remember my awed silence when my mother picked Dicky from the bottom of his cage; no longer would he make his brief daily excursions out into the branches of the ailanthus trees. But it was not his death alone which was the tragedy. It was that his death had been unnecessary. We had gone into the country, and my father was to look after the bird. But he and his friend, the dreamer, had had some new and magnificent idea. They went away to talk it over, and Dicky had died of starvation.

That was death, however. It impressed me terribly. Later on I was to see many people die, of sickness, of accident, of murder. Death




# "Balance"
## the most important thing about your recipe– the most important thing about your flour



### "Balanced"

The Pillsbury "balancing" process mixes as many as sixteen different types of the finest wheats. The result is a flour which contains just the right amounts of protein, mineral, moisture, etc. — a flour perfectly "balanced" for all kinds of baking.

### "Unbalanced"

All these different substances are found in wheat when it is harvested. But they're not properly "balanced" for baking. No *single* variety of wheat contains these things in just the right quantities to make the finest all-purpose flour.

Every day more women discover that Pillsbury's Best has some quality not found in other flour. They don't know what it is, but they know it's there. Because everything they bake—bread, biscuits or pastry — turns out better. Because everything has a delicate, unmistakably richer flavor.

Pillsbury's Best *is* different. It is scientifically "balanced" for successful baking. "Balanced" according to a wheat combination used only by Pillsbury. There is no other flour just like it. Pillsbury's Best is made from no single variety of wheat — for no single type of wheat contains just the right amount of protein, mineral, etc. to work perfectly for all baking. Pillsbury's Best is made from a special blend of different types of finest wheat. Each of these different wheats has some quality necessary to the perfectly "balanced" flour.

You know your recipes must be properly balanced — that you must use just the right amount of each ingredient. It's just as important to use a perfectly "balanced" flour. Try Pillsbury's Best. You'll discover how *good* baking can become really *perfect* baking. If you bake bread, you'll get better bread. When you bake biscuits or pastry, you'll find a striking improvement in appearance and flavor. There's a real difference—ask for the "balanced" flour—Pillsbury's Best. Your grocer has it.

**Pillsbury's★ "balanced" for**

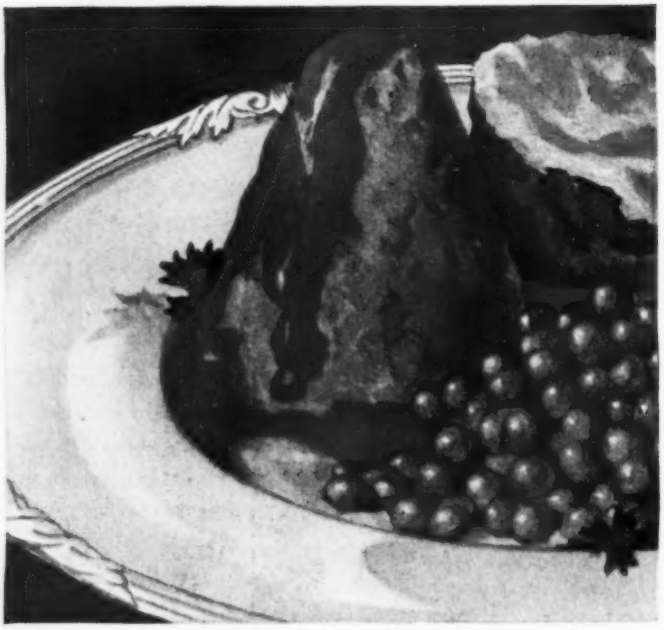
**Best Flour perfect baking**

Pillsbury Flour Mills Company :: General Offices: Minneapolis, Minn.

Also Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Cake Flour, Rye, Graham and Durum Flours

*A new kind of Peas ~ A new way to pack them*

# HONEY POD PEAS



**Stuffed Green Peppers**
6 green peppers, 2 cups Stokely's corn, ¼ cup milk, Salt and pepper, ½ cup buttered bread crumbs.
Cut off tops, remove seeds from peppers. Drop in boiling water 5 minutes. Drain. Fill with corn, milk and seasonings. Cover with crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until crumbs brown. Garnish with pimiento and any sauce in Stokely's recipe book. Serves 6.

**Savory Green Bean Salad**
2 cups Stokely's green beans, 2 tablespoons chopped pickle, 1 onion, minced, 1 pimiento, minced, ½ cup mayonnaise, 3 tablespoons Stokely's tomato catsup, plain or shredded lettuce.
Drain liquid from beans and chill. Blend with remaining ingredients, serve on lettuce. Serves 6.

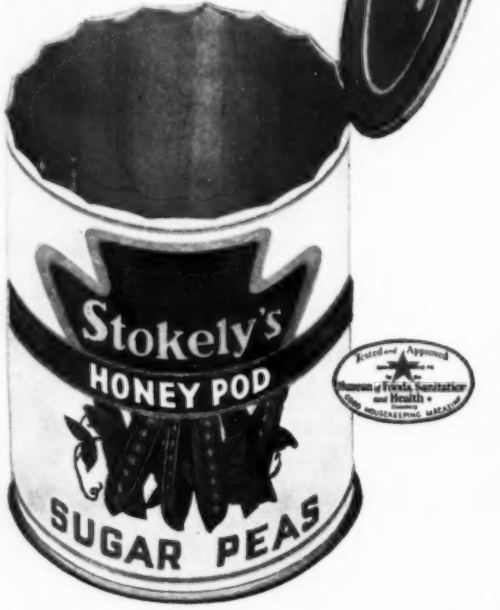
YOU'VE tasted this flavor before—but only in fresh peas which you've sorted and shelled yourself. Now enjoy this same rich, fresh flavor without the work. Honey Pod Peas are remarkable for their tender deliciousness. And like fresh peas, they are *unsifted for size* just as you would take them from the pod. The very different flavor of each size blended as nature intended—the secret of true fresh-pea flavor.

Stokely's Honey Pod Peas are the result of a painstaking search. Just as Sally Stokely table-tests all Stokely recipes, she table-tested many kinds of peas and many ways to pack them before Stokely scientists found just what she wanted. Try Stokely's Honey Pod Peas, heated with butter. Shut your eyes and enjoy the tempting flavor of fresh, June Peas without the work of shelling them out yourself.

Like all of Stokely's vegetables, Honey Pod Peas are canned the same day they're picked to retain their garden freshness. Then they are cooked under pressure to save their vitamins. Ask your grocer for your favorite vegetable packed this better Stokely way—in the new golden-lined cans—speckless, spotless, free from discoloration.

Tune in on Sally Stokely's radio hour—new menus, recipes and the story of *table-testing*. Hear her tell how she table-tests each Stokely product in home recipes to insure finest flavor on your table. Write for book of table-tested recipes, "Vegetables for Health and 50 Ways to Serve Them," FREE. Stokely Bros. and Co., Inc., Heyburn Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

## IN CANS WITH SPOTLESS GOLDEN LININGS




## ★ Stokely's Vegetables

## My Story

came to be the common companion of my days and nights, while I was still very young. I learned to have no personal fear of it, for the physical act of dying is a peaceful thing. But I lost my confidence in life. The line was too finely drawn. That cheerful confidence that things will go on indefinitely as they are has never been for me.

It would be a mistake, however, to say that death as I saw it in my early childhood depressed me. The bird was one thing; the old doctor at the corner below who died in the fulness of years was another matter. Unknown to my parents I went into the house and gazed at his quiet figure. The next day, in my mother's absence, I gave a tableau, charging a penny admission.

On the parlor table, drawn in front of the fireplace and covered with a sheet, lay my small sister, forbidden to move or open an eye; and on the corners of the mantel above her, draped in sheets and most precariously poised, were two angels, myself and another child from the neighborhood, holding out a pair of rather wilted wreaths. Only the indignant return of my mother put an end to a really flourishing business.

### CHAPTER VI

I WAS frightfully impatient to grow up. I hated being a child. That precocious reading of mine was probably responsible, and between ten and twelve my head was a queer jumble of cheap romance, more solid adventure, and already a driving ambition to "do something."

The romance was singularly clean. I had been reared in a family largely of women, with the only two men I knew well, my father and Uncle John, remote and august. Of sex I knew nothing whatever. I had my own secret dreams, but they centered about myself. I must have seen a church wedding at some time, for these dreams were always of myself coming down a church aisle in a white satin dress with a long train and a veil, beside some youth who varied as time went on. At one time it was a dark lad who took me out now and then in his pony cart, at another a red-cheeked boy who lived across from the schoolhouse, and who probably never saw me, as I adored him from afar.

But these were the dreams of a dramatic youngster, with no relation to fact. Indeed, when one not uncomely lad gave signs of being interested in me and brought me a leather-bound copy of "Lucille" for my birthday—I still have it—I commenced to hate him with a really shocking hatred. As a study of psychology this interests me now. Some time in that interval, no doubt, some of the whispers had got through to me, and I recoiled like a snapped spring. I would cross the street to avoid speaking to him, and to be teased about him made me physically ill. So profound was this that as I write this there is a resurgence of that old dislike.

I wanted my dreams, but I did not want them invaded by reality. With lightning rapidity their objects changed. I would walk blocks out of my way merely to pass some lad who might see me or might not. When I got a bicycle—and I believe I had the second one built for girls in the city—I would ride for hours, merely for the joy of such an encounter. Yet had any one of those boys touched my hand, I would have loathed him forever. I was fifteen before that conflict ended.

The safety bicycle did for my generation of youth rather what the automobile has done for later ones, although in less degree.

Up to that time the bicycle had been a purely masculine affair. It consisted of an enormous high wheel with a saddle on top, and a very small wheel behind. Sometimes this was reversed, the small wheel being in front, and once I nearly broke my nose trying one of these latter in the absence of its lawful owner. With the safety bicycle, however, matters changed.


# 75c *in October only!*

*In the dark hot interior formed by a Griswold Skillet and its cover is a constant gentle dripping—a heaping-up of tenderness and flavor—due to the drip-rings. The cover is, of course, not included in the special price of 75c for the skillet.*

OCTOBER'S

# Crisp Challenge

**If October shouts challenges at you, with its over-bright leaves, to do colorful, brisk, enviable things . . . look squarely at this Griswold Cast Iron Skillet. For surely your sense of exhilaration includes cooking, and you want to do it as if turning out inimitable dishes had always been a daily affair with you.**

**You can repose your faith in this skillet. With it, veal olives, Swiss steak, fruit melange—simple and fanciful morsels such as these can be the reliably happy results of incredibly small efforts. Note how sturdy it is; how safe it must be, because evenly thick and of pure cast iron. Do you guess that things can scorch through that thickness? Not easily, and practically never! They are coddled until tender.**

**October is a privileged month for this skillet. During October the price for the standard No. 8 size is 75c. ($1.25 value.) Hardware, department, and house-furnishing stores have this skillet at this October price. Price slightly higher in South and West. The Griswold Mfg. Co., Dept. D, Erie, Pa.**

*Challenge October appetites with "Chicken Louisianne," . . . with its tomatoes peppers, bits of bacon . . . Aunt Ellen's recipe for it awaits your asking. Also her "Booklet on Waterless Cooking," a most popular little book. Address "Aunt Ellen," The Griswold Kitchen, Dept. D, Erie, Penna.*

# GRISWOLD

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.


In using advertisements see page 6

# for the smart luncheon -the unusual dinner -the "original" supper

The clever hostess frequently serves La Choy Chop Suey or Chow Mein. Her guests and family always enjoy the aroma and flavor of these healthful Chinese dishes. You will appreciate the convenience of such enticing delicacies—for quick luncheons, spur-of-the-moment dinners or impromptu suppers.

Your grocer has La Choy Sub Kum Chicken Chop Suey, La Choy Chow Mein Noodles and La Choy Cooked Rice—all ready-to-serve. Simply season to taste with La Choy Soy Sauce. If you enjoy making your own Chinese dishes, the essential La Choy Chinese ingredients may be purchased separately. You'll find directions on La Choy labels. Mail coupon below for booklet of forty Chinese recipes.

La Choy

FOOD PRODUCTS

| | |
|---|---|
| SPROUTS | SUB KUM |
| SOY SAUCE | COOKED RICE |
| KUMQUATS | BROWN SAUCE |
| WATER CHESTNUTS | BAMBOO SHOOTS |
| CHOW MEIN NOODLES | SUB KUM CHOP SUEY |

☐ Send free La Choy Booklet of Recipes. GH1030

☐ An assortment of four La Choy products for a ready-to-serve Chinese dinner sent postpaid for $1.00 ($1.25 in Canada).

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

LA CHOY FOOD PRODUCTS INC., Detroit


## My Story

Against a campaign of extreme bitterness bicycles began to be made for women, with a dropped frame. Two arguments were used: first, the unsuitability of girls and women adopting a purely masculine recreation; and, second, the increasing number of bicycles on the pavements.

For the first bicycles used the city pavements. The streets were mostly paved with cobblestones or rough brick and were useless for the purpose. In addition, also, these early bicycles had no pneumatic tires. When "cushion" tires came in, thick ones of solid rubber, they represented the pinnacle of luxury.

My parents were advanced, however, and I was allowed to have a bicycle. Many of the family and the neighbors protested to my mother. It was unfeminine and immodest. It would make me bold. Also I was likely to do myself real physical damage. When my dear mother refused to agree, and went further, actually making me a bicycling costume of blue serge with small brass buttons, a sort of watchful silence followed, a wait-and-see attitude.

And something did happen. I discovered boys as playfellows. Up to that time such relationships had been impossible. There were no tennis courts where we could mingle; at children's parties the boys occupied one part of the room, the girls another; at dancing school an unwilling male child dragged one about, counting to himself and dropping one abruptly when the music ceased. A little skating in the winter on the lake in the park, where a courageous boy would occasionally take a mittened hand and careen with one over the ice, was practically the only outdoor mingling of the sexes.

The bicycle changed all that, and it is interesting to realize that to a great many people, like the automobile today, it spelled a disastrous breaking up of necessary barriers. It was prophesied that girls would go to the bad as a result, and of course it is possible that some did. But to me it simply removed boys from the unpleasant world of ugly whispers into the open-air one of good fellowships.

Our Saturday rides, with boxes of lunch strapped behind the saddle, were in groups. We formed absurd little clubs, went everywhere, and at evening we dragged back, dirty beyond belief, drenched with perspiration, stiff as to muscles, ravenously hungry, and quite as sexless as the machines we had ridden.

SOMEWHERE in that time, just as my knowledge of the street had grown to include the city and now the adjacent country lanes, my knowledge of life had extended. Thus, there were good girls and bad girls, and the bad girls were of a class apart. Often they cut off their hair and curled it in short curls over their heads. Also they used paint on their faces, and you could tell them when you met them on the street. But you never looked at them. You looked away quickly, as though they were not there. Also in the district were a woman and her daughter who did not paint or cut their hair, but you did not walk past the house; you walked across the street. You did the same thing with saloons and billiard halls, and it was etiquette not to glance into the barber's shop as you went by.

Ours was not an unusual household. Indeed, I think it represented the average home of its day. We were rather less narrow than many others, although when a distant relative of my father's secured a divorce it was generally felt that she had forfeited her right to belong to the family. Sunday was still the Sabbath, but the piano was not closed; I was allowed to play hymns on that day.

As I grew a little older, my acquaintanceship with boys was more strictly regulated, and as this was the rule everywhere it led to a curious evasion. Boys were not allowed in the house. When one was old enough to put up one's hair and wear long dresses, then they might call, but not sooner. Even joining one

*Strained Vegetables for*

# baby!

Seasonal ends to fresh vegetable supplies no longer need upset Baby's strict feeding schedule. The Gerber Strained Vegetable Products, selected from choice garden produce, picked at *just the right minute*, scientifically prepared, carefully strained through monel metal screens, packed and steam sterilized for 60' at 240°, provide Baby with fresh, wholesome, nourishing vegetables the year around. Unseasoned—Ready to serve. No troublesome preparation. Just warm and season as taste or Baby's doctor directs.

***Tested and Approved***

The Gerber Strained Vegetable Products are accepted by the American Medical Association Committee on Foods and approved by leading national domestic science institutes. Thousands of doctors prescribe Gerber Products for babies because they are better and more nourishing. Vitamin A, Vitamin B, Vitamin C and rich mineral salts lost through oxidation and through solution in cooking water in home preparation are conserved to a maximum degree by Gerber methods. Don't accept a substitute for the approved Gerber Products. Look for the Gerber blue and white label with the Vitamin A, B and C blocks. Ask for them at your grocery or drug store. Your doctor can best prescribe the amounts and variety most helpful in your own feeding problem.

***Send for Picture of The Gerber Baby***

So many mothers have written in asking for a picture of the Gerber Baby that we have now made arrangements to supply black and white lithographed reproductions of the famous Dorothy Hope Smith drawing. They are 10"x11" in size, suitable for framing and hanging. If you would like one of these beautiful black and white reproductions, send in the coupon below with 10c to cover wrapping and postage.

**Gerber's**
**STRAINED VEGETABLES**

**Strained Peas • Spinach • Carrots**
**Strained Tomato • Strained Green Beans**
**Strained Prunes • Strained Vegetable Soup**

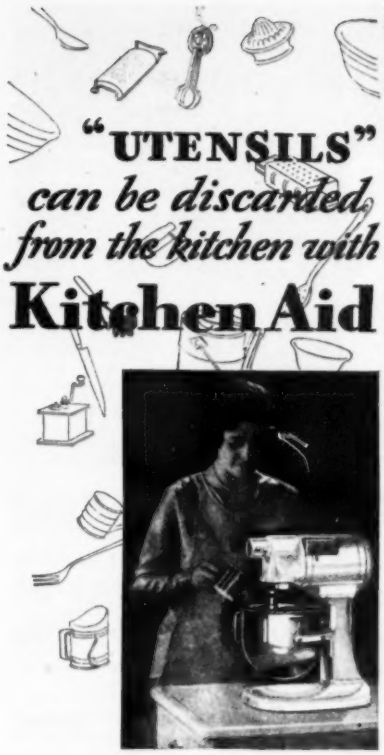
*Tear and Mail*

GERBER PRODUCTS DIVISION,
FREMONT CANNING COMPANY
DEPT. GH-18
FREMONT, MICHIGAN

Please send me a black and white lithographed reproduction of the famous Gerber Baby drawn by Dorothy Hope Smith. I enclose 10c (in cash or stamps) to cover wrapping and postage.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____



"UTENSILS"
*can be discarded from the kitchen with*
**KitchenAid**

YOU simply cannot realize what a change comes over the kitchen with the coming of KitchenAid. Imagine, if you can, one handsome addition to your modern conveniences that takes the place of a conglomeration of crude, troublesome "utensils".

You cannot realize, either, what a change is made in work. KitchenAid actually does, at the touch of a button, practically any task that human hands can do in preparing food . . . mixing and kneading, grinding and chopping, beating, whipping, slicing, mashing, grating and a host of other things. As you watch, fascinated, the preparation of meals becomes interesting fun instead of work.

We have a booklet, "Extra Help in the Kitchen", that will show you the way to a new freedom from old-time drudgery. May we send it to you, together with full details of this "next convenience" we fee. sure you will own? Just mail the coupon.

**The KitchenAid Manufacturing Co.**
219 Olive Street Troy, Ohio

Subsidiary of The Hobart Manufacturing Co., Manufacturers of mixers, peelers, slicers, mills and choppers for kitchens and stores.

*Sales agencies in principal cities—consult telephone directory.*
Distributing agencies: 173 King Street East, Toronto, Canada; 38 Charterhouse St., London, E. C. 1, England.
(144)

★ **KitchenAid**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
*Electrical Food Preparer for the Home*

The KitchenAid Manufacturing Co.,
219 Olive St., Troy, Ohio.

Please send your pamphlet "Extra Help in the Kitchen" to:

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____


on the front steps of a summer evening was taboo.

There was, however, no taboo on going to church on Sabbath evenings, and this led to an influx of youth at evening services which must have been very gratifying to the various clergymen. The one dramatic moment of my week was when, after the singing of the Doxology, we passed slowly out into the night. There along the curb would be ranged a sort of stag line, and that evening was plain tragedy when some lad did not step out, lift his hat, and ask me formally if he might see me home.

How slowly we walked! How fast we talked! Sometimes he offered a gallant arm, and thus yoked, as it were, we wandered on. But this result was not always secured without effort. Sometimes the wrong boy stepped out with a purposeful glint in his eyes. Then you dropped something, or slid off in another direction. Sometimes, too, nothing happened at all, and you went home alone.

There were other evasions, too. If one could not receive callers, there was nothing to hinder a group of lads from wandering down the street with guitars and mandolins and stopping under a window. True, it was usually the window of the adult members of the household, who much preferred to sleep. But the gesture of homage had been made. They wandered on, these young minstrels, down the dusky, tree-lined streets, stopping here and there until the last romantic swain had saluted his lady of the moment. Then, still unself-conscious of any absurdity, they took themselves home to bed.

Only once since those days have I been serenaded, and that was in a little Mexican town where I arrived on horseback some years ago with a pack outfit. Word went out that I was a friend of the governor of the province, and some bright soul decided to show me deference by serenading me, at two o'clock in the morning, with an entire brass band.

## CHAPTER VII

DURING my years in the high school things began to go wrong at home. There had never been any margin for saving, and in addition my mother did one of the few unwise things of her life. She elected to leave the little house.

True, we had outgrown it, and there was talk of tearing down the row and building an extension of the high school there. But we took a larger house, a three-story brick, on a narrow street, and also we sold the rosewood furniture. They brought twenty dollars, those priceless old chairs and the sofa. Instead, we now had a parlor set, done in plush and considered very, very elegant. There was a plush runner on the mantel also, edged with ball fringe, and so elegant was the room that the door into it was kept closed, and the shades were drawn, when it was not in use.

We had been in the new house only a year when the maid had to go, and now when I spoke of going to college there was a curious silence. I had never given up my idea of studying medicine, but I was far too young. I was working hard at school, and now at home it was necessary to help my mother and to do my school work also. My music lessons ceased. My sister and I were taken out of dancing school. One day I came home to find that my belongings had been shifted to my sister's room on the second floor, and that two strange men had rented the rooms on the third.

I said nothing, but I fiercely resented this intrusion of our privacy. True, we scarcely ever saw them, for they took their meals elsewhere. But now and then one saw a shadowy figure slipping up or down the stairs. Not only did I resent them as an invasion of the family privacy; with the innate snobbishness of children I hated having "roomers." The girls I knew were of well-to-do families. Some of them were to make *débuts* when they finished school. Practically all of them were infinitely better off than we were. They gave little parties, with the floors of their double parlors


# GOOD FLAVOR NEWS *Travels Fast!*

GOOD cooks aren't secretive about their cooking "secrets." When Mrs. J. at Mrs. S.'s dinner table remarked, "What marvelous soup!" Mrs. S. replied . . . "It's the same brand of tomato soup you use. But just before I took it off the stove I dropped in a Steero cube."

Then Mrs. J. discovered that Steero—compact cubes of good beef extract, fresh vegetables and fine spices—gave a fine, new zest to everything she cooked. Each cube is same size—no measuring. Simpler to use than salt and pepper.

Bertha M. Becker, cooking expert, in her new book, "101 New Dishes," tells how to improve the flavor of meats, eggs, vegetables and sauces with Steero cubes. To get this booklet and free sample cubes see coupon below.

*A cube, a cup, hot water—an appetizing hot drink anyone can prepare. Steero is sold in three sizes—12, 50 and 100 cubes—by grocers, delicatessen and drug stores.*

**STEERO**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
**CUBES** ★

American Kitchen Products Co. G. H.-10
281 Water Street, New York, N. Y.

I would like to try Steero cubes. Please send sample of cubes free. (If you want the cook book, "101 New Dishes," enclose 10¢)

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY & STATE_____

*This offer not good in Canada*


In using advertisements see page 6

*An extra cupful cooked* **TODAY** *means extra leisure hours* **TOMORROW**

*Lima & Walnut Salad*
RECIPE BOOK *Page 20*

WOMAN'S TIME is precious, these modern days!

So here's a welcome suggestion. The next time you plan a main-course Lima dish, cook an extra cupful while you're at it. That leaves enough for tomorrow's luncheon salads—and for a fine, delicious soup the day after. Right there is time saved on two extra meals!

And, of course, Limas are so easy to prepare in the first place. No peeling, paring or cutting! Just put them to soak after breakfast, and they'll be *ready to cook* in time for the evening meal.

Don't forget that Limas are one of the most healthful foods you can serve—with their rich supply of protein, vitamins, carbohydrates and mineral salts. And in addition, they are highly *alkaline*. They help *balance* the acid-ash of many everyday foods.

Serve Limas often. But be sure to get the *best* Limas. Ask for SEASIDE BRAND (either Large or Baby Limas). They're carefully selected from the finest of California's crop.

*famous for their nut-like flavor*

**CALIFORNIA SEASIDE** ★ **Limas**

Look for this 100-pound SEASIDE bag before you buy.




New!—the same *highest quality* Dried Limas in cans—ready-cooked. Just heat and serve.

**SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK**

For free booklet of tested Lima recipes by nationally known Food Editors, just address Department 173, CALIFORNIA LIMA BEAN GROWERS ASSOCIATION, OXNARD, CALIF.


## My Story

covered with white crash, with real dance programs with tiny pencils tied to them, and with a man at the piano and sometimes a violinist also.

I am glad to remember that my mother never knew of this resentment of mine; glad, too, to remember that I was young and strong and that I could help her. For she carried into that larger house not only the heavy Brussels carpets and heavy furniture, but her lifelong ideas of cleanliness. Woman to help her or no woman, once each week such furniture as could be moved was carried out of each room, the carpet was swept, the windows were washed. She did not save herself, and to this day I have known no other house in which, in cold weather, the individual silver knives and forks were placed in the warming oven and brought in only with the roast!

But it was through these troubled times that my horizon at last extended to include my country. Up to that time it had meant nothing to me. True, I had waved a flag when, as a small child, the new courthouse was dedicated. I could sing "America" and parts of "The Star-Spangled Banner," aiming carefully at the high notes. But the country meant to me something outside of the city, where one went to visit at a grand-aunt's farm and was permitted to hunt eggs. I could bound the United States, even make a map of it, of sorts. But it remained something quite apart from me, a series of dates in history books, of maps in a geography.

Then, and suddenly, I learned that my country was a powerful thing, and that it could be cruel and even terrible. Hard times had come to it, the panic of 1891, and now there was to be a new President, and he was going to do something to tin plate.

My father had promoted something which concerned tin plate. He and the other man, both dreamers, had given up inventing, which took money for patents, and when your patents ran out, where were you? Instead they were now promoting, and in the light of such knowledge as I have I imagine that their plan was sound enough. But the country came along, big and powerful, and it re-elected as President a man named Grover Cleveland. And Cleveland was committed to free trade, or something like it.

It was a sad time. Long months had gone into the plan. The office on Sixth Street, the backlog of the family finances, had gone long since. There had been earning, but sporadic earning, and now it looked as though there would be none at all.

I WAS fifteen. For some time I had been editing the high-school paper and contributing to it. I had also been playing the piano in chapel and doing a variety of odd jobs, among them running a debating society. But I rather liked to write. I had no mad itch to express myself, but I liked words; I liked to sit down with a clean sheet of paper and put words on it. Also out of that voracious reading of mine had come what I can only call a fictional turn of mind. I thought in terms of stories; my dreams now were more coordinate. They took the shape of tales in which I was still the heroine, although carefully disguised as the princess, or what not.

And in this family crisis I decided to turn to writing as an earning career!

One of the local newspapers had advertised for short stories, a column each in length. I wrote three of them, they were accepted, and I received one dollar each for them! After that I definitely abandoned literature as a means of livelihood. I have no recollection of those early efforts, except that they must have been terrible; but I do remember that my Uncle John read one of them and said that there was enough plot in it to make a book!

Things were still prospering with Uncle John, and I fancy that he helped us all he could. I still rode with him on occasion—riding Charlie, indeed, until he was too old for use.

**Chicken a la King . . . . . at home . . . . . *just as delicious as that prepared by any famed chef!***

**You know how delicious, how wonderfully good Chicken a la King always is when you have it at your favorite downtown hotel!**

**Well, here's a little secret . . . With a tin of R. & R. Boned Chicken (*) and a few other things which you already have in your kitchen—you can prepare Chicken a la King that will rival any you ever had when eating out.**

**The sweet, tender meat from the carefully selected fowls cooked in shiny nickel kettles as only Richardson & Robbins know how to do it—makes it possible for you to prepare the most delectable Chicken a la King in a few minutes. Try this recipe and have a big treat for dinner some night soon.**

**CHICKEN A LA KING**

**1 tablespoonful Butter**
**1 tablespoonful Flour**
**1 Pint Milk**
**1 blade of Mace**
**1 small tin R. & R. Boned Chicken**
**¼ cup shredded Pimiento**
**(a sweet red pepper, canned)**
**Salt and Paprika to taste**

**Cook the butter and flour in a saucepan for two minutes. Add the milk and mace, and stir until you have a smooth, creamy sauce. Stir into this the chicken, cut in small pieces, and heat thoroughly. Remove the mace and add the seasoning. Place the shredded pimiento over the top and serve in a covered dish.**

**Grocers everywhere carry R. & R. Boned Chicken. It's the easy economical way of preparing one hundred and one delightful chicken dishes. Be sure to keep it on hand.**

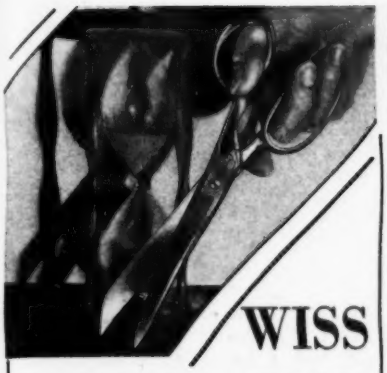
***(*) Every chicken is inspected and certified by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Agricultural Economics.***

R&R

**Richardson & Robbins**

**Established Since 1855 in Dover, Del.**

★



WISS

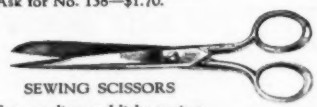
SCISSORS *HOLD* SHARP EDGES

**Only highest quality steel will hold a sharp edge. Fine steel requires and justifies fine workmanship. Wiss Scissors have both.**

**Their sharp blades are closely *and properly* adjusted. That enables them to handle hard work with ease.**

HOUSEHOLD SHEARS

For dressmaking or heavy sewing. A second pair should be in every kitchen. 8 inch size. Ask for No. 138—$1.70.



SEWING SCISSORS

For mending and light sewing. Stay sharp . . . 5 inch size. Ask for No. 815—$1.40.

EMBROIDERY SCISSORS

Light, dainty, yet strong. Needle points cut clean. 4 inch size. Ask for No. 774—$1.20.

MANICURE SCISSORS

Needle sharp curved points, match perfectly and hold their edge. 3¼ inch size. Ask for No. 573¾—$1.50.

NAIL SCISSORS

Strong, curved blades. Cut heavy toenails easily. 3½ inch size. Ask for No. 623½—$1.35.

BARBER SHEARS

Finest cutlery steel. 7½ inch. Ask for No. 447½—$2.10.

**WISS SCISSORS**

Wonderful Cutters

J. WISS & SONS CO. - NEWARK, N. J.

ESTABLISHED 1848


But one day Uncle John, too, had bad luck. We stood on Liberty Street in Pittsburgh and watched his wholesale wallpaper establishment burn to the ground. Rolls of burning paper would shoot out as the hose struck them, and men were stationed on the roofs all about. Bits of charred paper blew about in our faces, and the firemen were as black as negroes. It was a disastrous fire for all of us, for what with overwork and strain my mother took sick.

I nursed her, and my young sister and myself managed the house. I was fifteen, and she was eleven, and we got along somehow. But one day the family doctor told me I was a good nurse and thus sowed strange seed in a receptive mind. Not at once. There were to be still one or two years of financial trouble, that agonizing strain to keep up appearances which is the real tragedy of the impoverished genteel family; the early-morning cleaning of the front steps and vestibule, the anxiety about the gas and milk bills, the question of clothes and shoes and rent. Above all, the necessity of keeping from friends and neighbors the fact that anything is wrong.

My poor father aged, my mother looked tired and worn. My father went "on the road," but business was bad and getting worse. He sold wallpaper; later he tried to sell cash registers, but the cash register was a new thing. It was not easy to sell. And I doubt now if he was a salesman. He had, I think, my own shrinking horror of urging anybody to buy anything.

IT WAS at this time that our church, long conservative in such matters, decided to have a series of revival meetings. My mother went; no doubt she was seeking comfort. Her world was pretty badly shaken, her security threatened. And I went. For years now I had been carrying about a secret sense of guilt. I did not love God. I was even afraid of God. He did harsh things, or allowed them to happen. He had allowed the first trolley car to cut off the leg of a boy I knew. He had allowed Uncle John's store to burn down and Grover Cleveland to be elected and ruin my father's plans about tin plate. He had taken away the one intimate friend of my childhood with scarlet fever; He had allowed my dearly beloved dog to be stolen and Mrs. Klotz's husband to leave her. Indeed, I had a long list of injuries, including His rules about the Sabbath.

But I knew that I must be saved, and that salvation came only by a change of heart, and how desperately I fought for that change of heart I have no words adequate to tell. I wept and prayed, I read my Bible; at night I sat in that crowded church, and when those who wished to be saved were asked to rise, I stood up. So did every one else, for that matter, for who had the courage to remain seated? But I felt no change of heart. I was honest, at least. I would not go up to the front to acknowledge conversion.

The revivalist was a dear man, tolerant, anxious. Under the gas lamps he was often pallid with the stress and strain. He could look out from the platform and see us, all damned, all suffering eternities of hell. And he was frightened for us. He wanted to save us, not for himself but for God.

Then one night my pent-up hysteria had the desired effect. I got up like a sleep-walker and moved forward. I was trying not to cry. Every one seemed to be staring at me. I felt queer and strange inside. That must be conversion, the Holy Ghost working in me, taking away the wickedness. I was a sinner, but I was sorry. I would be good. I would love God, or two Gods, or any other number they offered me. "Thy will, not mine."

The choir sang. I got down on my knees. I was saved.

I was sixteen years old.

*(To be continued)*

**NEXT month Mrs. Rinehart tells of the beginning of her nursing career, her romantic meeting with Dr. Rinehart, her father's tragic death. There will be seven instalments in all**


FRANCE

Like a choice liqueur

Each course of the successful dinner must be a triumph greater than the one that went before. As keen edge is taken off appetite, taste becomes more critical . . . And so for centuries, the great ones of the world have crowned their feasts with Roquefort Cheese . . . Not for its proteins and vitamines, though it has both . . . Not for its body and health building qualities, though it is good for body and health . . . But because it has *flavor* . . . inimitably and exclusively Roquefort's, and because it is so easy to digest. With what can one compare Roquefort? . . . A choice liqueur? Or a vintage wine? It is justly named "Queen Of Cheese."

*Digestible* ROQUEFORT QUEEN OF CHEESE

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE EXCLUSIVELY

*Syndicat de Fromages A Roquefort (Aveyron)*, FRANCE . . . . . .


In using advertisements see page 6

# *Mother, keep your baby safe*

**from loose pins and buttons**

Vanta*

## Baby Garments

### No Pins No Buttons

READY for my Vantas*, mother! No pins or buttons for me! Just cute little bows of twistless tape that fasten so safely and always just right. You never turn me over once while dressing. I can always look up into your face. Don't we love to smile and laugh together!

How soft and snugly Vantas* are—almost as nice as nestling in your arms! Oh, I wish every baby were safe and comfy like me. They would be if all mothers knew what doctors and nurses advise. Now, how about something to eat, mother?

USE Vanta* No-Pins-No-Buttons from birth to two years, then Vanta* Self Help Garments that make it easy to teach babies to dress themselves, saving mothers' time and training babies' minds. Silk, wool, linen, sase, rayon, cotton knitted fabrics. Vanta* Garments and Hosiery are guaranteed non-shrinkable.

Ask your store for the original Vanta* Garments. If you cannot get them write EARNSHAW KNITTING CO., Dept. 357 Newton, Mass. In Canada, write J. R. Moodie Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

*Vanta—Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

***FREE TO YOU***

**Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 64 pages on care and dressing of babies**

Earnshaw Sales Co., Inc.,
Dept. 357, Newton, Mass.

Without charge now or later send pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta* square-fold, pinless diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....


## Color in the Autumn Garden

*(Continued from page 125)*

eastern states, while B. Darwini and B. stenophylla (both evergreens) are more readily propagated in the western climates. B. Wilsoni and B. subcauliolata are semi-deciduous, dwarf varieties, thriving easily in almost any location and producing a twiggy growth and a wealth of beautiful, waxen, coral berries ideal for filling in low places or in the rock garden.

Offering a still further choice to this fall array are the various species of euonymus, privets, elderberries, and deciduous hollies. Nor should one forget the amazing beauty, even if somewhat brief, that may be given to wall or building through the planting of certain vines, especially the climbing Virginia creeper. As with the sumacs, the early frosts are only the medium to transform them into a veritable flaming glory.

### Time and Method of Planting

Since most of these varieties are deciduous in habit, the best time for setting out the young plants is from the middle of October to the first of November, when the leaves have commenced to fall, or else in February or March. Evergreens should be started sooner than this or left until the latter part of April or May. It is never a good plan to plant evergreens during the colder weather while their vitality is at its lowest, nor when there is a cold, dry wind blowing.

When selecting the new stock, unless one is in a big hurry to obtain a settled effect, it is always wisest to commence with as small plants as possible. Before planting, open a two-foot trench and, after making certain that the drainage underneath is all that it should be, thoroughly pulverize the soil and enrich it with a generous quantity of well-rotted manure and leaf mold.

Prune the roots of both the deciduous and evergreen varieties by cutting off the longer ones to about six inches from the main stem and snipping away all those that appear bruised or broken. After this treatment do not allow the roots to remain exposed any longer than is absolutely necessary.

The best method of setting the plant, and the surest of success, is to hold it in an upright position over the trench, spreading the roots out horizontally and sifting the loose soil first carefully over the lowest roots and pressing them firmly into place, then covering the next layer of roots in the same manner until all are completely buried. By firming the soil in this way all danger of air pockets will be eliminated—for if any of these are left, they may prove fatal to the plant. Be careful, also, not to set the shrub too deep, and of course give it a good soaking immediately after planting so as to sustain the roots and soften the soil while it is getting a foothold.

### The Prime Requisite of Pruning

As with all plants of a woody nature, a great deal of their resultant success depends largely upon the pruning they receive year after year. Flowers and fruits will be scanty or abundant, and the bush either shapely or full of rampant, untidy growth, according to how this treatment is done.

Most of these berried shrubs must be pruned later in the season than those of different habits, otherwise their beauty will be despoiled just when it is most desired. The best time is in the late spring after the berries have disappeared, when all the old, decayed wood should be cut away and the bushes trimmed into neat, compact shapes.

The evergreens may be cut back somewhat earlier than this—say, about April, or as soon as possible after they have ceased flowering. When removing branches for decorative purposes one has an excellent opportunity of giving benefit to the shrub if the process is done with care and discretion.

Although many of these berried shrubs may

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**WHIRLDRY Washer**

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Go to your regular Department Store or Electrical Shop, get a demonstration of this marvelously efficient washer and dryer. Find out how gently and thoroughly it washes, rinses and dries personal dainties, silk hose, baby things. What a boon it is to busy housewives, especially mothers with small children.

And—you'll find many a store will gladly cooperate with you on budgeting its cost. A demonstration costs nothing, puts you under no obligation. Get one or send us the coupon, *now.*

*The Portable* WHIRLDRY WASHER

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be easily started from seed, yet the process is a slow one and not always satisfactory in its results. Undoubtedly the best method is through the striking of cuttings, thus assuring larger plants in a much shorter time. Strong, sturdy shoots varying from three to twelve inches in length should be taken during the spring and summer, since if taken in the fall they are apt to remain inactive all during the winter, hence postponing their growth until the next autumn. Oftentimes certain varieties will form suckers from their crowns or base, which when divided from the main root and transplanted into pots in November, will develop into excellent young stock.

Certainly one should not fail to include as many of these fall-bearing shrubs in the garden scheme as one's space will permit. During the time when they are not in fruit they will aid immensely in the forming of backgrounds for gayer blossoms. And when the showy pomp of the flower garden is gone, they will come to the front and fill the scene with a mellow richness unrivaled by the glory of the spring or the vividness of the summer.

## The Top of Your Range

*(Continued from page 97)*

when foods are roasted or baked where the temperature is known and maintained.

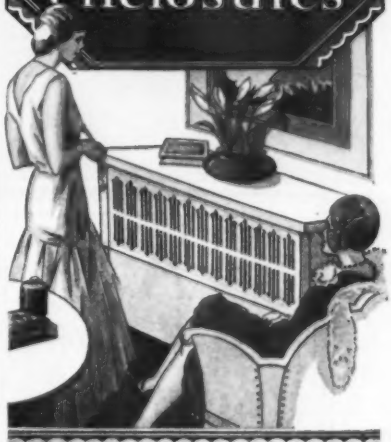
Top-stove cooking is sometimes shunned because "keeping things hot" is a problem, particularly when a member of the family or a guest is late for dinner. Double-boilers are splendid to keep soup, mashed potatoes, or sauces hot and in good condition. If your range is one which has a closed top, foods may be kept hot with only one burner lighted. If you do not have this type of range, vegetables are sometimes difficult to keep warm, but if you will transfer them to ovenproof casseroles of glass or earthenware and place them in the oven at a low temperature until the tardy one arrives, they will be hot and appetizing when served from these same dishes.

With a little thought, just as in using an oven, an entire meal may be cooked on the top of the stove with little fuel expenditure and almost no pot-watching. Several menus of this sort, calling for dishes with which all of us are familiar, will be found in the menu box which accompanies this article.

For the first dinner, much of the preparation may be done in the morning. Well-seasoned Hamburg steak may be formed into balls, the greens may be washed, the French dressing may be made or purchased, the junket may be prepared, and all may be chilled in the refrigerator. About half an hour before dinner is to be served, the canned or left-over spinach may be puréed, added to the cream soup basis, and allowed to cook in a double-boiler over a low heat until dinner is served. About fifteen minutes before the dinner hour, the Hamburg balls and the bananas (which have been rolled in lemon juice and flour) may be sautéed in separate skillets. The salad and dessert, already prepared, make the meal complete.

The fourth dinner menu will cost very little for fuel, since the main dish is cooked over one burner on very low heat. In the morning the vegetables for the stew may be prepared, covered with cold water, and chilled, until you are ready to add them to the rest of the ingredients. Three hours before dinner it will be time to sear the meat and add the seasonings and boiling water for the stew. One and a half hours later the vegetables are added, with more boiling water if necessary. The whole process consists of simmering, and for this reason the heat must be kept very low during the whole process. You will be surprised to see how little heat is needed to cook this meal and how cool your kitchen will stay. We will presume that you have made the Roquefort dressing and the dessert in the morning, and that the romaine was washed and put into a tightly covered refrigerator dish at the same time.

What a difference! *with* MULLINS enclosures



**No** room heated by radiators need display those unsightly necessities—nor the marred walls and dusty, soiled drapes that invariably follow their use.

For now Mullins Enclosures are available ... a size to fit each radiator as if built to measure. And they completely cover the radiator, substituting for it a handsome console or window seat ... More, Mullins Enclosures conserve fuel, humidify the air and promote family health, comfort and economy.

You will enjoy the new Mullins Enclosure booklet, "A Luxurious Necessity." Your copy is free; it will be sent on request. Why not write? or send the coupon, now!

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ADDRESS

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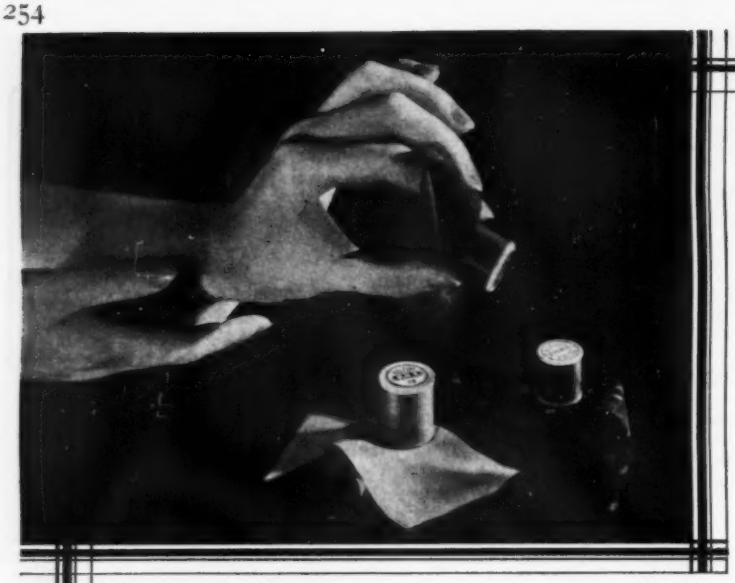

# A Sewing Secret

## *Threads that match fabrics in color—in size—in texture*

OF course these threads will match your fabrics perfectly in color—yes, match every tint and tone and shade. But now you can know, too, this priceless secret of sewing satisfaction—you can have threads that blend into the very weave of the fabric itself. For under the famous names of J. & P. Coats and Clark's O. N. T. you will find at your favorite notion counter threads of mercerized cotton or silk just right in color, size and texture for every sewing need.

**And remember *this* Sewing Secret**

In black and white threads there is a correct size for every fabric and purpose. Send for complete chart of thread sizes and uses. The Spool Cotton Co., 881 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

MERCERIZED SEWING THREAD—For firm woolens, cottons and silks that are to be tailored, for draperies and other fabric furnishings. In all the fashionable and staple colors and every color Boilfast!

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For perfect matching colors, for perfect harmony in texture, choose from these three threads. Ask for them by brand name at your favorite notion counter.

# CLARK'S O.N.T.

# J.&P. COATS

## *The Two Great Names in Thread*

## Making the Kitchen This Year's Model

(*Continued from page 89*)

metals are also used. And chromium-plated faucets that are stainless are now in use on many of the modern sinks.

Even dishwashing is losing its Cinderella aspects with the new dishwashing sinks. And there is also the spray attachment for the combination faucet at the sink for rinsing the dishes which have been stacked in a wire dish-dryer, thus eliminating the tiresome and time-consuming work of drying the dishes.

In the Institute kitchen shown here a ceiling fixture supplies general illumination with no shadows falling on work spaces. This is supplemented by a wall light at the sink. Good ventilation has been assured in this kitchen by a ventilating fan mounted in the window, making the kitchen not only a well-lighted but a comfortable workshop.

For using to advantage the modern electric appliances we have four double convenience outlets in the kitchen—one for the mixer, one for the refrigerator, a third at the work table, and a fourth at the serving table. There are also two in the pantry, one for the refrigerator, and one for the dishwashing sink.

The prevailing color in the kitchen is a soft blue with bright accents of contrasting colors in the curtains and in some of the utensils. Working out a color scheme in the kitchen of today is by no means a simple problem nor are the results always successful, for although much of the kitchen equipment is now available in color, it is not easy to secure the different types in colors that harmonize or that provide satisfactory contrasts. The color problem in the kitchen is by no means solved. With our 1930 kitchen equipment, however, labor-saving values are high, and with standard measures and heat regulators, control over cookery processes in the kitchen has gone far in this year's models. Modern kitchen utensils are available in a variety of wares including enamel, aluminum, glass, earthenware, stainless steel, and various alloys. And we now have cast-iron utensils in colorful enamel finishes. Designs in up-to-date utensils add new conveniences to their use. On request we will send a suggested list of kitchen utensils for the first purchase, or for use in making your present equipment up to date.

## Our Greatest Women

(*Continued from page 63*)

although it finally destroyed my health and broke my young body. But here was all the tragedy of the world gathered under one roof."

### Hail "Genevieve Gertrude"!

When is a good school teacher a good reporter also? Answer—when she's a Mariel Brady.

Miss Brady, who presides over what must be a most diverting collection of young irrepressibles in a school in Connecticut, is the inventor of the inimitable "Genevieve Gertrude."

Of course Genevieve Gertrude represents more than a piece of perfect reporting. She's a creation. That's why our readers demand so many more stories about her than Miss Brady has time to write.

Genevieve Gertrude, we're glad to say, reappears in next month's issue. Miss Brady, the reporter, has been observing her closely. The young hoyden's "English exercise" on "Sock-raytees," who had a "scoldy wife" and was induced to drink "poyson tea," is an hilarious bit of character reporting. Only Genevieve, consoling a "colleger lady" with a Ph. D. but without a suitor, could have uttered such profound advice as this:

"Men don't like us ladies what knows too much, you see. Letters *after* your name ain't a-going to help you get some in *front* of it."

Prepare next month for a visit by Genevieve Gertrude, philosopher in curls.

# "The best beauty treatment I know of," said *Mrs. Val*

"NOT one of those here-today, gone-tomorrow applications, either," added Val. "The beauty of Valspar *keeps!*" . . . . .

Competent Mrs. Valspar is quick to realize the *unusual* in beautiful things, even in paints! But Mr. Val grasps the more masculine side of the story. No weather test, he realizes, could be so severe as the boiling water challenge that millions know has never worried Valspar!

Imagine your own home happily, durably, transformed by such a modern beauty treatment as Valspar House Paint! The interior surfaces, too, rejuvenated in key with *Today*.

Thousands of home owners have discovered the multiplied beauty secrets which Valspar brings—have learned, too, that Valspar spells economy. For Valspar investments have a way, quite their own, of paying extra dividends in satisfaction!

WE want you to know that advice and information on any decorating problem will gladly be given by our staff of experts in answer to your inquiry — and at no cost or obligation to you! Just write to—Home Decorating Bureau, The Valspar Corporation, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

This sign is displayed by Valspar dealers. These dealers are dependable and the Valspar Finishes they sell—varnishes, paints, enamels and lacquers—are quality finishes that can be relied on to return full satisfaction for every cent spent.

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# Defining the true meaning of the word "chic"

Coined in Paris to express originality plus taste, the word "chic" has come to mean many things to many people. In London, swagger; in America, pertness; in Japan, genuineness. The original and last meanings are the ones contained in the undoubted chic of Crane bathrooms. Always, originality and taste are found in Crane fixture designs and decorative suggestions; genuineness in the service given. At Crane Exhibit Rooms, you will find ideas for rooms as elaborate as the one above and others for the simplest cottage. Complete installation can be on monthly payments under the Crane Budget Plan. Let your architect help you plan. Buy from a Crane Qualified Contractor-Dealer, always a highly skilled registered or licensed master plumber or heating contractor.

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## Equator Land

(*Continued from page 43*)

the trip to Quito, the capital, by train the next day if one feels inclined to rise a second morning at five and travel again for twelve hours. Neither John nor I, however, had the slightest inclination to do this, and fortunately it was not necessary, for between Riobamba and Quito there is a splendid motor road. So we stopped over for thirty-six hours, lunching meanwhile with Mr. and Mrs. James Rorer—the son and daughter-in-law of the famous authority on domestic science—at the pleasant farm on the outskirts of the town, where they are making such interesting experiments in planting and stock-raising; then we continued on our way by automobile, branching off from the main road to take the one which leads straight to the edge of the vast region of the Oriente, which is still almost unpenetrated by civilization.

It is an interesting route, bordered for many miles with the glossy *capuli* trees which bear the wild cherry of which the Indians are so fond, and the spiky *cabonya* plant, which in its different varieties furnishes them with hemp, sweets, and a lather-forming juice used for soap. The road winds tortuously through a deep cañon at the base of which a swift, brown stream coils like a powerful serpent, and over which towers one of the great, snow-crowned volcanoes; and though at present it comes to an end just beyond the village of Baños, which takes its name from the hot sulphur springs that gush out of the adjacent mountainside, an enterprising concern is breaking the ground to carry it farther and farther into the interior.

Hovering clouds shadowed the latter part of our journey, and we were not able to see the mountains which, when unobscured, render the approach to the capital and its situation so magnificent. It was already dark when we finally reached Quito, for in Equator Land the days and nights are of equal length. Though we had been warned beforehand that the evenings were cold, the extreme crispness of the atmosphere struck us with surprise, for it is hard to realize that a city located almost directly on the magic circle—which is always associated in our minds with intense heat—can have so bracing a temperature. There is little change of season; there is an almost daily shower of brief duration; aside from this, the sun shines with constant and invigorating warmth. But it never blazes; and when it is obscured, and after it has set, the sharpness of the air is surprising. Since the houses are entirely unheated here as elsewhere in South America, the newcomer is apt to feel more comfortable outdoors than in, and at the same time finds it difficult to get much strenuous exercise because of the altitude; but it does not take long to get acclimated, and the climate is unusually healthful.

### The City of Quito

In Quito, as in Cuzco, there was a highly developed Indian civilization before the coming of the Spaniards, and in the early colonial days a degree of culture and a consciousness of art which found expression in the creation of a remarkable school of painting and sculpture, and in the erection of buildings, both secular and ecclesiastical, of lasting loveliness. It is a city of infinite charm, of rich tradition, of absorbing and provocative interest to student and sight-seer alike. Its plazas, even on a continent where civic pride always has been concentrated on making these attractive, are unusually picturesque and impressive; and in one of these—the square in front of the Church of San Francisco—the first wheat planted in the new world was grown. Its churches, facing these remarkable plazas, or placed at the cross-streets, with a tall cross of dark stone towering beside each one, exceed in beauty of architecture and adornment any that I have seen on this hemisphere; while the Compania—a miracle of color and carving—exceeds any of its size that I have seen elsewhere. The thoroughfares are, for the most part, steep and narrow


# A NEW COLORED *all-wool blanket* IN YOUR RAG-BAG!

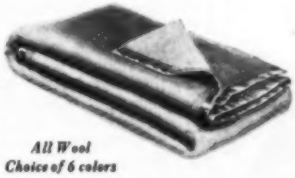
***Your choice of six lovely colors: orchid, rose, tan, blue, green, gold***

HIDDEN away in your rag-bag is a beautiful new all-wool colored blanket that you would be proud to have in your guest room. It sounds almost like a fairy tale, but it is true, gloriously true as thousands of happy women can now testify.

Six lovely pastel shades to choose from: green, tan, rose, orchid, blue and gold. Select the tone you want and let one of the oldest blanket mills in America weave you a fluffy new blanket that measures 66 by 80 inches.

***Send us 10 pounds of woolen rags***

In every home in America there is more than enough discarded woolen materials to make one of these exquisite new blankets, the kind interior decorators all recommend. Anything woolen will do. Old suits and dresses, sweaters, golf hose, underwear, shawls and old blankets are fine. Just bundle 10 pounds of such material together and ship right away.



*All Wool*
*Choice of 6 colors*

For only $4.75 we will sterilize, card, dye, spin, weave and finish this material and send you one of these colorfast blankets in the exact tone you select. After you receive it go to any store and compare its value. If you are not satisfied in every way, if it can be duplicated for anything like this cost, return it to us and we will instantly refund your money. Use the coupon below and send us, parcel post, your old woolens now. You can pay us later.

**Send for FREE Booklet**

Don't let your woolen rags go to waste. If you want more information about this amazing offer, check the coupon below and mail it now. By return mail we will send you, absolutely without charge, a colored booklet that tells all about these blankets together with actual samples of the blanket materials in color.

**DOWN IN MAINE MILLS**
*Established 1854*
Successors to Old North State Mills
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DOWN IN MAINE MILLS
Dept. A, South Berwick, Maine

☐ I am interested in receiving a copy of your free booklet and blanket samples.

☐ I am sending you by parcel post 10 lbs. of old woolens. Please return to me an all-pure-wool blanket in _____ color.

I will pay the postman $4.75 for each blanket. It is understood that my money will be refunded in full if I am not satisfied.

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Quick beauty
Don't let your hands get old
Quick beauty for your hands. Two minutes, just before you leave your dressing table . . . and daywork hands are white, soft and youthful for dinner, bridge, the theatre or the dance.
No waiting for results. No tedious care. Just a rub or jar of Thinc Hand Creme. A tiny dab merely smoothed on the hands. That is all. In a flash, dayworn hands are white and soft as flawless wax. Immediately!
Thinc (pronounced think) is neither cold cream, vanishing cream nor lotion. It is far more . . . a new, almost magic non-liquid hand rejuvenator. Approved by Good Housekeeping. This astonishing new instant hand creme, in tubes of liberal size, 50¢. The dressing table jar, $1. At all toilet goods counters.
Try Thinc today. Don't let your hands get old.
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quick beauty
THINC HAND CREME
Makes beautiful hands
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## Equator Land

and twisting, bordered with houses which give little indication of either their size or splendor until one has entered them; and the primitive people of the land, coming in from the country, wander through these streets wearing their gorgeous garments with unconscious effectiveness and grace. Many of the ponchos are crimson, and the *mantas* with which the women cover their heads are usually petunia and cherry-colored; sometimes orange or violet lends an equally vivid note to the costumes. There are handsome modern residences on either side of a few fine new boulevards, smooth and spacious, with shining limousines filled with fashionably dressed people gliding through them; and turning suddenly into one of these avenues, it sometimes seems as if one had been transported on a magic carpet to a different city, so startling is the change from the old Quito which lies just around the corner.

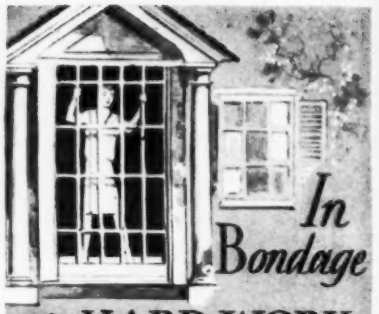
### A South American Wedding

The Ecuadorians are among the most hospitable of the South American people, and the very day after our arrival in Quito John and I began to enjoy evidences of this hospitality, when an invitation to attend a Quitenian wedding was delivered to us. This invitation was beautifully engraved on parchment folded three times. On the first of three pages formed by these folds was the announcement by the bride's mother of the "forthcoming marriage" of her daughter, Carmen, and Señor Dr. Oswaldo Alvarez Barba; on the second page the two young people jointly made the same announcement; and on the third the groom's father and mother did so. In the center of the outside fold was an engraved monogram, underneath which was written in ink:

*Invitación*
*Para la Señora Henry W. Keyes*
*y hijo.*
*4 y 30 P.M.*

Promptly at the appointed hour we started for the bride's house, a fine colonial mansion in the center of the city, built and originally occupied by General Flores, the first President of Ecuador, whose splendid portrait, adorned with medals, we had seen at the home of the Staggs in Guayaquil, for he was Señor Stagg's grandfather. The narrow street in front of the house was so crowded with onlookers that it was almost impossible to pass, and on the door hung an immense star of white roses. Inside the entrance, on either side of the stairway, and scattered about the galleries and the drawing rooms, were more of the same flowers, for in Ecuador it is customary for every wedding guest to send white roses to the bride. These flowers were arranged in the most elaborate and unique designs: there were other stars, crescents, fans, birds, and balls; there was even a huge clock made entirely of roses, with the hands pointing to the hour of five! And through all these fantastic forms of fragrance, visitors wove their way, greeting each other and then gathering in gay little groups. For the typical marriage ceremony in Quito is divided into several parts: a general meeting at the home of the bride; a departure for the church, to which the guests go in couples (a wedding is the only occasion when a young man is permitted to escort a young girl unchaperoned, and it is said that many love-affairs have their beginning in this brief drive!); attendance at the religious ceremony; and a return to the house for the reception and supper.

As the guests were assembling, the bride's mother, the groom's parents, and the groom moved about among them quite informally, and eventually the bride herself made her appearance, looking extremely lovely in her white satin and tulle, and surrounded by her bridesmaids wearing pink gauze strewn with tiny pink blossoms, and wide-winged caps of pink lace. There were also two little flower girls dressed in pink taffeta—full skirts, tight bodices, and poke-bonnets—and two little pages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Let PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA come in and help you. The time and labor it saves will mean hours of leisure, and energy to enjoy them.

PARSONS' is an ammonia compound, processed with soothing oil. Just one trial will show you how different it is from ordinary ammonia, either clear or cloudy. Use it for the quick and easy cleaning of all fabrics, utensils and surfaces—such as . . .

windows linoleum tiling
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*4 sizes from 15c up*

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Showing Personal Christmas Cards pays BIG Money

Show Colonial Greeting Cards to friends and neighbors. Take orders and make nice profit for yourself. Each card made-to-order with sender's name inscribed—also individual monograms furnished. Amazingly low prices—finest quality, beautiful selection of new exclusive designs.

**No Experience Needed**

Good money can be made—during full or spare time. Colonial Greeting Cards sell themselves. Individuals, business firms, professional men order eagerly. Cash commissions paid daily—extra bonuses monthly.

Get started AT ONCE. No money required. Write for FREE sample book.

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**Genuine German Cooking**

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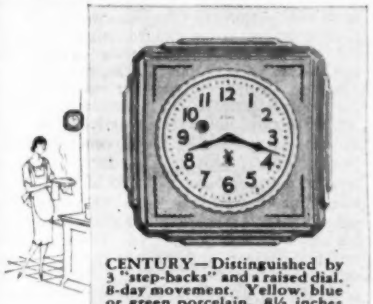
MILLER
ELECTRIC AND LEVER
KITCHEN CLOCKS

to strike a final note of harmony!



CENTURY—Distinguished by 3 "step-backs" and a raised dial. 8-day movement. Yellow, blue or green porcelain. 8½ inches square . . . . . $5.25

GREEN, yellow or blue . . . whatever its color-scheme, the smart kitchen of today *sparkles* with brilliance. Every detail is in perfect tune.

What clock will you choose to complete this scene? . . . Not an ungainly alarm. Not some unsightly makeshift. But a clock which reflects the bright spirit of the kitchen itself . . . MILLER Kitchen Clocks . . . As modern and colorful as the vogue which inspired them! From their cheery little faces to their gay, pastel designs, they are charming and utterly *new!* Of gleaming porcelain . . . so easy to keep clean . . . they are fresh and bright as morning.

Delightful as Gifts!

MILLER Kitchen Clocks are accurate, dependable and loyal to the fine traditions behind them . . . No pendulum to bother with! The 8-day lever movement runs smoothly in any position and the new electric movement requires no winding. Ask for these clocks at the better department stores, jewelers and house furnishings shops. 8-day lever movements, $3.50 to $6.00. Electric movements, $9.50 to $11.00.

FREE BOOKLET . . . beautifully illustrated and entitled *"Striking the final Note in Kitchen Color Harmony."* Mailed to you upon request.

IRVING MILLER & CO.
230 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

BABY RIDES SAFELY MOTHER RESTS

Baby specialists and thousands of mothers endorse this safe comfortable way to motor with baby. Complete freedom for mother to drive or relax. Bassinet fits any car, instantly removed for use in hotel or home. Shock absorbing springs. Folding hood. No screws in upholstery. Detachable wheels supplied if desired quickly convert Bassinet into baby carriage. Costs less than any good carriage alone. Splendid gift. From dealers or by mail. Send for descriptive folder. Money refunded if not pleased.

Bassinet on Carriage Chassis

GORDON MOTOR CRIB CO., Inc.
Dept. 10-A, 8 Bridge St., New York, N. Y.

You may send illustrated folder and name of nearest dealer.

Name.....

Address.....


in Eton jackets and long trousers, carrying diminutive silk hats! The bride seated herself on a sofa in the large drawing room and chatted with her immediate relatives and the members of the bridal party. The company at large, however, did not approach her, but reserved the expression of their good wishes until after the ceremony.

After about an hour the signal for departure came, and without any attempt to find their own motor cars, but taking these in the order in which they approached the entrance, the guests started for the church of Santo Domingo two by two, each man escorting a lady, exactly as if he were taking her in to a formal dinner. The plaza in front of the church was as crowded with onlookers as the street in front of the house had been, and inside the church was the same throng, standing in closely packed rows that ran lengthwise, leaving unoccupied only a narrow channel in the center. Such multitudes of uninvited witnesses might seem somewhat disconcerting to us, but their presence is taken for granted in Ecuador, and two Dominican Brothers in their striking robes of black and white, their hoods pulled over their heads, their hands concealed, kept all these hundreds in perfect order and acted simultaneously as both police and ushers! All the seats had been removed from the body of the church, and guests, directed by the Brothers, took their places in two long lines extending from high altar to entrance, on either side of the central aisle already formed. Small golden balls of light, wreathed and festooned over the high altar, the side altars, and the supporting pillars of the nave, suddenly transfigured the gloom of the ancient building; the officiating clergy, gorgeous in their glittering vestments, were disclosed waiting in the chancel; and as the organ began to play, the bridal party appeared, the bride on the arm of the groom's father the groom with the bride's mother, the bridesmaids and flower girls following in a rosy cluster. . . .

The return to the house was made in the same manner as the progress to the church; and after the usual felicitations had been extended, and the gifts—which included a great deal of superb jewelry—had been inspected, the guests passed into the great rooms at the rear of the patio, where long, white tables had been laid with individual services for each one. The excellent and substantial repast was eaten standing, but each person stood comfortably in his or her appointed place, and there was none of the confusion of the average buffet supper; and after it was over there was quiet and general departure without formal leavetaking.

### Visiting an Hacienda

The Alvarez spent their honeymoon, as it happened, at a *hacienda* close to one which John and I visited ourselves, and from our own experience at Tampillo Alto we were able to form an opinion of how ideally suited an Ecuadorian country place would prove for retirement and rest. The house, built of pale-blue stucco, with a tiled roof and frescoes running along the outer walls, was long and rambling, with deep galleries, a private chapel, and a great bell which hung above stone steps leading from one balcony to another. It contained twenty rooms on each floor, all opening into each other with wide doors, and a splendid staircase. But attractive as was the house itself, the garden was even lovelier. Here waterfalls fell in smooth, broad sheets over a background of lilies gleaming white through the translucency; here little, placid, curving streams, surmounted by rustic bridges, widened gradually into quiet pools where ducks and turtles swam indolently about. Here violets and orchids, forget-me-nots, roses, and every other flower imaginable lifted their colorful fragrance beside the paved paths and hung in bright clusters over the terraces. And when you consider that house and garden had for a setting a sloping, verdant valley, and for a background remote and lofty mountains, you may be able to picture for yourself the beauty


★ ★ ★ ★

how to be on drinking terms again with coffee!

HAVE you and coffee had to part company because it disturbed your sleep—affected your nerves or your digestion? Then remember this:

It's not coffee, but the caffein in coffee that so often affects you. And now you can have genuine delicious coffee, from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. It's Sanka Coffee. Drink Sanka Coffee and revel once more in the delights of coffee.

real coffee » delicious coffee!

Sanka Coffee is real coffee. Make it as you've always made coffee. A blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees, Sanka Coffee is rich in flavor—tempting in aroma. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer.

Thousands of physicians endorse Sanka Coffee. Your grocer sells it—ground or in the bean—in pound vacuum cans that preserve its freshness—with a guarantee of complete satisfaction or your money back. Get a pound of Sanka Coffee to-day. Sanka Coffee Corporation, 1 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. © 1930, S. C. CORP.

make the night-test!

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee that you can enjoy morning, noon *and* night—without regret!

GROUND OR IN THE BEAN

SANKA★ COFFEE

drink it and sleep!

Sanka Coffee is a blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees—from which 97% of the caffein has been removed.


In using advertisements see page 6

*You Always Look Your Loveliest When You Understand*
"NEW METHOD" COSTUME ART

PEOPLE say "that dress is becoming" when you hit upon a dress that has just the right lines and just the right color values . . . Why not learn to accomplish this with *every* dress you own? You *can* do it when you understand "New Method" Costume Art.

BETTER DRESSED AT LESS COST

Whether you use "New Method" principles in selecting and altering ready-made dresses, or make your own clothes, we can help you. We teach you the easy fundamentals of alluring proportions, fit, and complexion-blending colors. You learn the deft, professional touches that make your dresses authentic . . . stylish.

WE TEACH YOU "NEW METHOD" FREE

"New Method" Costume Art has no kinship with old-fashioned sewing schools. Otherwise thousands of busy, modern women would not be found at the 127 White Schools throughout the country. This modern, personalized instruction is offered *free of all charge* to buyers of White Rotary Electric Sewing Machines. There is a White School near you. Visit it. Take your sewing with you. Send for an Invitation that entitles you to one get-acquainted lesson FREE.

★ *White* Rotary Electric *Sewing Machines*

© 1930, W. S. M. Co. –

SINCE 1876 – THE SERVANT OF THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN

*Send for Free Instruction*

"NEW METHOD" COSTUME ART SCHOOLS
c/o White Sewing Machine Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Without obligating me in any way, please send your booklet telling how to be "Better Dressed at Less Cost"... also the Invitation to one free lesson at your nearest White "New Method" Costume Art School.

Name_____

Street_____ City_____

SEND COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET


## Equator Land

of the situation as well as the charm of the *hacienda*.

Tampillo Alto was not the only *hacienda* which we visited; we also spent a day as guests of the distinguished Mena family, whom we met through the kindness of the American *Chargé d'Affaires* and Mrs. Gollman, at one of their five *haciendas*, superbly located in the valley of Los Chilios. There are five brothers—as well as five *haciendas!*—in this family; and we felt, when we left Quito, that the sum total of our obligations to them was great. One of these brothers, Señor Eduardo Mena—who, by the way, has an American wife—is an official in the Bureau of Public Works; and it was to him that we owed the trip far out on the new highway leading to the Colombian frontier, which is now under construction—for road-building is one of the major concerns of the present government in Ecuador. It was to another brother, Señor Alberto Mena, that we owed our first acquaintance with Quitenian painting, for he has a fine collection of both ancient and modern masters. There is such a genuine kindness toward foreigners in Quito, such an evident desire to share with them the natural and artistic beauties which abound, that one has almost no sense of being a stranger in a strange land, but rather a feeling of having suddenly enlarged one's circle of congenial friends.

### The Doctor-President

This kindly attitude is not confined to any one class or condition. You meet with it in your room-boy; you also meet with it in the President of the Republic. This remarkable man, Isidro Ayora, summarily placed at the head of the Provisional Government in 1926, and since then duly elected as Chief Executive in 1928, comes of partly Indian stock, and is as rightly proud of the fact as is our own Vice-President. He had never, until he was called to the highest office in the land, been especially interested in politics; he was a physician whose thorough medical education in Ecuador had been supplemented by years of professional study in Germany, and who had come, with reason, to be regarded as the outstanding doctor in Quito. He was the founder of the Red Cross in Ecuador; he was the head of a renowned private clinic; he was the instigator of many hygienic reforms. Radiating health and wholesomeness himself, sturdily built, clear-eyed, ruddy-cheeked; calm, cheerful, and judicious, his personality was ideally suited to his vocation; and he saw no reason for giving up, when, as one writer has put it, "The nation, or that part of the nation which directs politics, grew weary of a régime of graft and incompetence which impoverished the country and retarded its development. So a group of prominent men, with the essential cooperation of the army, looked around for an honest man who was also capable and free from political affiliations. Their choice fell upon the leading physician in Quito."

Dr. Ayora decided to continue being a doctor even after he had become President. Only a man secure in the courage of his convictions could have made such a decision; only a man with almost superhuman strength and mental balance would have adhered to it. He mapped out a working day for himself which had no relation to union hours. Rising long before daybreak, he devoted his time until half-past nine in his clinic. From then until his lunch hour he was at his desk in the Government Palace; after lunch he went back to the clinic again; then from mid-afternoon until late evening he resumed his presidential duties. And the clinic, the country, and the President have all thrived under this rigorous régime!

I first met and talked with the President in his own private house adjoining the clinic, and not in the Palace which is his official residence, for Señora de Ayora is not very strong just now, so she and the President and their three children, are living as quietly as possible at present. But they are punctilious about

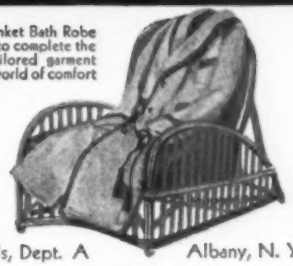
# *For a man's room*

Men, after all, have much the same keen appreciation of Kenwood all wool loveliness as have women. More especially do they enjoy those practical qualities of warmth without weight and FULL width and length size that combine to afford *Refreshing* rest.

For the man's room, what could be more appropriate than the new Kenwood Two-Color—for the room with a feminine touch, the new Kenwood Butterfly—for the guest room, the new Kenwood Modernist—for the baby, the same comfort and loveliness in blankets in baby sizes. And, for each room there are those added decorative all wool items—Slumber Throws, Siesta Throws, etc., that add so to the attractiveness of the setting.

There are actually ten distinct Kenwood advantages that explain both their individuality and their preferment. These features, your favorite store will gladly explain and demonstrate: 1. Greater warmth in proportion to weight. 2. 100% new wool of selected long fibre. 3. Nap that does not wash away. 4. True color harmonies. 5. Pre-shrinkage to retain shape and size when washed. 6. Lustrous satin ribbon ends. 7. A pattern, color and size for every need. 8. Long-wearing serviceability. 9. FULL, unstinted standard sizes. 10. All colors from the most permanent dyes obtainable.

The Kenwood Men's Blanket Bath Robe is a harmonious accessory to complete the bedroom ensemble—a tailored garment in all wool that affords a world of comfort and smart style.



*Colorful Comfort*, in its 1930 edition, contains an outline of modern bedroom decoration and fully illustrates and describes the new Kenwood creations: Blankets, Siesta Throws, Slumber Throws, Baby Blankets, Bath Robes, etc. The coupon at the right will bring you your copy

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KENWOOD MILLS LTD., Arnprior, Ontario, Canada

KENWOOD WOOL PRODUCTS

Kenwood Mills, Dept. A Albany, N. Y.

Kindly send me Colorful Comfort, together with the name of a nearby store featuring Kenwood Products.

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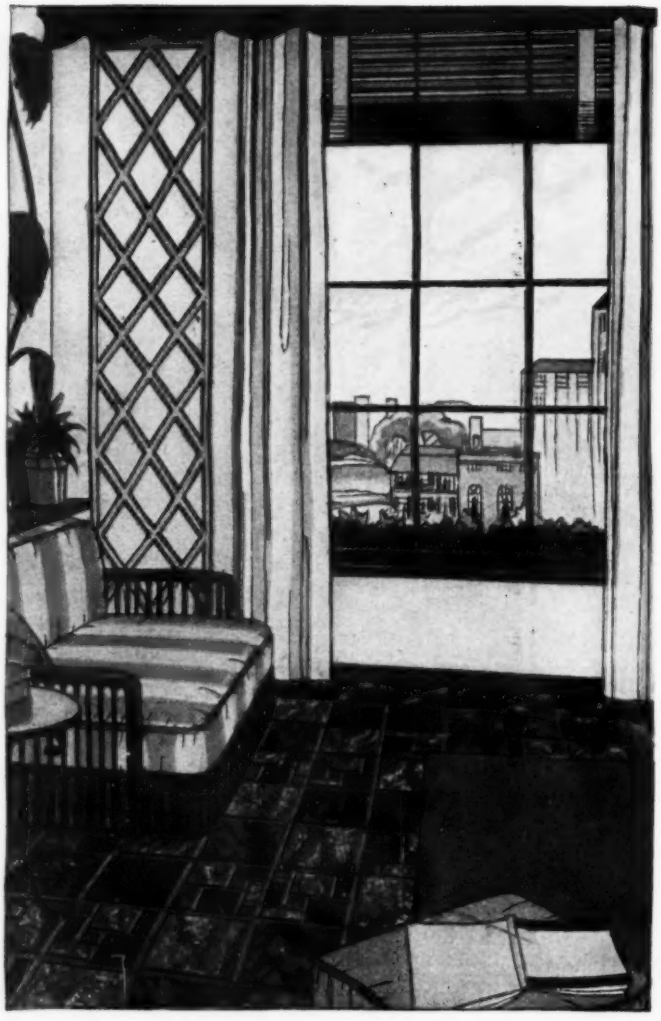
# KENWOOD ALL WOOL BLANKETS

# ARE YOU GETTING FOUR ROOM USE OF AN EIGHT ROOM HOUSE . . .



You pay taxes on all the rooms in your house. But how many do you live in . . . and how many are occupied by that annoying fellow . . . Shabbiness?

A lodger so dreary you're ashamed to invite guests, because they must share his quarters?

But you can get rid of this unwelcome lodger whenever you like for Sealex Linoleum is positively fatal to Shabbiness.

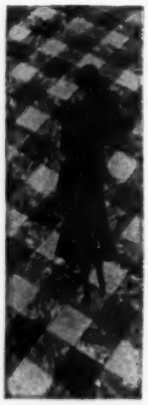
Sealex will do more to lift a room out of the doldrums of colorless drear than 'most any other thing you can plan. Not only are worn and unsightly floors hidden, but hangings, furniture and rugs take on such a modern, cheery note that the need of further redecoration is oftentimes not necessary.

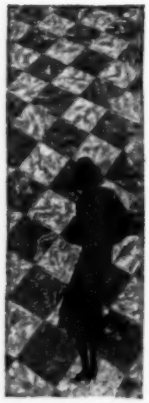
A few short hours, without muss or fuss, and Sealex is permanently in place — over a layer of linoleum felt. As Sealex comes in, drudgery goes out. For a light wiping leaves the spot-proof Sealex surface immaculate—an occasional waxing keeps its rich colors fresh as new.

So why not plan now to refloor with Sealex? You can inspect the wide range of Sealex patterns at a nearby furniture, department or other store carrying linoleum. There you'll find assistance in helping you to suit Sealex designs to your various rooms.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. . . . . *General Office:* KEARNY, N. J.

# SEALEX LINOLEUM FLOORS





"CAMELOT"—The warm hospitality of 17th century "Merrie England" graces the sun room (above)—inspired by the floor of Sealex *Embossed* Linoleum, No. 2602.

"EXETER" (at right)—An exclusive Karnean Marbled design in many-toned, marble-veined yellow and green tiles, set off by plain cream grays. Sealex Linoleum No. 6055.

"CORNICHE" (to the right of "Exeter")—Karnean marbleized squares in which diagonal tiles of jade green alternate with ones of opal. Sealex Linoleum No. 7301.

Write us for names of firms equipped to install *Made-to-Order Sealex Floors.*

**A Book to Help You Beautify Your Home**

"Color and Charm in Home Interiors" contains many illustrations and ideas on planning rooms. Sent postpaid for only 25¢. Address: Home Decoration Bureau, Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J.

## Equator Land

participating in official functions of real importance, and consequently I met them several times after this audience, my favorable first impressions confirmed and strengthened with each successive meeting. The Spanish training ship, *Juan Sebastian Elcano*, had, as it happened, followed closely upon the British cruiser, *Despatch*, in coming to both Peruvian and Ecuadorian waters. It was the first time since Ecuador declared its independence that a Spanish naval vessel had officially visited it, and with the arrival of the Admiral and his staff in Quito a round of celebrations began. There were parades and processions, dinners and dances. The Minister of War and Marine, Señor Don Carlos Guerrero, gave a *thé dansant* at the Circulo Militar, the leading club of Quito; the Minister of Spain and his wife—the Count and Countess of Villamediana—gave a splendid reception at the Spanish Legation; while the first page of the leading newspaper featured a large picture of King Alfonso with the superscription, "We decorate this page with the photograph of the Spanish Monarch as a tribute of admiration and respect to the Mother Country, in the person of our distinguished visitors, the sailors of the training ship, *Juan Sebastian Elcano*."

It also carried a long editorial entitled, "Enter, Spanish sailors, you have arrived at your own house!"

"Never was Spain greater," this editorial ends, "than when, conflict over, it knew that the peoples of America were calling it Mother; and never were the American peoples prouder than when it was granted that we should declare ourselves the sons of Spain. You are at home, Spanish sailors. You have returned to the hearthstone which is forever yours. Enter, enter; toward you, brothers, we cherish only love."

### From Old Spain to New

With Lisbon as a port of entrance I began this journey in Spain—where the mother country was welcoming home, at the beautiful and symbolic exposition of Seville, all those nations which owe their life and being to her; and therefore it seems to me a peculiarly significant and happy coincidence that I shall have ended it in Ecuador—"daughter in her mother's house, but mistress in her own"—just at the time when, with filial respect and affection, she was receiving a parental visit! But there are many other reasons why I am glad my chance meeting with the Elizaldes, in Buenos Ayres, changed the course of my itinerary. For Ecuador's splendid traditions, artistic treasures, natural beauties, and potential wealth, are too little recognized by the world at large, and I consider it a privilege to be among the comparatively few travelers who up to the present time have become aware of these through the evidence of their own eyes. It gives me the sensation of having been a member of the vanguard of a great, peaceful army. For the time is coming when Ecuador is bound to be invaded by multitudes seeking to see her and to know her. There are definite indications that the future will disclose far greater deposits of golden oil and golden metal within her borders than has the past; millions of cacao plants cover thousands of acres already; and with the growing consciousness that her fertile soil and variety of climate permit and encourage the growth of practically all the natural products of both the temperate and tropical zones, the intensive development of agriculture has taken its rightful and paramount place in the policies of the country.

So, as you see, there are all sorts of reasons why I should be glad that I went to Ecuador and sorry when the time came for me to leave. And now I feel that I should forestall the question to which my statement that it is the last country which I shall visit in the course of my present wanderings is bound to raise.

"What about Colombia?" I can almost hear you attempting to ask. "You don't mean to tell me, Frances Keyes, that after going to

## Gifts for Him -- Gifts for Her
## Gifts for Everyone

**from the four corners of the world—collected in one book—Free to You—for your convenience in selecting.**

Only Gifts which represent special values in originality, uniqueness, and price are offered, each one daintily wrapped for presentation. Here you will find a surprise for everyone, that brings the exclamation, "Where did you get it?" Here you can find gifts not obtainable in stores generally, and all at moderate sensible prices. It's fun to open boxes from Kellogg's.

Every Gift in this Unusual catalogue is personally chosen by Mr. Kellogg, whose gift selections have won the confidence of thousands of discriminating people.

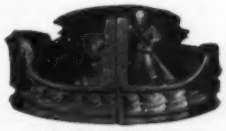
To any who have not used this restful, time-saving method of gift buying, we add that every order is shipped with almost unbelievable promptness, charges all paid, each article fully guaranteed, and that your money will be refunded at once if you are not entirely satisfied.

**THE ELEPHANT BRIGADE**
*706.* Imported? Of course, all elephants are. This being of pottery came just as far and looks just as life-like as though their trunks could snatch peanuts from your hand. Colors, green or ivory, the finish delicately crackled. Cigarette holder, ash tray, and match holder with 6 inch service tray to match. The Set.....$3.00

In the comfort of your own home, you can turn the pages of the 1931 Kellogg Catalogue of Gifts, and select your choices from the hundreds of illustrated articles.

Send today for your Free copy.

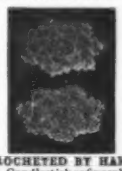
*290.* Tiny hammered sterling silver perfumette with drip stopper. Shown ½ actual size. Ideal for hand bag. $1.00



**ON VENETIAN WATERS**
*710.* Luigi the gay gondolier and his loving Angela. BOOK ENDS of imported lustreware pottery in the new crackled finish. Ivory in tone set off by lines of brilliant color. 6 in. high.....$2.85 per pair



**TO SEE AND NOT BE SEEN**
*645.* A dandy periscope. You can see over tops of snow forts, over people's heads in a crowd, over fences, around door jambs, etc. 17 in. long. It is the most practical and fun-giving toy we have seen in years.....79c



**CROCHETED BY HAND**
*829.* Candlestick or finger bowl doilies of snow white Irish linen hand crocheted in delicate designs. 6 in. size.
.....$1.00 per pair.

**BUNCHES OF GRAPES IN THE WINDOW**
*95.* Tiny bunches of tiny crystal grapes. Just the right size for shade pulls, in soft colors or bright colors with cords to match. The set of four....86c

**ITALIAN MOSAIC BROOCH**
*316.* Italy, famous for its mosaics, has produced this lovely oval pin of true mosaic in all its bright blending colors. An ornamental pin adapted to any costume. 1⅜" x 1½"
.....$1.00

**RATHER A RARE VALUE**
*916.* Genuine pigskin leather with dark brown leather lacing combine with a sense of good looks to make this BILL FOLD a suitable gift for any male, young or old.....$1.75

ROBERT W. KELLOGG, INC.
9 Park Street, Springfield, Mass.
Send me FREE your 1931 Catalogue of "Gifts Unusual".
*Name*.....
*Address*.....
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In using advertisements see page 6

*Things to do with*

**PLASTIC WOOD**

**Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.**

Of course you know Plastic Wood—it handles like putty and hardens into solid wood. You have probably used it for some one job—holding loose handles, loose casters, loose tiles; repairing broken furniture, broken toys. Now here's a 48 page illustrated book, ***"Things to do with Plastic Wood"*** showing everyday uses for the home, the automobile, the boat, model making, etc. By mail 10 cents.

Plastic Wood is sold at hardware and paint stores in 25c, 35c, and $1.00 sizes. Solvent, to soften Plastic Wood, 25c. With Plastic Wood and this book you can save many dollars on repairs.

ADDISON-LESLIE CO., 525 Bolivar St. Canton, Mass.

Please send "Things to do with Plastic Wood." I enclose 10 cents.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....



**Everyone Eats *for***

**• FLAVOR •**

**GOOD cooks know that the success of their cooking depends upon correct and delicate flavoring. That is why**

**BURNETT'S VANILLA**

**is so popular. It is pure, made of the finest materials and blended for absolute uniformity of flavor.**

**Send 10c for "Doubly Delicious Desserts," our new cook book.**

**JOSEPH BURNETT CO.**

**Dept. GH8—437 D Street, *Boston***



**Wedding** INVITATIONS—ANNOUNCEMENTS

*Write for Samples*

100 hand-engraved $13.50 including two sets of envelopes
100 Imitation Engraved $5.00
100 Visiting Cards - - - $1.00

G. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1062 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.


## Equator Land

nine of the South American republics, you are going to skip the tenth? A country of such commercial importance that—according to reliable statistics—it leads the world in the production of emeralds, platinum, and mild coffee, stands second in the world production of bananas, and produces more gold than any other country in South America? A country where you can indulge your passion for travel by taking that wonderful trip by hydroplane up the Magdalena River, which I have been longing to hear all about, and your passion for remote, unspoiled capitals by staying in Bogota, which I have expected you to describe to me? And then I am sure I heard something about going to Central America, too—flying all over the 'Rainbow Countries'!"

Please wait a minute, my dear, before you censure me so severely! I am well aware of Colombia's importance and attractions, and I fully expect to make closer acquaintance with them—under the most auspicious circumstances! For Dr. Enrique Olaya, who for the past eight years has been the Colombian Minister to Washington and, I am proud to say, a good friend of ours—I am sure you will remember him and his lovely wife with the same pleasure that you remember the Elizaldes—has recently been elected President. But several months elapse, in Colombia, as in the United States, between the election of the Chief Executive and his inauguration; and meanwhile Dr. Olaya has gone back to Washington, where Señora Olaya and their daughters still are, to finish formally his work there. By awaiting the Olayas' return to Colombia before going there myself, I know the pleasures of my visit will be immensely enhanced. Don't you agree with me—and don't you think it would be better to see Central America at the same time, in more leisurely fashion than I could be contented to do now, after having been away from home a whole year? And perhaps Mexico, as you have been teasing me to do—and Alaska—the only outlying part of our own country where I have never gone—and Canada—of which I have had only one short local glimpse, as lovely as it was tantalizing—as well! Wouldn't such a trip as that make this "All America" venture of ours complete and perfect? I know you will confess that it would, and not begrudge me my joy in being on my way home now, since you know me well enough to realize that before many months I shall have been seized with *wanderlust* again and have started off "for to see and to admire"—and to share!

### Colombia

And meanwhile, just to take the wind out of your sails, I must tell you that I *did* land in Colombia after all, even if only for a few hours! For our boat stopped at the prosperous little port of Buenaventura, from which thirty million dollars' worth of coffee are shipped each year; and when the American Vice-Consul, Mr. Daniels, came aboard ship, he asked if I would not like to go to the inauguration of a new electric light plant—the first to serve the general public in Buenaventura—though there have been two or three small private generators there. It was raining hard, and the only way to reach the plant was in a small, slippery launch. But, as you know, I decided long ago that persons who permitted their plans to be affected by mere weather missed a great deal of fun! So I slipped into an old dress and old shoes—how do women manage to enjoy themselves, I wonder, who are so elegant that they never have an old dress and old shoes put aside for a rainy day?—and soon we were chugging away, merrily if moistly, across a pretty harbor into which flowed countless, little, curving lagoons overhung with the tangled tropical verdure which also overspread the shore and swept into the water. It was a lovely sight, all gray and green and peaceful; it would in itself have been worth the effort made to see it; and the exercises at the power house proved especially impressive. The Mayor and numerous


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Such cards should sell for 10 cents each and up when colored. Many are earning extra Christmas money doing it. Send for assortment now.

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Guard the beauty of your hands . .
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*This clear modern lotion dries quickly without sticking!*

It's so easy to keep your hands and skin soft, white and smooth, free from roughness and the tell-tale signs of housework with Chamberlain's Hand Lotion. This sparkling liquid requires no bothersome massage but penetrates quickly and dries almost instantly, protecting the pores like an "invisible glove." You'll like Chamberlain's because it is not at all sticky, greasy or gummy. And it has a delightful orange blossom fragrance. To reveal and preserve the beauty of your hands and skin, use but a few drops, regularly. It's a splendid powder base. 50c and $1 at drug and department stores.

Or, send four cents in stamps to cover mailing costs and we'll gladly send our purse size (a week's supply) FREE. Address, Department 11, Chamberlain Laboratories, Des Moines, Iowa.

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*Send for free sample jar*
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MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME - WRITE
INDIVIDUAL STATIONERS, CORRY, PA.


other officials were present in full force, as well as a number of humbler citizens—it was an extremely democratic sort of gathering; and a clergyman—not a great dignitary of the church, but the parish priest—had been chosen to make the main speech of the occasion. With an ardor and an eloquence that were most inspiring, he spoke of the human need for both material light and spiritual light, and of the way in which each could magnify the other. Literally and loftily, he interpreted the words that have echoed down through the ages, "I am the Light of the World; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness." Never have I heard them rendered with more significant loveliness.

We dined with Mr. Daniels at the hotel—surprisingly large and attractive for a place the size of Buenaventura, with wide, arched, paved galleries open to the sea and a superb location directly on the water's edge—and saw such sights as the town afforded. It was not until after a stop of thirty-six hours—during the course of which coffee had been steadily loaded—that our cargo was complete and we steamed away toward Panama. We reached Balboa, on the Pacific side, early in the morning, and found Admiral Blakely, the Commandant of the Fifteenth Naval District, and Mr. Lawrence Higgins, one of the Secretaries of the American Legation, waiting to welcome us. The Admiral proposed that we should first take a look at the new cruiser *Pensacola*—the first to be built under the disarmament agreement—which, happily for us, was drawn up alongside our own boat prior to starting southward; and when this highly interesting visit was over, we went shopping—and oh, what fascinating shops there are in Panama!—with Mrs. Higgins, and lunched delightfully at the Legation with the American Minister and Mrs. Davis.

### Another Flight

OUR ship, meanwhile, was pursuing its appointed way to Colon, on the Atlantic side, prior to sailing northward at midnight after unloading part of its precious freight, but we felt sure of catching up with it again and were not disturbed at having been left behind because—well, you have probably guessed already what I am going to say—because having already been through the Canal by boat, and having crossed the Isthmus by both train and "scooter"—for months I had been planning that *this* time I was going to fly!

The flight was a fitting climax for all our wanderings. We took off rather slowly, skimming along over the water for some moments before we began to rise; then we soared smoothly and surely into the air. The Canal lay beneath us looking like a silver chain cast carelessly down on a table covered with green velvet—a table on which bits of white thistledown had blown. It was all as delicate and exquisite as that. And it was brief, like the blowing and breaking of an iridescent bubble—another delicate and exquisite thing. As if the unseen hand of a lovely lady had quickly gathered up the chain and replaced it around her throat, as if she had swept aside the thistledown and folded away the velvet cover, they vanished from our sight. The sibilant sound of waves swiftly smitten came to our ears. The flight was over.

And now the voyage is almost over, too. I have written this letter while we have been bucking and pitching through the Windward Passage; and before I reach New York I want to jot down, while they are still fresh in my mind, some of the general impressions that I have gleaned in the course of this glorious year—not the impressions of any one country, seen by itself, but impressions of South America as a wonderful whole. By the time those are on paper, I shall be home again!

Always affectionately yours,

Frances Parkinson Keyes

"Americans All" will be the concluding article in this series. In it Mrs. Keyes gives her impressions of South America as a whole. It will be published in an early issue

★ *STAR-Rite* ★
MAGIC MAID
Food Mixer and Juice Extractor Combined $19.50

Here is the new STAR-Rite Magic Maid—a real kitchen helper with a multi-speed electric motor, 4-qt. revolving mixing bowl, and juice extractor. Mixes batter for cakes, fillings for pies and pastries. Beats or whips eggs, mayonnaise, icings, cream. Mashes potatoes, smooths out cereals, extracts juice from fruit, and does a host of other useful things in the kitchen.

The Magic Maid saves arm-tiring work, and frees you for other things. Its *multi-speed* motor does things you could not possibly do so well by hand. Cakes you make will be much finer, mashed potatoes so much smoother—in countless ways it will improve the foods you prepare and add to their appetite appeal.

At $19.50 *complete with attachments*, the Magic Maid costs less than most food mixers alone. Get the STAR-Rite Magic Maid at leading stores. If your dealer can't supply, use coupon.

**The Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Torrington, Conn.**

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Gentlemen: My dealer cannot supply the Magic Maid. I enclose $19.50 (in Canada, $22.50) cash, check or money order. Kindly send me the Magic Maid complete prepaid. If after 10 days' trial, I am not entirely satisfied, you are to refund my money in full.

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Order direct if dealer can't supply. (West of Rockies $2.25.) Grater or Slicer alone, $1.40. (West of Rockies, $1.65.)

CLIMAX GRATER AND SLICER


In using advertisements see page 6

# Step into style and comfort

## BOTH IN THE SELF SAME SHOE

WALKING, taking tea at the Country Club, during the informal evening—for each occasion, the woman of today has an appropriate pair of Natural Bridge Arch Shoes. Her young daughter wears them, too—the *natural* shoe for growing feet.

Luckily it's not extravagant to have a different model for every costume—for Natural Bridge Arch Shoes are as *good to the pocketbook* as they are *good to the eye* and *good to the foot!*

**Widths AAA to EEE**
**$5 to $6—Why Pay More When So Much May Be Had for So Little?**

Ask your local dealer to show you the season's newest models. Ask him, too, for your copy of a picture in full color of the Natural Bridge of Virginia. Beautiful enough to frame. If you do not know the name of your local dealer write us.

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Shoe illustrated is one of many models. "Irveen Spectator"—A smart combination of Tan Calfskin and Rajah Lizard, with 16-8 solid leather heel. Also in Black Calf and Gray Bombay.

*Sizes and widths for every foot from girlhood to womanhood.*

**$5 to $6**

**Natural Bridge Arch Shoes**


## Lonesome River

*(Continued from page 67)*

with a key which was still in the lock.

For a moment he thought the intruder had gone, but looking through the crack where the door swung back, he saw a tiny beam of light burst out between the fingers of a man's hand. It was directed at one of the bundles of silver fox, and as Dick watched, he saw the intruder's free hand emerge dimly into the light and take down one of the skins. Instantly the gleam went out, and Dick guessed that the thief was now putting the skin into his poke to carry off.

Why did he not take the whole bundle? The answer was obvious—this was sneak-thieving, not wholesale banditry. The robber meant to cover all traces of his visit, so he could come again. By taking only a few pelts at a time, his pilfering might not be discovered for many months, if at all.

It occurred to Dick that he might softly shut the door and snap the padlock, and have the thief at his mercy. But the plan presented serious difficulties. As soon as the closing door shut out the starlight, the man would hurl himself against it, and break free before Dick could snap the padlock. It was safer to wait and pounce on him when he emerged.

Once more he saw the light glimmer in another corner of the room. This time a half-dozen marten skins went into the bag. And now the thief seemed to have enough. Dick heard dry pelts rattle as he pushed through the bales toward the doorway.

Dick pressed against the wall of the building. A sharp joy burst over him as the sounds came nearer, and he knew that a hand-to-hand conflict was now inevitable. His muscles grew tense, thrilling, eager, and alive; he held his breath as he crouched. He felt no fear; this was a strange fact. Instead he would greet this foe with open arms—powerful, crushing arms, stronger than Dick himself realized—glad of the chance to pour forth in violence some of the dammed-up emotion in his heart.

The thief came stealthily on. As he was softly shutting the door, Dick sprang for him. It was a savage attack, swift and powerful, and had it taken the man entirely by surprise, surely it would have borne him down. But he had been given a split-second warning. Perhaps he had seen Dick's shadow out of the corner of his eye; possibly he realized the danger through some inexplicable sixth sense.

MOST men could not have acted on so brief a warning. This man whipped about like a panther. That he was a powerful, quick-minded, agile being, worthy of his steel, Dick could no longer doubt. Already his body was braced, his fists lashing out. The two big men met breast to breast and, grappling, tried to break each other down.

It was no chivalrous duel. The foe was a terror. He lashed in short, heavy-fisted blows to Dick's head and body, trying to knock him out; he sought to disable him by thrusting upward with his knees. He would kill him if he could—of this Dick was certain. He had never encountered such fury.

The odds were in the thief's favor. His chief aim was to break loose and escape; to this he could employ both hands, head, tooth and nail, knee and foot. On the contrary, Dick must clutch the man with one arm while he defended himself with the other. Even so, the fight was close and hot. Dick's brain reeled, but still he held on. He was taking frightful punishment, but his blood was up now, and he would not yield.

The fray lasted almost half a minute before Dick definitely began to weaken, and wave after wave of exultation swept him still. Perhaps this was the primal joy of battle that all men know; possibly it was simple pride. He was putting up a magnificent fight! His foe was heavier, stronger by far, yet the utmost he could do was to break away. In any fair field he would not stand a chance with Dick. Those big, sinewy fists could not match the trained, quick surgeon's hands; his lithe, powerful body

## At last! . . the pen women have always wanted Waterman's Lady Patricia

*A pen lovely as her jewels! Smart as her costume* • First and foremost, it's a *woman's* pen. Created and styled for her smaller grip—her sense of nicety—her costume requirements. A pen as fine as men enjoy in Waterman's *Patrician*. A smart, modern *clasp* replaces the masculine clip—locates the *Lady Patricia* instantly in even the most crowded handbag—and adds immeasurably to this pen's good looks.

Women demand not only efficiency, but something they are proud to carry around with them. And so the *Lady Patricia* was designed!

Feminine as her powder puff, colorful as her costume jewels—a true Waterman's for service, with pen points to suit *any* hand!

*Why women want to get their hands on Lady Patricia* • it pops right into a handbag, and clasps securely in the neatest way • it has a modern clasp—very decorative, (not like the clip on a man's pen!) • it has a shorter cap, and a barrel formed to a woman's grip • it comes in the charming colors that look best with women's costumes.

*In Persian*—a flame and emerald and purple composition with all the fire of a fine black opal.

*In Jet*—Night black with sparkling trim—always a stunning combination—always in the height of good taste.

*In Onyx*—a soft creamy background with tawny henna markings etched against it.

The Lady Patricia is boxed charmingly at $5.00. And a small graceful pencil to match is $3.00.

Every Waterman's is guaranteed forever against defects. Service Stations are maintained at the addresses below for the purpose of making good our guarantee and for servicing our pens as required.

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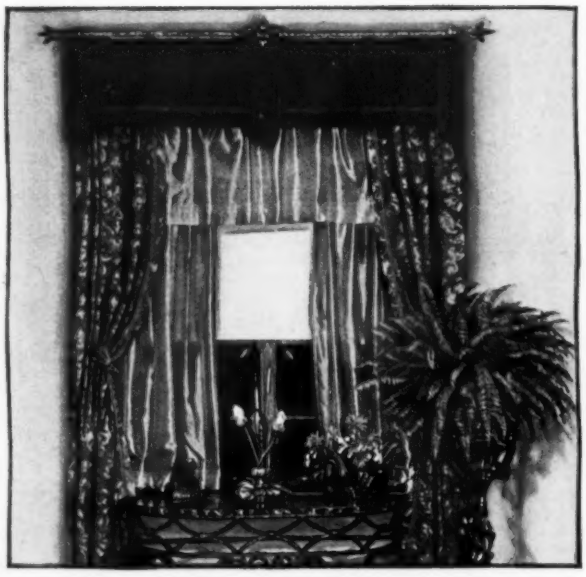
# Waterman's

# Picture one of these beautiful windows in *your* home . . .

THE fast-growing vogue for decorative curtain fixtures makes it easy for you to give a touch of quite professional smartness to your window drapings. For you can see how much beauty is added by well-chosen Judd Curtain Fixtures to the windows illustrated on this page.

No matter what style of room yours may be, there is a Judd Fixture of suitable type, smart in design and beautifully made and finished. Whether your curtain fixtures should be simple or elaborate, expensive or moderately priced, you will find them in the Judd line at prices that range upward from $1.50 per set. If your dealer does not have just the style you prefer, write to us and we will see that you are promptly served. H. L. Judd Co., Inc., 24 West 40th Street, New York.



**WALDORF**—Very decorative indeed is this window draping of flowered green sateen mounted upon the beautiful Judd Waldorf Wood Pole, which comes complete with decorative center ornament and ends, brackets and rings. Judd Holdback No. 364 is used in the illustration. And the decorative metal elephant upon the table is also a Judd product. It can be had in bronze, brass, or verde antique finish.

**SPANISH**—There is something very rich in the use of cardinal brocade against rough plaster walls with Judd Spanish Decorated Extending Rod to give the completing touch. This rod comes complete with decorative center, end ornaments, brackets, rings and extending rod. Judd Holdback No. 562 is used to hold the curtains in place. The beautiful "Anvilcraft" table, fern stand and lamp are also of Judd manufacture.

**Suggestions for Beautiful Windows, Free**

Write for our new illustrated free booklet, "Suggestions for Beautiful Window Draping." It is filled with charming and practical draping designs.

**JUDD**

*Drapery Fixtures*

## Lonesome River

could never best the doctor's cool, sure brain.

It was an experience never to forget—this combat in the dark with an unknown antagonist. Neither man cried out, one because he feared his voice might be recognized, the other through some instinct of silence, deadly as a snake's. It did not occur to Dick to call for help. If he could not capture the thief alone, he was willing to let him go.

PRESENTLY an upstairs window in the house lighted up, inciting the thief to a fresh effort. He lashed a stinging blow into Dick's face, jarring him through and through, then, with a furious burst of strength, began to jerk free from his grasp. Dick fought gamely, still clutching the man's left sleeve, but at last the cloth tore through his fingers. Instantly the man darted away and vanished in the gloom.

Dick was aware that he held some small object in his hand. Dazed, he could not think what it might be, but a wise impulse made him clutch it tight and not drop it in the snow. As yet there was no chance to examine it.

Doctor Foster appeared at the lighted window. "What's the matter there?"

Dick's head was still reeling, but he managed to call up a cheerful reply. "Plenty! I just caught some one trying to steal your fur. Bring a gun and a light."

When the light came, in Doctor Foster's shaking hand, it revealed a moose-hide sack lying in the snow beside the doorway, where the thief had dropped it, containing three silver fox skins and a dozen marten.

The old physician could not believe his eyes. "You don't think one of my people did it, do you?" he asked miserably. "Surely they haven't taken to stealing."

"I don't think so. I'm inclined to think it was a white man, from the way the light shone through his fingers—probably some thug from the gold camp."

"But no one there knows we have the furs."

"You can't be sure of that. Of course it might have been Breed Paul— I wouldn't put it past him." Dick slipped the key from the padlock which still hung open on its staple. "Is this your key?"

Foster's bluish hand trembled as he held the key to the light. "No, but it's very like it. This looks as though some one in the village has betrayed me."

"Perhaps not. A thief who had time to study that lock could have easily found a key to fit it. Now I think we'd better see how it looks inside."

In his first hasty examination Foster could not tell definitely whether any more of the furs were missing, but was inclined to think that the thief had made at least one other raid.

"You see, he didn't intend the theft to be discovered," Dick said. "He just skimmed the bales."

With the lantern they examined the tracks in the snow. Dick's boots showed plainly; near by were moccasin tracks belonging to the thief. There was little to be gained here. Any Indian in the tribe might have worn that footgear, or any white man who wished to divert suspicion. Dick followed the trail into the village road, where it was lost among a hundred similar tracks.

"It means that the old days are gone," Foster said sadly. "It used to be a man could leave his gold-poke in the cupboard, go hunting for six weeks, and find it untouched when he returned. I wish the whole tribe could start tomorrow for their new lands in the Endicotts."

"In the meantime, we'll have to post a guard every night over the fur depot. The Indians can take turns, and it won't be difficult. Also we'd better put on two or three extra padlocks."

Throughout this talk Dick continued to feel a small, hard object in his hand. For some dim and unaccountable reason he did not want to show it to Doctor Foster: it seemed best to pursue this clue alone. Only when he had closed

Not all "Spode" is costly. The reasonable price of this lovely Pink Tower pattern places it within the reach of all who wish to add distinction to their table.

# *Admired, envied and cherished for over 150 years*

What is it that causes a pattern, or a picture, or a piece of music to live on through the years? *True beauty! Real artistic merit!* That is the answer! Beauty of that *living*, vital quality which all the world recognizes and which you grow to love more and more, as the years pass. *Spode's Pink Tower Service* with its gleaming, lustrous surface and beautifully proportioned modeling, offers you a pattern of such artistry and interest that it could *never* seem ordinary, never be "out-of-date." Yet beyond all that, is the joy of owning a ware that isn't afraid of kitchen abuse even in every day use. The reasonable cost of this lovely Pink Tower pattern places it within the reach of all who wish to add distinction to their table.

Spode's "Tower" pattern was designed and first executed back in the early days of the great Georgian Era. It depicts a scene on the Spode estate in Staffordshire, portrayed in the fanciful Oriental spirit, characteristic of the Period. Early Spode pieces are treasured in museums and private collections the world over, and Spode Services are still made at Stoke-on-Trent, England, as in the days of that renowned craftsman, Josiah Spode, the First! *May we tell you the name of the dealer nearest you?* Copeland & Thompson, Inc., 206 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SPODE


In using advertisements see page 6

**Bruises — sprains**

**what makes them swell?**

When you get a bruise the blood becomes congested at the injured spot and causes a swelling. This swelling feels hot and is often very tender and painful. What bruises need is healing white blood cells to rebuild injured tissue and carry away dead parts. You can bring white blood cells quickly by gently applying Sloan's Liniment to bruises and sprains. Rich blood rushes to the injured spot as soon as Sloan's is applied. This blood carries the white cells that rebuild injured tissue. Sharp pain quickly goes. Swelling is relieved. Get a *fresh* bottle of Sloan's Liniment from your druggist today. Only 35¢, or send for free sample to Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Dept. P-10, 113 West 18th St., N. Y. C.

★

**SLOAN'S Liniment**

**68-page Dressmaking Lesson FREE**

RIGHT at home, in spare time, you can learn to make all your own clothes for a half or a third of what you pay in the shops. The Woman's Institute will teach you the secrets of designing, cutting, fitting and finishing that make the modiste so successful.

So that you may see how easily you can learn through this fascinating step-by-step method, we will gladly send you a 68-page sample lesson free.

In words and pictures, it describes the details of cutting and finishing difficult parts of a dress. Every page is full of helpful instructions.

Just mail the coupon and we will send you this 68-PAGE SAMPLE LESSON, free, as well as our booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes," which tells how you can have more and prettier dresses and earn extra money every week besides.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 8-K, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me—*Free*—your booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes," and the 68-PAGE SAMPLE LESSON described above. I am most interested in—

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

**THUMB SUCKING.**

**Safety Thumb Guards** cure thumb-sucking. One-piece German-Silver construction. No ends to loosen to injure your child. Perfectly Safe and Sanitary. Instructions with Guards. Used for fingers.

*Price $1.75 per pair, postage prepaid. State age of child when ordering. Satisfaction guaranteed.*

**The Safety Thumb-Guard Co. Dept. G, New Haven, Conn.**


## Lonesome River

the door of his own room did he open his hand and look at it.

Just as he thought, it was a small bone button from the sleeve of a man's coat. It had ripped off in his hand in the final tussle. When he found the mates of this button, he would no doubt find the thief.

Early the next morning he sauntered into the trading store. Breed Paul was behind the counter, his fleece-lined coat hung by the stove. If this dark-faced half-breed were last night's thief, he had worn some other garment. Both coat sleeves were made plain, without buttons of any kind.

While Dick considered this fact, Stephen came into the store, wearing his dark-red mackinaw. As he extended his right hand, Dick could not help seeing that the cuff was decorated with small bone buttons. There were three of them on this cuff, the right number. They appeared to be of the same color and size as the one Dick carried in his pocket.

His heart leaped, but he suspended judgment. Indeed, he almost threw the case out of court as too absurd to try. Buttons frequently look alike, and any way it was impossible— As yet he had no chance to glance at Stephen's left cuff.

"I suppose you heard about the attempted theft last night," Dick said easily.

"Yes. Doctor Foster told me about it when I dropped in to inquire about some stores. Well, it serves us all right for being so careless."

As he talked, he slipped off his coat and hung it beside Breed Paul's. The left sleeve hung free, and as Dick glanced at it, his eyes slowly narrowed, gleaming bright. Two buttons showed plain as a pike staff; the third was missing.

### XII

DICK lounged into the chair behind the stove. His brain was cool and steady; the only sign of excitement visible in him was the persisting brilliance of his black eyes. Not much doubt remained now, but even of this he would give Stephen the benefit. Still suspending judgment, he watched his chance and compared the button in his pocket with those on the coat-sleeve. They were identical.

Well, he should have suspected it long since. He had realized from the first that Stephen was not only obsessed by greed, but was given to lying and sharp practice. How far he would go Dick had failed to perceive: it had not occurred to him that a man with such a plausible exterior would commit deliberate crime. Great God, how about himself! He, too, had a plausible exterior—damnably plausible, it seemed—yet it had not kept him from attempting one of the most wholesale and deliberate swindles in the history of Alaska. Anyway he should have remembered Stephen's deadliness on the hunting trails, and his resolute character, whereby he would take any risk or go any length to fulfill his desires. This man was no petty crook, but a spoiler of first rank. Dick should have read the truth in his strange, cold, three-cornered eyes.

It was evident now who was behind the whiskey-selling in the village. Now that this trade was temporarily restrained, Stephen had taken even a straighter road to riches by pilfering from the fur house. The more he took, the less there would be to divide with Dick in the final settlement. And perhaps he had begun to entertain vague doubts as to whether he would share in the spoil at all. Lately he had sensed a change in Molly's attitude, auguring no good.

Dick yawned, stretched, and swung over to the counter behind which Stephen stood.

"Who do you suppose pulled off that job last night?" Dick asked. "I'm inclined to think it was a white man."

"Of course it was a white man." Stephen continued to weigh tea, adding the totals in neatly written figures. "Some ex-burglar from the gold camp heard about the treasure and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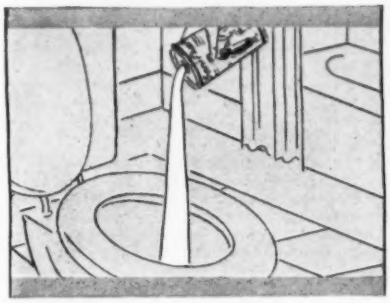

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made a key to fit the lock. He probably intended to make occasional trips over here and get away with thirty thousand dollars' worth of fur. That is"—and Stephen looked up with a smile— "unless the whole thing was a frame, and you were pulling off the job yourself."

"By Jove, that sounds reasonable. The trouble is that I'm sure of half the fur anyway. Why should I take a risk like that?"

"No one is ever sure of anything. Besides, you might be in a hurry."

"It won't hold water, but it suggests another theory. Dick smiled sardonically. "You might be in a hurry, too, and you're skating on thin ice anyway. I should say that the thief was much more likely to be you."

Stephen laughed boyishly, with undoubted charm. "Yes, and look at this bruise on my cheek. I could have easily got it in the fracas last night."

Dick stared at the black-and-blue spot, unnoticed until now, on Stephen's cheek bone. "By the way, how *did* you get it."

"Figure it out for yourself, my lad. You can see it looks like a blow from your fist. If you are any good, you can make a first-rate case against me."

He laughed again and went back to his work. A cool customer, this Stephen Hathaway! Dick resumed his seat behind the stove.

What now? Should he report his discovery, of the truth of which no further doubt remained, to Foster and his daughter? Not while there was honor among thieves! The pot must not call the kettle black. He must not expose Stephen for the same crime he had himself tried to commit. But one thing was sure—the depot must be guarded in the future. And Molly must be guarded against a much more evil pillage. Whatever else happened, she must not marry this relentless, desperate criminal.

TO THIS latter end, he talked with Doctor Foster later in the day. They met in Doctor Foster's bedroom; last night's excitement had gone hard with the old physician, and he had decided to spend the day resting.

"I've been thinking over what you told me about Molly and Stephen," Dick began, "and I've made up my mind that they should break off at once. She doesn't love him, in the first place. In the second place, he's not worthy of her. I have watched him closely, and I believe I am a good judge of character."

"I believe you are, too, Dick," Foster agreed. "In this way, as well as many others, you are like a trained physician. I'm not a good example, myself. Most men in my profession acquire a remarkable insight into character, but I failed to catch on."

"Will you take my word for it that Stephen is unfit to marry Molly?"

"I will, Dick, although it goes hard with me. Would you mind telling me what you have against him?"

"Greed. That's the worst."

"I'm afraid that is true. I tried to shut my eyes to it, yet it has forced itself upon me."

"Moreover I don't think he loves Molly for her own sake. I don't mean that you should order him out of the house. Just tell him, the next time he asks you to speak for him to Molly, that you have decided against the match. And make the same thing clear to Molly."

After two hours' quiet thought, Foster decided Dick was right. Thank God, he had been made to see the light in time; his hungry heart and dim eyes had brought him to the brink of a near-tragedy. Looking back on his past relations with Stephen, he could recall many incidents that might have revealed the truth, had he not deliberately ignored them.

He called Molly to his bedside. "I have something to say to you—about Stephen."

The radiant smile died on the girl's lips. "I know what you are going to say. You want me to give Stephen a definite answer. Would you be bitterly disappointed—take it too hard—if I told him no?"

Foster smiled, shook his head, and drew his daughter's cheek down to his. "I've changed


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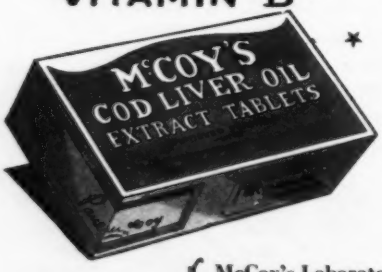


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## Lonesome River

my mind about Stephen," he told her quietly at last. "I won't take it too hard—in fact, I'd take it a whole lot harder if you accepted him."

She started and looked quickly into his face. "You mean it?"

"I do mean it. I don't want Stephen for my son-in-law. I'm ashamed that I put pressure on you as I did. As you can probably guess, it was Dick who showed me how wrong it was."

"But you are expressing your own views, not his?"

"My own, Molly girl. He just started me on the right track."

"I think his coming was a providence! It has all turned out so wonderfully that I feel almost afraid—as though there must be trouble waiting for us somewhere. But that's silly, of course . . . Dad, you've made me a mighty happy girl. I feel as though I'd just put down a heavy pack that I'd been carrying on my back for three long years."

WHEN Stephen came to Foster complaining of Molly's answer and asking the old doctor to use his influence with her, he shook his head firmly.

"It's for Molly to say. It's true I have encouraged you a long time, and urged her to encourage you, too, and if she has given you more cause to hope than you really had, it was my fault, not hers; but now I see things in a different light. It was a mistake from the first, Stephen. It was unjust to you, but far more unjust to her. I can't ask her to change her decision."

"You've certainly made a right-about-face," Stephen answered darkly. His odd, steely eyes kindled. "It's queer business, and I believe I see Dick's hand in it."

"I am speaking for myself, not for Dick. But let's be friends, Stephen, even if we can't be father and son. Don't say or do anything that we'd both be sorry about, later."

The youth's handsome face darkened wrathfully, but presently he seemed to get himself in hand. "I'm disappointed, but I'll try to make the best of it. And I hope, the same as you, that it won't make any difference in the friendship between you and me."

Foster beamed on the youth, almost regretting his decision.

"None in the world. And it's a fine upstanding way for you to take it too, Stephen. As long as you play the game square, I want you to continue here as trader, and perhaps go with the tribe when we head north next spring."

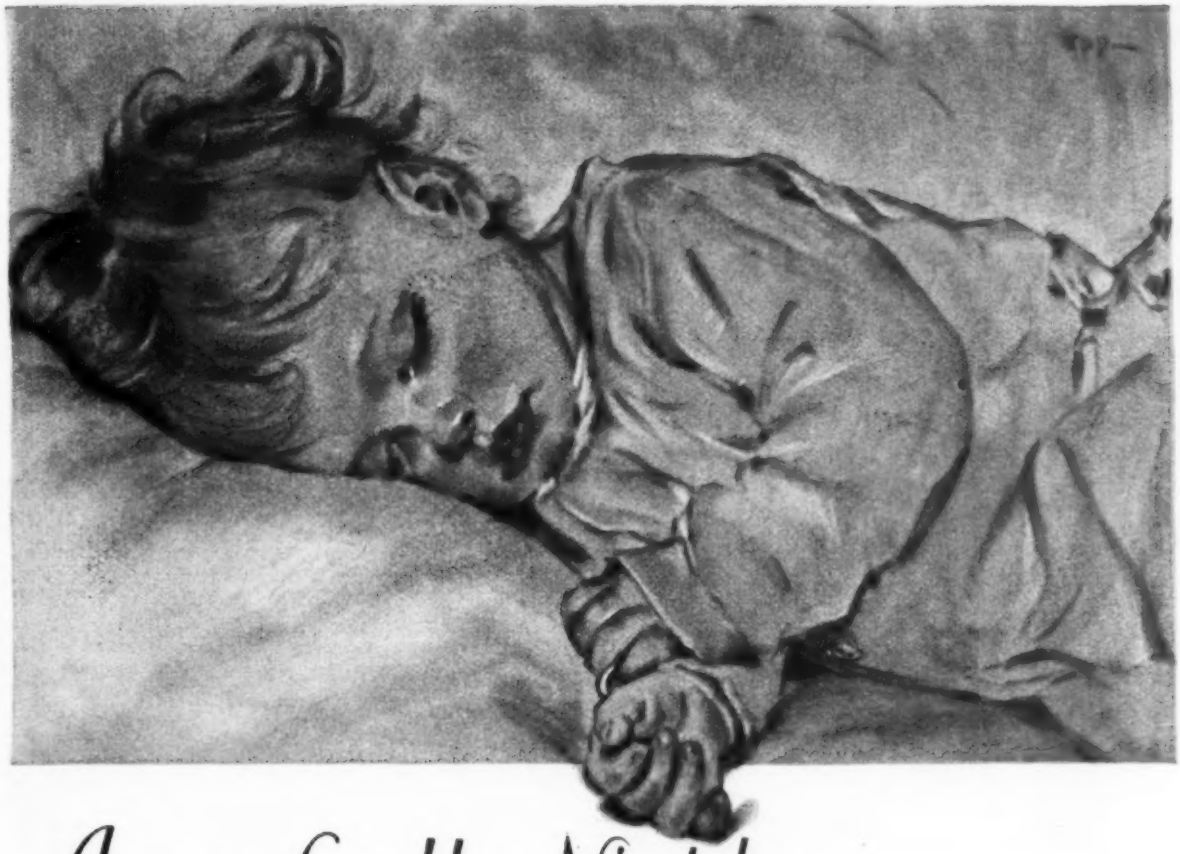
But would Doctor Foster ever make this journey? Stephen thought not. If the blue face and hollow eyes told the truth, the end of the winter would find him bound for a much farther country than the Endicott Divide. Stephen had never seen him look so ill. The night's excitement had almost precipitated a a crisis in his malady; another such night might easily put him in his grave.

Stephen must look to this. If he were to win the big game he had played so long, there was no more time to lose. Once the rich stakes lay in reach of his hands; now they were slipping away.

He announced that he would mush to town this afternoon to see friends and transact business for the trading store. Somewhat to his surprise, Dick expressed a wish to go, too. Stephen hesitated, regarding him with well-concealed suspicion. Always before he had taken trouble to avoid the gold camp, as though he had enemies there. Well, he did have enemies there, if he but knew it—various whiskey dealers and squaw men who hated him for the meddler he was. If they could get a safe, fair chance at him—

Stephen's triangular eyes lighted up. By all means Dick could accompany him to town. He might commit some indiscretion to give Stephen the upper hand, and in the long ride they might at least arrive at some understanding advantageous to them both.

Dick said he wanted a night out, but his real reasons for making the trip and running the



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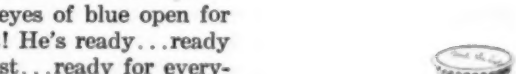

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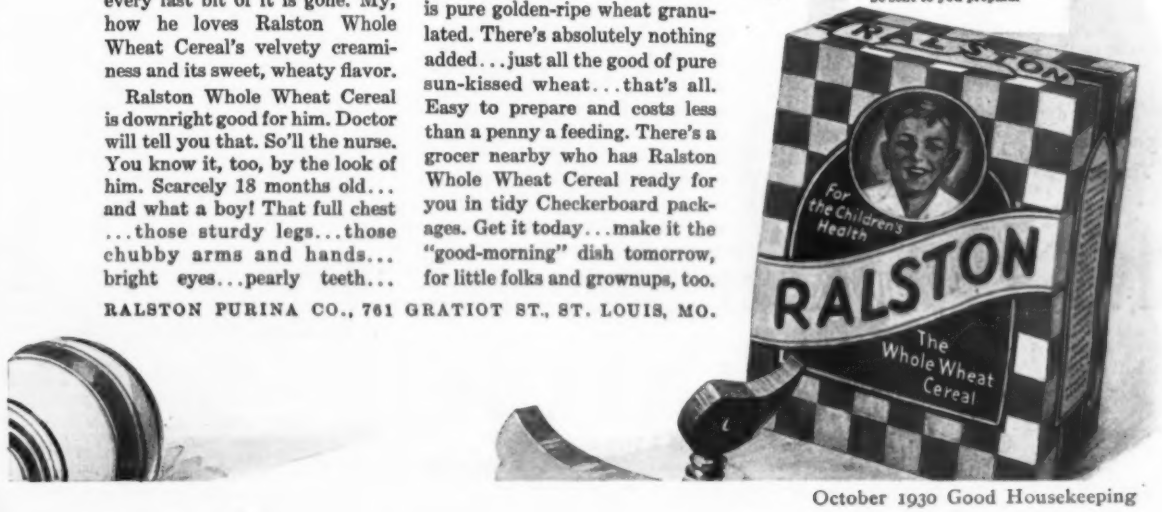

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In the meantime, here are two recipes made with Knox Gelatine that are especially attractive for the bridge party; or, for that matter, any occasion when you want something especially appealing to everyone.

There are no complications in using Knox Sparkling Gelatine. It comes to you plain, without any ready-made flavoring mixtures. You merely soak and dissolve the gelatine, add your own pure ingredients, cool and serve it—ready for banquet or plain home meal. And you needn't use the entire package at one time. It is good for four different desserts, salads or other combinations, four dishes for four different days — six generous servings of each. Try the two recipes given here and you will still have enough gelatine left for two other delightful dishes for six persons.

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*(6 Servings) (Illustrated)*

**1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · 3 cups milk · ½ cup sugar, scant · ¼ teaspoonful salt · 1 teaspoonful vanilla · 3 eggs.**

Soak gelatine in the milk about five minutes. Place over hot water and when gelatine is dissolved add sugar. Pour slowly on the yolks of the eggs slightly beaten, return to double boiler and cook until thickened somewhat, stirring constantly. Remove from stove and add salt and flavoring, then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Turn into one large or individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and place in ice box. (This will separate and form a jelly on the bottom and custard on top.) Unmold and serve with whipped cream, sliced oranges or any fruit or fruit juice.

●

### PINEAPPLE CHEESE SALAD

*(6 Servings)*

**1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · ¼ cup cold water · ½ cup boiling water · ⅔ cup grated cheese · 1 cup crushed pineapple, canned · 1 tablespoonful sugar · Few grains salt · ½ cup cream or evaporated milk, whipped.**

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes and dissolve in boiling water; add sugar, salt and pineapple. When it begins to stiffen, beat in the cream and cheese. Turn into small wet molds. Chill and when firm unmold and serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise—sprinkle the mayonnaise with chopped red or green peppers.

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# *KNOX is the real GELATINE

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risk of meeting some one he knew, he did not reveal to Molly. One of them was to spy on Stephen. Dick argued that as Stephen's pilferings were now checked, he would take some more desperate way to win the spoil and would broach the plan to his confederates during his visit to the gold camp. However, this was not Dick's main purpose.

Doctor Foster had declined steadily, these last weeks. This fact was apparent even to Stephen, let alone to the trained eyes of a fellow physician. The excitement of the preceding night had aggravated his malady, and Dick believed that the only hope for him was a particularly difficult and dangerous operation. This, Dick himself could not perform. What did Richard Foster, a post-office clerk, know of scalpels and artery forceps and ligatures? But he could make inquiries at Moose Landing and find out what facilities were available for a winter trip to a hospital.

Both Stephen and himself had big order lists to fill, so they decided to go in separate sleds. Stephen drove his own powerful team; Dick engaged a young native named Black Cloud to drive Molly's team. They made a quick trip over the hard-packed trail and reached Moose Landing just after dark. Leaving Black Cloud staring at the wonders of civilization, Dick hunted up the deputy marshal, from whom he learned that there was no doctor, except a sort of handy-man, in the town. This fact, however, was of no special importance. No ordinary doctor or surgeon would dream of attempting the operation Foster needed, except in an absolute emergency. The marshal said further—and this was the crux of the matter—that if Foster could not wait till spring, he could go out to a hospital by airplane. A wireless message could be sent to Fairbanks, a fast plane dispatched for Lonesome River, and the old doctor could be in Skagway, ready to catch the steamer for Seattle, in six or seven hours' flight. Three days more, by good connections, could find him in one of the first-rate hospitals of the land.

If Foster would agree to the trip and was physically able to stand it, this might solve Dick's problem.

WHILE Dick was talking to the deputy, Stephen was sitting in the back room of Pete's Pleasure Palace in earnest conversation with no less than four of the most notorious characters in the town. One of them was Pete himself—a Sicilian who had followed nearly every stampede from the Klondike to Mayo, who had been charged with almost every crime in the calendar, and who had yet to spend his first day in jail. The other three were his understrappers—a Cockney known as Limejuice 'Arry, a Russian-Aleut quarterbreed called Black Koslof, and an enormous, blond-headed man who seemed to have no name at all, but was referred to simply as "Swede." To these Stephen told a story that made their hands clench and their eyes shine.

"I'm not telling you where it is, and you won't find it without my help, so don't try anything until I give you the word," Stephen said. "But you can believe me, it's just as rich as I say it is, and maybe richer. I get half—you fellows split half among you."

"Is it dust or money?" Swede demanded with an echo of Stephen's own greedy tone.

"I'm not saying. But I told you what it comes to."

"But what's the use of waiting?" Limejuice 'Arry demanded. "Why not tomorrow night as good as any time. I know why—because Mr. 'Athaway has got some other game 'e's going to try first."

It was significant that he, as well as Koslof and Swede, always referred to Stephen in this respectful way; only Pete called him by his first name.

"That's my affair, not yours." Stephen's three-cornered eyes bored into 'Arry's until the little, ratty gangster looked away. "You'll either trust me, or you don't come in on it at

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**100 cash prizes for the most practical and original ideas about suitable uses for Wright's Bias Fold Tape. There is nothing to buy. The contest is open to all. Sit down now and send us your name and address. We will then send you complete contest details, list of prizes, and entry blank. Be sure to write at once, as contest closes Nov. 22nd, 1930. Address Contest Editor, Dept. 84 X**

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## Lonesome River

all." Then, relenting: "At present I have no other plan. If for any reason it becomes impractical, I'll let you know, and you won't lose anything but a little time. None of you have lost anything through me yet, and I don't intend to let you start now."

"That's so," Petro said, nodding. "Stephen has always treated us square."

"What about the fellow, Dick Foster?" Koslof demanded, in curious, foreign-sounding English. "He has interfered with our business so numerous times. First he puts finishing touches on the racket of whiskey. Now, as you say, he will make it difficult to do this venture. *Zut!* A rock should fall on him one time, and he will cause no more difficulty."

Limejuice 'Arry, always more like a mad coyote than a man, suddenly bit his lips. "What if he don't get 'ome tomorrow?" he asked hopefully. "There's always fellows 'unting in the woods: who can tell when one of 'em would mistake him for a deer?"

"Don't try anything so crude as that," Stephen said. "I'll be plain with you. I hate the fellow like a wolverine—he's done nothing but cause trouble from the first—but I won't have any killing."

The Sicilian's black eyes lighted as he smiled into Stephen's face. "You haf changed since ze beeg fight over the fishtrap at Ketchikan," he remarked in gentle tones. "There was a man or two killed then, I remember. But you are right—there shall be no killing. But who can tell when there will be an accident and your friend get shot in the leg? That would be a warning to him, maybe, and would lie him up for a few days out of the way."

"I don't want anything to do with it."

"You will not, my friend. But if the Deputy Marshal investigate, some day, you will testify it wass an Indian who lay by the trail and escape. It would be a beeg joke to have Foster's so precious Indians, who must not buy whiskey, take a pot-shot at his own son."

"It would be a joke—a mighty good joke. But I repeat, I don't want anything to do with it."

Shortly afterward the conference broke up. Stephen sought amusement according to his taste; Dick and his Indian friend saw a few of the sights, won a few dollars in Pete's games of chance, danced a few times—Dick handled this alone, while Black Cloud looked on in speechless admiration—with the laughing girls of the hall, and went to bed. Shortly after breakfast the party started back for Lonesome River.

ALL three mushed in silence. Dick was thinking of all that had happened since the last time he had taken the out-bound trail—dramatic and perilous events, and white magic that had moved his heart and soul. And there was a long way still to go. He had not even come in sight of the dim towers of fulfillment. The path was dark.

Stephen seemed self-absorbed. Once when they met at a difficult place in the trail, Dick thought that his face showed signs of suppressed excitement. He cursed his dogs, as though his nerves were on edge. Black Cloud appeared to be unusually alert, as though he were hunting game. His gaze darted from side to side.

This vigilance became so apparent as the journey progressed that it began to affect Dick. A queer nervousness took him; he, too, watched the thickets beside the trail. He was surprised to find that his body remained constantly poised and set for sudden, violent action, his muscles springy but not flexed, his senses preternaturally sharp.

"What's the matter, Black Cloud?" he demanded at last impatiently. "You're making me jumpy as an old woman. What are you looking for?"

"Black Cloud, he look for trouble."

"But why? Has anything happened?"

"Black Cloud, he don't know why. He feel scared. Something—he not know what—all wrong."


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Dick decided this was nonsense. Deliberately he made himself relax, and directed his thoughts into other channels. But Black Cloud continued to keep watch—and for this Dick could thank his lucky stars.

The native's eyes were not so clear and true as Dick's own, but they were trained to the flicking, changing shadows of the woods. They could catch instantly the little variance of light between a natural drift and a white mound under which a ptarmigan was hiding. Particularly they could distinguish between the bejeweled gleam of sunlit snow and the swift, refracted glimmer of a gun barrel. It was this latter faculty that saved Dick from serious injury, if not from death.

Suddenly his voice cracked through the silence, "*Look out!*"

DICK did not stop to question, nor did he try to locate the danger. Actually he did not even stop to think, but leaped to one side before any thought had time to move in his brain. At the same instant Black Cloud came bounding toward him, yelling and pointing toward the thick woods at the right of the trail.

Just why Black Cloud made this leap would remain forever a mystery. He himself could not explain it. Did he mean to shield Dick's body with his own? Possibly so; no man has yet fathomed the inscrutable Indian mind. Perhaps he wanted Dick's protection. More likely, he wanted to stand beside Dick, shoulder to shoulder, and help him combat the danger.

Just as he reached Dick's side, a rifle roared sixty yards distant in the woods. Black Cloud grunted like a man hit in the body with a stone, and seemed to stumble. He went down in a curious huddle in the snow.

Dick knew instantly that the bullet was meant for him. Fury swept through him, the most terrible he had ever known. The attack was so cowardly, so venomous, and his innocent companion had fallen a victim in the reddening snow. It did not occur to him to lie flat and lessen the danger of a second bullet: he could not even think of danger.

He began to fight back like a cornered wolf. The report had hardly echoed before he snatched his pistol from its holster and opened fire at a movement in the brush.

His face was livid. The fleshy purses beneath his eyes swelled and turned dark, so that the eyes themselves looked like little, thin crescents of steel. Yet this fury did not affect his shooting. The range was long for a pistol, but so steady was his hand and so deadly his aim that the bullets slashed the brush just beside his foe's body.

This fact went hard with the ambusher. He knew that Dick carried no rifle, so he had anticipated no resistance of any kind. He was a coward, of course, and the whizzing, snapping pistol bullets disturbed the aim of his second shot. The lead flew wide—but the answering shots came whizzing nearer.

He could not face them. His coward's soul began to whimper within him. He slipped out behind his ambush and sped away through the thickets.

Dick's first impulse was to follow him and bring the fight to close quarters among the snow-laden trees. In this case, he would probably die with a rifle bullet through his heart. A pistol has never the range nor the killing power of a big-game rifle. His enemy could lie in wait for him in the thickets, and fire at a safe distance. Yet in spite of these opposing odds, he firmly believed that he would return alive, and it would be a meaner form than his left breathless in the snow. He would hunt the man down in the silent, white glades. The creature's cowardice would betray him in the end, and there would be an empty chair tonight in the anteroom of Pete's Pleasure Palace.

But all this was conjecture. Dick could not leave the scene. At his feet lay a wounded man demanding immediate attention. And now Stephen came running up and diverted the straight course of events.

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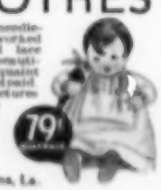


*De Lis*

Dept. O-10 New Orleans, La.


## Lonesome River

"What the devil has happened?"

"Some one shot at me and hit Black Cloud."

"Is he dead?"

"You can hear him breathe, can't you?" Dick spoke between his teeth. "Get out my doctor's kit."

The term had slipped out unawares: he had meant to say his first-aid kit. Well, it was too late to call it back, and anyway Stephen's excitement would keep him from catching on . . . It was hard enough to remember his part at ordinary times—to keep hidden the doctor dwelling in his heart and brain, the doctor's words at his lips and skill in his fingers—let alone in moments like this. His job lay before him. It called him with a voice a thousand times as strong as the voice of caution, of self-interest. From the counterfeit body of Richard Foster, Doctor Dick Grant was emerging, and he could not keep back.

Yet he *must* keep back. There stood Stephen, watching, waiting. What mercy could Dick expect from him, if once he showed his hand? It would mean ruin—a disaster of such scope that Dick himself could not comprehend it all.

HE KNEELED down beside the injured man and, loosening his clothes, examined his wound. Apparently the ambusher had shot very badly, or else he had deliberately held low. The bullet had entered the very bottom of the abdominal cavity, from the front, and had passed completely through his body. Apparently it had struck no bones, and it was entirely possible, even likely, that it had not perforated the intestine. If this were so, the injured man and Dick, too, could be saved. Black Cloud could be brought home and put under Doctor Foster's care, and Dick need not show his hand.

Perhaps he would be spared what threatened to be the most stringent moral crisis that had ever come into his life. His eyes kindled with hope.

Glancing toward Black Cloud's face, his eyes narrowed. He had anticipated the Indian's marked pallor beneath his pigment, but his blank and stricken look, the complete voiding of all that was vital in his countenance, startled the doctor deeply. No doubt the man was in shock. Whether this was a mere nervous reaction without any sinister significance, or whether it was the result of some serious organic injury, was a vital question. As yet he did not know the answer, but he intended to find it.

He took the brown hand in his own. The pulse was weak and fast. Moreover it grew perceptibly weaker and faster in the moment that he held it. He lowered his head to the broad, brown breast, then listened to the man's fast, troubled breathing.

Suddenly he knew. The bullet had nicked the external iliac artery. The man was dying of internal bleeding before his eyes.

The crisis had come, after all, to both of them—a physical crisis to Black Cloud, a tremendous moral one to himself. If he operated at once, he might save the man's life; if he deliberated even for five minutes, the man would certainly die.

"*Stop that hemorrhage!*" So clear from the empty air came this peremptory command that Dick could hardly believe it was only a trick of his imagination. Always, always he had been taught to pick up the artery, to tie the broken vein. It was not just a well-learned habit of mind, but second nature. The precious stream of life must not flow in waste.

This was the first law of his being—to pick up the artery, to tie the vein. Whenever he had operated, every fresh stroke of his scalpel severed some little channel of the river of life, and always he had to stop and dam it up before he could continue. There was no escape from this law. Human life must be saved—it must not waste away in a crimson flood. How could he resist a force like this?

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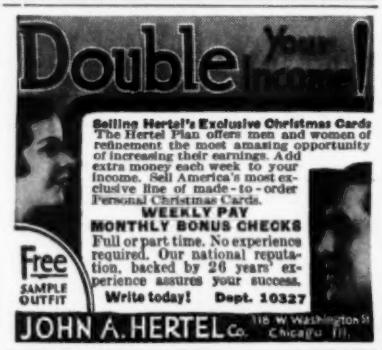
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stand off. To most surgical cases there are many angles—the treatment is a matter of the surgeon's judgment. Whether to operate at all or to let nature do her own work of repairs—whether to go ahead now or to wait until the patient is stronger—whether to cut deep and remove the source of the trouble, or to trim and patch—all these questions arise for the surgeon to answer by the light of his judgment, his learning, and the help of God. If this were true today, he could beg the question, postpone the issue, and save himself from disaster. His honest doubts as to the proper treatment would justify him in doing what his hopes and fears urged him to do—to give the man first aid, keep his doctor's hand concealed from Stephen's watchful gaze, and turn the patient over to Doctor Foster. He could not operate to advantage on this snowy trail. Even if Black Cloud had sustained an intestinal perforation, it might be best to carry him on to Doctor Foster's table, where there was proper and sufficient equipment for successful surgery.

But this case today was not a perforation, but a severed artery. It did not require the exercise of his judgment, only the work of his hand. *Stop that hemorrhage!* It was the voice of Richard Grant, physician and surgeon, shouting in the ears of the false Richard Foster.

Black Cloud meant little to him. Dick had not known him by sight until yesterday. Personally, as a man rather than a doctor, he still harbored doubts as to the great value and importance of one Indian's life. But he *was* a doctor, whether he liked it or not. It was not for him to judge what life was or was not worth saving; his business was to save it at any cost.

Could he bribe Stephen to silence? Possibly. But even if Molly herself was standing here, he could not hold back on an open-and-shut case like this. *Stop that hemorrhage!* The order had come, and he must obey.

HIS decision did not take a second's time. With one movement he drew the injured man out of the trail into the unsullied snow beyond.

"Kneel down here, and do just what I tell you," he told Stephen.

He spoke quietly, rapidly, in an authoritative tone which certain internes in a Seattle hospital might still recognize. Stephen started, and made as if to protest. But when he saw the shine in Dick's black eyes, and the curious, still passion in his face, his brows flew up, and he came quickly.

There was no time to boil instruments, not even time to mix an antiseptic solution to dip them in. Dick poured tools and equipment out of his case into the pure snow beside the trail and slipped on rubber gloves. Taking a scalpel lightly in his hand, he made the first strong, steady stroke.

When Stephen saw the brown flesh part clean beneath the blade, his eyes popped forward in their sockets. But this shock was nothing to what he sustained a moment later. As Dick's knife moved swiftly through the abdominal wall, there was a sudden geyser of crimson. It boiled around Dick's hand, and the snow blotted it up in swift, red waves.

Everything went black before Stephen's eyes, and he heard Dick's voice loud and sharp through the thickening gloom:

"*Curse you, if you faint, I'll kill you!*"

Stephen did not faint. He opened his eyes in time to see Dick's fingers delving into the gushing wound. A curious thoughtful look, infinitely calm, came into his face as he searched: it was as though his eyes had turned inward and were looking out the ends of his finger tips. Presently his wrist grew taut.

"I've got it," he said. "Hand me the forceps—"

"The what—?" Stephen gasped.

"The forceps, man, the forceps! Those pincher-like things, and pick them up by the handle."

Clamping the artery, Dick drew it near the surface. Reaching for a ligature he deftly passed it around the artery and drew it tight. The hemorrhage was stopped. After he had


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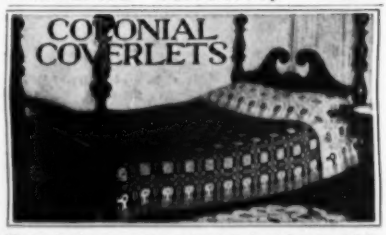


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## Lonesome River

the door of his own room did he open his hand and look at it.

Just as he thought, it was a small bone button from the sleeve of a man's coat. It had ripped off in his hand in the final tussle. When he found the mates of this button, he would no doubt find the thief.

Early the next morning he sauntered into the trading store. Breed Paul was behind the counter, his fleece-lined coat hung by the stove. If this dark-faced half-breed were last night's thief, he had worn some other garment. Both coat sleeves were made plain, without buttons of any kind.

While Dick considered this fact, Stephen came into the store, wearing his dark-red mackinaw. As he extended his right hand, Dick could not help seeing that the cuff was decorated with small bone buttons. There were three of them on this cuff, the right number. They appeared to be of the same color and size as the one Dick carried in his pocket.

His heart leaped, but he suspended judgment. Indeed, he almost threw the case out of court as too absurd to try. Buttons frequently look alike, and any way it was impossible— As yet he had no chance to glance at Stephen's left cuff.

"I suppose you heard about the attempted theft last night," Dick said easily.

"Yes. Doctor Foster told me about it when I dropped in to inquire about some stores. Well, it serves us all right for being so careless."

As he talked, he slipped off his coat and hung it beside Breed Paul's. The left sleeve hung free, and as Dick glanced at it, his eyes slowly narrowed, gleaming bright. Two buttons showed plain as a pike staff; the third was missing.

### XII

DICK lounged into the chair behind the stove.

His brain was cool and steady; the only sign of excitement visible in him was the persisting brilliance of his black eyes. Not much doubt remained now, but even of this he would give Stephen the benefit. Still suspending judgment, he watched his chance and compared the button in his pocket with those on the coat-sleeve. They were identical.

Well, he should have suspected it long since. He had realized from the first that Stephen was not only obsessed by greed, but was given to lying and sharp practice. How far he would go Dick had failed to perceive: it had not occurred to him that a man with such a plausible exterior would commit deliberate crime. Great God, how about himself! He, too, had a plausible exterior—damnably plausible, it seemed—yet it had not kept him from attempting one of the most wholesale and deliberate swindles in the history of Alaska. Anyway he should have remembered Stephen's deadliness on the hunting trails, and his resolute character, whereby he would take any risk or go any length to fulfill his desires. This man was no petty crook, but a spoiler of first rank. Dick should have read the truth in his strange, cold, three-cornered eyes.

It was evident now who was behind the whiskey-selling in the village. Now that this trade was temporarily restrained, Stephen had taken even a straighter road to riches by pilfering from the fur house. The more he took, the less there would be to divide with Dick in the final settlement. And perhaps he had begun to entertain vague doubts as to whether he would share in the spoil at all. Lately he had sensed a change in Molly's attitude, auguring no good.

Dick yawned, stretched, and swung over to the counter behind which Stephen stood.

"Who do you suppose pulled off that job last night?" Dick asked. "I'm inclined to think it was a white man."

"Of course it was a white man." Stephen continued to weigh tea, adding the totals in neatly written figures. "Some ex-burglar from the gold camp heard about the treasure and


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made a key to fit the lock. He probably intended to make occasional trips over here and get away with thirty thousand dollars' worth of fur. That is"—and Stephen looked up with a smile—"unless the whole thing was a frame, and you were pulling off the job yourself."

"By Jove, that sounds reasonable. The trouble is that I'm sure of half the fur anyway. Why should I take a risk like that?"

"No one is ever sure of anything. Besides, you might be in a hurry."

"It won't hold water, but it suggests another theory. Dick smiled sardonically. "You might be in a hurry, too, and you're skating on thin ice anyway. I should say that the thief was much more likely to be you."

Stephen laughed boyishly, with undoubted charm. "Yes, and look at this bruise on my cheek. I could have easily got it in the fracas last night."

Dick stared at the black-and-blue spot, unnoticed until now, on Stephen's cheek bone. "By the way, how *did* you get it."

"Figure it out for yourself, my lad. You can see it looks like a blow from your fist. If you are any good, you can make a first-rate case against me."

He laughed again and went back to his work. A cool customer, this Stephen Hathaway! Dick resumed his seat behind the stove.

What now? Should he report his discovery, of the truth of which no further doubt remained, to Foster and his daughter? Not while there was honor among thieves! The pot must not call the kettle black. He must not expose Stephen for the same crime he had himself tried to commit. But one thing was sure—the depot must be guarded in the future. And Molly must be guarded against a much more evil pillage. Whatever else happened, she must not marry this relentless, desperate criminal.

TO THIS latter end, he talked with Doctor Foster later in the day. They met in Doctor Foster's bedroom; last night's excitement had gone hard with the old physician, and he had decided to spend the day resting.

"I've been thinking over what you told me about Molly and Stephen," Dick began, "and I've made up my mind that they should break off at once. She doesn't love him, in the first place. In the second place, he's not worthy of her. I have watched him closely, and I believe I am a good judge of character."

"I believe you are, too, Dick," Foster agreed. "In this way, as well as many others, you are like a trained physician. I'm not a good example, myself. Most men in my profession acquire a remarkable insight into character, but I failed to catch on."

"Will you take my word for it that Stephen is unfit to marry Molly?"

"I will, Dick, although it goes hard with me. Would you mind telling me what you have against him?"

"Greed. That's the worst."

"I'm afraid that is true. I tried to shut my eyes to it, yet it has forced itself upon me."

"Moreover I don't think he loves Molly for her own sake. I don't mean that you should order him out of the house. Just tell him, the next time he asks you to speak for him to Molly, that you have decided against the match. And make the same thing clear to Molly."

After two hours' quiet thought, Foster decided Dick was right. Thank God, he had been made to see the light in time; his hungry heart and dim eyes had brought him to the brink of a near-tragedy. Looking back on his past relations with Stephen, he could recall many incidents that might have revealed the truth, had he not deliberately ignored them.

He called Molly to his bedside. "I have something to say to you—about Stephen."

The radiant smile died on the girl's lips. "I know what you are going to say. You want me to give Stephen a definite answer. Would you be bitterly disappointed—take it too hard—if I told him no?"

Foster smiled, shook his head, and drew his daughter's cheek down to his. "I've changed


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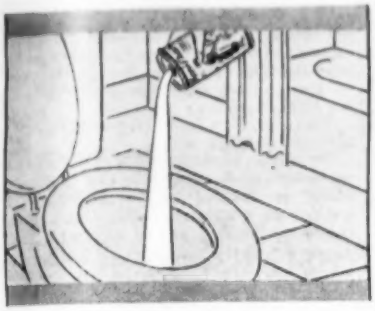

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## Lonesome River

my mind about Stephen," he told her quietly at last. "I won't take it too hard—in fact, I'd take it a whole lot harder if you accepted him."

She started and looked quickly into his face. "You mean it?"

"I do mean it. I don't want Stephen for my son-in-law. I'm ashamed that I put pressure on you as I did. As you can probably guess, it was Dick who showed me how wrong it was."

"But you are expressing your own views, not his?"

"My own, Molly girl. He just started me on the right track."

"I think his coming was a providence! It has all turned out so wonderfully that I feel almost afraid—as though there must be trouble waiting for us somewhere. But that's silly, of course . . . Dad, you've made me a mighty happy girl. I feel as though I'd just put down a heavy pack that I'd been carrying on my back for three long years."

WHEN Stephen came to Foster complaining of Molly's answer and asking the old doctor to use his influence with her, he shook his head firmly.

"It's for Molly to say. It's true I have encouraged you a long time, and urged her to encourage you, too, and if she has given you more cause to hope than you really had, it was my fault, not hers; but now I see things in a different light. It was a mistake from the first, Stephen. It was unjust to you, but far more unjust to her. I can't ask her to change her decision."

"You've certainly made a right-about-face," Stephen answered darkly. His odd, steely eyes kindled. "It's queer business, and I believe I see Dick's hand in it."

"I am speaking for myself, not for Dick. But let's be friends, Stephen, even if we can't be father and son. Don't say or do anything that we'd both be sorry about, later."

The youth's handsome face darkened wrathfully, but presently he seemed to get himself in hand. "I'm disappointed, but I'll try to make the best of it. And I hope, the same as you, that it won't make any difference in the friendship between you and me."

Foster beamed on the youth, almost regretting his decision.

"None in the world. And it's a fine upstanding way for you to take it too, Stephen. As long as you play the game square, I want you to continue here as trader, and perhaps go with the tribe when we head north next spring."

But would Doctor Foster ever make this journey? Stephen thought not. If the blue face and hollow eyes told the truth, the end of the winter would find him bound for a much farther country than the Endicott Divide. Stephen had never seen him look so ill. The night's excitement had almost precipitated a a crisis in his malady; another such night might easily put him in his grave.

Stephen must look to this. If he were to win the big game he had played so long, there was no more time to lose. Once the rich stakes lay in reach of his hands; now they were slipping away.

He announced that he would mush to town this afternoon to see friends and transact business for the trading store. Somewhat to his surprise, Dick expressed a wish to go, too. Stephen hesitated, regarding him with well-concealed suspicion. Always before he had taken trouble to avoid the gold camp, as though he had enemies there. Well, he did have enemies there, if he but knew it—various whiskey dealers and squaw men who hated him for the meddler he was. If they could get a safe, fair chance at him—

Stephen's triangular eyes lighted up. By all means Dick could accompany him to town. He might commit some indiscretion to give Stephen the upper hand, and in the long ride they might at least arrive at some understanding advantageous to them both.

Dick said he wanted a night out, but his real reasons for making the trip and running the

## Lonesome River

risk of meeting some one he knew, he did not reveal to Molly. One of them was to spy on Stephen. Dick argued that as Stephen's pilferings were now checked, he would take some more desperate way to win the spoil and would broach the plan to his confederates during his visit to the gold camp. However, this was not Dick's main purpose.

Doctor Foster had declined steadily, these last weeks. This fact was apparent even to Stephen, let alone to the trained eyes of a fellow physician. The excitement of the preceding night had aggravated his malady, and Dick believed that the only hope for him was a particularly difficult and dangerous operation. This, Dick himself could not perform. What did Richard Foster, a post-office clerk, know of scalpels and artery forceps and ligatures? But he could make inquiries at Moose Landing and find out what facilities were available for a winter trip to a hospital.

Both Stephen and himself had big order lists to fill, so they decided to go in separate sleds. Stephen drove his own powerful team; Dick engaged a young native named Black Cloud to drive Molly's team. They made a quick trip over the hard-packed trail and reached Moose Landing just after dark. Leaving Black Cloud staring at the wonders of civilization, Dick hunted up the deputy marshal, from whom he learned that there was no doctor, except a sort of handy-man, in the town. This fact, however, was of no special importance. No ordinary doctor or surgeon would dream of attempting the operation Foster needed, except in an absolute emergency. The marshal said further—and this was the crux of the matter—that if Foster could not wait till spring, he could go out to a hospital by airplane. A wireless message could be sent to Fairbanks, a fast plane dispatched for Lonesome River, and the old doctor could be in Skagway, ready to catch the steamer for Seattle, in six or seven hours' flight. Three days more, by good connections, could find him in one of the first-rate hospitals of the land.

If Foster would agree to the trip and was physically able to stand it, this might solve Dick's problem.

WHILE Dick was talking to the deputy, Stephen was sitting in the back room of Pete's Pleasure Palace in earnest conversation with no less than four of the most notorious characters in the town. One of them was Pete himself—a Sicilian who had followed nearly every stampede from the Klondike to Mayo, who had been charged with almost every crime in the calendar, and who had yet to spend his first day in jail. The other three were his understrappers—a Cockney known as Limejuice 'Arry, a Russian-Aleut quarterbreed called Black Koslof, and an enormous, blond-headed man who seemed to have no name at all, but was referred to simply as "Swede." To these Stephen told a story that made their hands clench and their eyes shine.

"I'm not telling you where it is, and you won't find it without my help, so don't try anything until I give you the word," Stephen said. "But you can believe me, it's just as rich as I say it is, and maybe richer. I get half—you fellows split half among you."

"Is it dust or money?" Swede demanded with an echo of Stephen's own greedy tone.

"I'm not saying. But I told you what it comes to."

"But what's the use of waiting?" Limejuice 'Arry demanded. "Why not tomorrow night as good as any time. I know why—because Mr. 'Athaway has got some other game 'e's going to try first."

It was significant that he, as well as Koslof and Swede, always referred to Stephen in this respectful way; only Pete called him by his first name.

"That's my affair, not yours." Stephen's three-cornered eyes bored into 'Arry's until the little, ratty gangster looked away. "You'll either trust me, or you don't come in on it at

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## Lonesome River

all." Then, relenting: "At present I have no other plan. If for any reason it becomes impractical, I'll let you know, and you won't lose anything but a little time. None of you have lost anything through me yet, and I don't intend to let you start now."

"That's so," Petro said, nodding. "Stephen has always treated us square."

"What about the fellow, Dick Foster?" Koslof demanded, in curious, foreign-sounding English. "He has interfered with our business so numerous times. First he puts finishing touches on the racket of whiskey. Now, as you say, he will make it difficult to do this venture. *Zut!* A rock should fall on him one time, and he will cause no more difficulty."

Limejuice 'Arry, always more like a mad coyote than a man, suddenly bit his lips. "What if he don't get 'ome tomorrow?" he asked hopefully. "There's always fellows 'unting in the woods: who can tell when one of 'em would mistake him for a deer?"

"Don't try anything so crude as that," Stephen said. "I'll be plain with you. I hate the fellow like a wolverine—he's done nothing but cause trouble from the first—but I won't have any killing."

The Sicilian's black eyes lighted as he smiled into Stephen's face. "You haf changed since ze beeg fight over the fishtrap at Ketchikan," he remarked in gentle tones. "There was a man or two killed then, I remember. But you are right—there shall be no killing. But who can tell when there will be an accident and your friend get shot in the leg? That would be a warning to him, maybe, and would lie him up for a few days out of the way."

"I don't want anything to do with it."

"You will not, my friend. But if the Deputy Marshal investigate, some day, you will testify it wass an Indian who lay by the trail and escape. It would be a beeg joke to have Foster's so precious Indians, who must not buy whiskey, take a pot-shot at his own son."

"It would be a joke—a mighty good joke. But I repeat, I don't want anything to do with it."

Shortly afterward the conference broke up. Stephen sought amusement according to his taste; Dick and his Indian friend saw a few of the sights, won a few dollars in Pete's games of chance, danced a few times—Dick handled this alone, while Black Cloud looked on in speechless admiration—with the laughing girls of the hall, and went to bed. Shortly after breakfast the party started back for Lonesome River.

ALL three mushed in silence. Dick was thinking of all that had happened since the last time he had taken the out-bound trail—dramatic and perilous events, and white magic that had moved his heart and soul. And there was a long way still to go. He had not even come in sight of the dim towers of fulfillment. The path was dark.

Stephen seemed self-absorbed. Once when they met at a difficult place in the trail, Dick thought that his face showed signs of suppressed excitement. He cursed his dogs, as though his nerves were on edge. Black Cloud appeared to be unusually alert, as though he were hunting game. His gaze darted from side to side.

This vigilance became so apparent as the journey progressed that it began to affect Dick. A queer nervousness took him; he, too, watched the thickets beside the trail. He was surprised to find that his body remained constantly poised and set for sudden, violent action, his muscles springy but not flexed, his senses preternaturally sharp.

"What's the matter, Black Cloud?" he demanded at last impatiently. "You're making me jumpy as an old woman. What are you looking for?"

"Black Cloud, he look for trouble."

"But why? Has anything happened?"

"Black Cloud, he don't know why. He feel scared. Something—he not know what—all wrong."


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Dick decided this was nonsense. Deliberately he made himself relax, and directed his thoughts into other channels. But Black Cloud continued to keep watch—and for this Dick could thank his lucky stars.

The native's eyes were not so clear and true as Dick's own, but they were trained to the flicking, changing shadows of the woods. They could catch instantly the little variance of light between a natural drift and a white mound under which a ptarmigan was hiding. Particularly they could distinguish between the bejeweled gleam of sunlit snow and the swift, refracted glimmer of a gun barrel. It was this latter faculty that saved Dick from serious injury, if not from death.

Suddenly his voice cracked through the silence, "*Look out!*"

DICK did not stop to question, nor did he try to locate the danger. Actually he did not even stop to think, but leaped to one side before any thought had time to move in his brain. At the same instant Black Cloud came bounding toward him, yelling and pointing toward the thick woods at the right of the trail.

Just why Black Cloud made this leap would remain forever a mystery. He himself could not explain it. Did he mean to shield Dick's body with his own? Possibly so; no man has yet fathomed the inscrutable Indian mind. Perhaps he wanted Dick's protection. More likely, he wanted to stand beside Dick, shoulder to shoulder, and help him combat the danger.

Just as he reached Dick's side, a rifle roared sixty yards distant in the woods. Black Cloud grunted like a man hit in the body with a stone, and seemed to stumble. He went down in a curious huddle in the snow.

Dick knew instantly that the bullet was meant for him. Fury swept through him, the most terrible he had ever known. The attack was so cowardly, so venomous, and his innocent companion had fallen a victim in the reddening snow. It did not occur to him to lie flat and lessen the danger of a second bullet: he could not even think of danger.

He began to fight back like a cornered wolf. The report had hardly echoed before he snatched his pistol from its holster and opened fire at a movement in the brush.

His face was livid. The fleshy purses beneath his eyes swelled and turned dark, so that the eyes themselves looked like little, thin crescents of steel. Yet this fury did not affect his shooting. The range was long for a pistol, but so steady was his hand and so deadly his aim that the bullets slashed the brush just beside his foe's body.

This fact went hard with the ambusher. He knew that Dick carried no rifle, so he had anticipated no resistance of any kind. He was a coward, of course, and the whizzing, snapping pistol bullets disturbed the aim of his second shot. The lead flew wide—but the answering shots came whizzing nearer.

He could not face them. His coward's soul began to whimper within him. He slipped out behind his ambush and sped away through the thickets.

Dick's first impulse was to follow him and bring the fight to close quarters among the snow-laden trees. In this case, he would probably die with a rifle bullet through his heart. A pistol has never the range nor the killing power of a big-game rifle. His enemy could lie in wait for him in the thickets, and fire at a safe distance. Yet in spite of these opposing odds, he firmly believed that he would return alive, and it would be a meaner form than his left breathless in the snow. He would hunt the man down in the silent, white glades. The creature's cowardice would betray him in the end, and there would be an empty chair tonight in the anteroom of Pete's Pleasure Palace.

But all this was conjecture. Dick could not leave the scene. At his feet lay a wounded man demanding immediate attention. And now Stephen came running up and diverted the straight course of events.

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In using advertisements see page 6

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## Lonesome River

"What the devil has happened?"

"Some one shot at me and hit Black Cloud."

"Is he dead?"

"You can hear him breathe, can't you?" Dick spoke between his teeth. "Get out my doctor's kit."

The term had slipped out unawares: he had meant to say his first-aid kit. Well, it was too late to call it back, and anyway Stephen's excitement would keep him from catching on . . . It was hard enough to remember his part at ordinary times—to keep hidden the doctor dwelling in his heart and brain, the doctor's words at his lips and skill in his fingers—let alone in moments like this. His job lay before him. It called him with a voice a thousand times as strong as the voice of caution, of self-interest. From the counterfeit body of Richard Foster, Doctor Dick Grant was emerging, and he could not keep back.

Yet he *must* keep back. There stood Stephen, watching, waiting. What mercy could Dick expect from him, if once he showed his hand? It would mean ruin—a disaster of such scope that Dick himself could not comprehend it all.

HE KNEELED down beside the injured man and, loosening his clothes, examined his wound. Apparently the ambusher had shot very badly, or else he had deliberately held low. The bullet had entered the very bottom of the abdominal cavity, from the front, and had passed completely through his body. Apparently it had struck no bones, and it was entirely possible, even likely, that it had not perforated the intestine. If this were so, the injured man and Dick, too, could be saved. Black Cloud could be brought home and put under Doctor Foster's care, and Dick need not show his hand.

Perhaps he would be spared what threatened to be the most stringent moral crisis that had ever come into his life. His eyes kindled with hope.

Glancing toward Black Cloud's face, his eyes narrowed. He had anticipated the Indian's marked pallor beneath his pigment, but his blank and stricken look, the complete voiding of all that was vital in his countenance, startled the doctor deeply. No doubt the man was in shock. Whether this was a mere nervous reaction without any sinister significance, or whether it was the result of some serious organic injury, was a vital question. As yet he did not know the answer, but he intended to find it.

He took the brown hand in his own. The pulse was weak and fast. Moreover it grew perceptibly weaker and faster in the moment that he held it. He lowered his head to the broad, brown breast, then listened to the man's fast, troubled breathing.

Suddenly he knew. The bullet had nicked the external iliac artery. The man was dying of internal bleeding before his eyes.

The crisis had come, after all, to both of them—a physical crisis to Black Cloud, a tremendous moral one to himself. If he operated at once, he might save the man's life; if he deliberated even for five minutes, the man would certainly die.

"*Stop that hemorrhage!*" So clear from the empty air came this peremptory command that Dick could hardly believe it was only a trick of his imagination. Always, always he had been taught to pick up the artery, to tie the broken vein. It was not just a well-learned habit of mind, but second nature. The precious stream of life must not flow in waste.

This was the first law of his being—to pick up the artery, to tie the vein. Whenever he had operated, every fresh stroke of his scalpel severed some little channel of the river of life, and always he had to stop and dam it up before he could continue. There was no escape from this law. Human life must be saved—it must not waste away in a crimson flood. How could he resist a force like this?

If it were any other kind of crisis, he could

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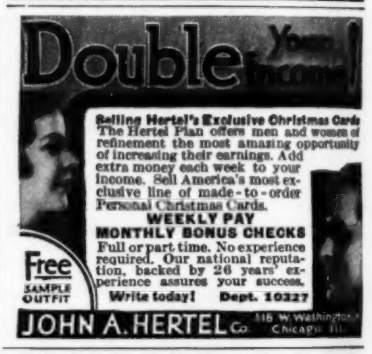
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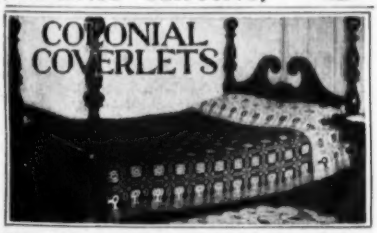


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stand off. To most surgical cases there are many angles—the treatment is a matter of the surgeon's judgment. Whether to operate at all or to let nature do her own work of repairs—whether to go ahead now or to wait until the patient is stronger—whether to cut deep and remove the source of the trouble, or to trim and patch—all these questions arise for the surgeon to answer by the light of his judgment, his learning, and the help of God. If this were true today, he could beg the question, postpone the issue, and save himself from disaster. His honest doubts as to the proper treatment would justify him in doing what his hopes and fears urged him to do—to give the man first aid, keep his doctor's hand concealed from Stephen's watchful gaze, and turn the patient over to Doctor Foster. He could not operate to advantage on this snowy trail. Even if Black Cloud had sustained an intestinal perforation, it might be best to carry him on to Doctor Foster's table, where there was proper and sufficient equipment for successful surgery.

But this case today was not a perforation, but a severed artery. It did not require the exercise of his judgment, only the work of his hand. *Stop that hemorrhage!* It was the voice of Richard Grant, physician and surgeon, shouting in the ears of the false Richard Foster.

Black Cloud meant little to him. Dick had not known him by sight until yesterday. Personally, as a man rather than a doctor, he still harbored doubts as to the great value and importance of one Indian's life. But he *was* a doctor, whether he liked it or not. It was not for him to judge what life was or was not worth saving; his business was to save it at any cost.

Could he bribe Stephen to silence? Possibly. But even if Molly herself was standing here, he could not hold back on an open-and-shut case like this. *Stop that hemorrhage!* The order had come, and he must obey.

HIS decision did not take a second's time. With one movement he drew the injured man out of the trail into the unsullied snow beyond.

"Kneel down here, and do just what I tell you," he told Stephen.

He spoke quietly, rapidly, in an authoritative tone which certain internes in a Seattle hospital might still recognize. Stephen started, and made as if to protest. But when he saw the shine in Dick's black eyes, and the curious, still passion in his face, his brows flew up, and he came quickly.

There was no time to boil instruments, not even time to mix an antiseptic solution to dip them in. Dick poured tools and equipment out of his case into the pure snow beside the trail and slipped on rubber gloves. Taking a scalpel lightly in his hand, he made the first strong, steady stroke.

When Stephen saw the brown flesh part clean beneath the blade, his eyes popped forward in their sockets. But this shock was nothing to what he sustained a moment later. As Dick's knife moved swiftly through the abdominal wall, there was a sudden geyser of crimson. It boiled around Dick's hand, and the snow blotted it up in swift, red waves.

Everything went black before Stephen's eyes, and he heard Dick's voice loud and sharp through the thickening gloom:

*"Curse you, if you faint, I'll kill you!"*

Stephen did not faint. He opened his eyes in time to see Dick's fingers delving into the gushing wound. A curious thoughtful look, infinitely calm, came into his face as he searched: it was as though his eyes had turned inward and were looking out the ends of his finger tips. Presently his wrist grew taut.

"I've got it," he said. "Hand me the forceps—"

"The what—?" Stephen gasped.

"The forceps, man, the forceps! Those pincher-like things, and pick them up by the handle."

Clamping the artery, Dick drew it near the surface. Reaching for a ligature he deftly passed it around the artery and drew it tight.

The hemorrhage was stopped. After he had

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**Kitchen Bouquet**

**The Chef's Flavoring for Home Cooking**


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# "When the Doctor Said 'Castor Oil'

*I knew I was in for trouble"*

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It was easy enough for the doctor to say that—he didn't have to *give* Billy the oil! Billy is only six, but he could put up the battle of six marines against castor oil.

So I replied, "All right Doctor, just wait here. I'll get the oil and *you* give it to Billy." When I handed him the bottle he just looked. "Why," he said, "no wonder the child objects—you're still giving him the old-fashioned stuff. Castor oil today is made *tasteless!* Send out for a bottle of Kellogg's Tasteless". . .

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## Lonesome River

tied the smaller vessels he had cut, he dried the cavity with sponges; then disinfected the wound as well as he could with alcohol. His fingers flew. Black Cloud was still in shock, and unless he were brought out of it quickly, he might not emerge at all.

Finally Dick took needle and gut and sewed up the incision. In his face was a look of triumph: he believed that his rough and ready surgery had saved Black Cloud's life.

Once more he tried the patient's pulse. It seemed somewhat stronger already. To make assurance doubly sure, he inserted his hypodermic needle in Black Cloud's arm and administered a powerful stimulant. Still crouching beside the supine figure, he waited for the drug to take hold.

Black Cloud opened his eyes and gazed fixedly at the doctor. His dead look passed away; his lips moved. "Me die?" he asked at last.

"Not by a long shot."

"You fix me?"

"The best I could, old chap. Now be as quiet as you can. We're going to carry you and put you on one of the sleds."

Still blankly staring, Stephen lent his strong back to this task. At the other's direction he wrapped his mackinaw about Black Cloud's body. Then the two white men stood facing each other across the sled.

Stephen shook his head like a man trying to rouse himself from sleep. His open mouth slowly closed; his eyes resumed their odd three-cornered shape and hard, gray light. No doubt he was getting himself in hand. His cunning brain, dulled for a time by horror and amazement, began to make sense of what was at first a baffling and incredible situation. His lips began to form a question.

"Well?" Dick encouraged him. He spoke tensely.

"Mighty lucky you happened to have that doctor's kit with you."

"I always carry it. Never can tell when some one's going to take a shot at me from the bushes."

Stephen searched the pale, still face. "You're mighty handy with that little knife. I suppose you got your practice opening dead letters in the postoffice where you worked."

If this were deliberate wit and not mere clumsy sarcasm, it was keener than Stephen usually achieved, perhaps the most grim jest Dick had ever heard. But Dick's mood was grim, too, and he answered in the same vein.

"Not dead *letters*. Nor in a postoffice, either."

"And you're skilful with the needle and thread, too. I suppose you learned that patching your own clothes, when you used to be so poor."

"Wrong again." Then, to see what Stephen would say, rather than with the slightest hope of saving the situation, "What I did today was just a little first aid."

A startling change now came over Stephen. His menacing look passed away; his chest expanded, his head went up, and he seemed to drop a heavy burden from his shoulders. As Dick's stock went down, his own would rise. Fortune, flitting from him, had flown to his hands once more. The future was bright.

"First aid!" he exploded. "You must think I'm the blindest fool in Alaska. That was surgery, better than Foster could do himself. You're a doctor."

A dazzling smile flashed briefly over Dick's pale face. "By God, I am!" he agreed.

### CHAPTER XXII

STEPHEN walked to his sled and picked up his rifle. During the rest of the talk he held it carelessly in his hand. The action amused Dick, yet he rather admired Stephen for his caution. Naturally he did not know how the impostor would take his now inevitable exposure.

"You're a doctor, and that means you're a fake," Stephen said.


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Dick did not look at him, but bent and examined the injured man on the sled. He straightened at last. "I suppose that's more or less obvious."

"I don't know what your name is, but it isn't Richard Foster. You are no more Richard Foster than I am."

"All right. What about it?"

"Plenty about it, and don't you forget it. Where is young Foster? Is he dead?"

"Yes, he's dead."

"And you killed him. I think it's plain enough now." Then, guessing shrewdly: "A doctor has plenty of chances to get a man's confidence. Foster confided in you about this proposition up here, and you gave him a few extra drops of morphine. I always said doctors were the worst crooks in the world."

"Not all of them, Steve." Dick's air of confidence startled his companion and gave him pause. "And you're drawing on your imagination about the extra drops of morphine. I tried my best to save Foster's life. You can believe that if you want to; if you don't want to, don't. It doesn't make the slightest difference to me."

Stephen believed him, much against his own desires. "Anyway, you're a crook. You came up here to grab off half of those furs. Well, you won't get them."

"You are going to protect Molly's interests, are you? She shall have the whole lot, and when you marry her—"

"That's my affair, not yours. You're out of it. If you had helped me with her, I might have saved you, but you've worked against me from the first, and now I've got you right. I'll tell Molly the truth soon as I get home."

"And she'll probably be so grateful that she'll change her mind about engaging herself to you. Is that what you think?"

IT WAS precisely what Stephen did think, and not without cause. Molly had poured out her love on Dick; when she learned that he was unworthy—that he had betrayed her brother and laid him in a grave under a false name—she would seek solace in Stephen's arms. He believed that Dick alone had taken her away from him.

"You're a cool hand to dare to make inquiries about Molly and me. You don't seem to get it through your head that your game is absolutely up. You'll be lucky if you don't land in the jail down to Juneau for trying to obtain money under false pretences. In any case you'll be barred from medical practice for the rest of your natural life."

Dick smiled quietly. "Neither one, Steve."

"Don't call me Steve. You'd better be mighty respectful to me. I suppose you think Molly will let you off easy."

"No, Molly won't even hear about it."

"She won't?" Stephen glanced quickly into Dick's face, but he could not interpret its calm half-smile. For the first time since the revelation, he began to feel vaguely uneasy. "You fool, didn't you hear me say I am going to tell her?"

"I heard you say so, but that doesn't make it so."

"You think I'll have mercy on you?"

"Steve, if I had to count on mercy from you, I'd be in a bad way. I saw your kind of mercy today."

Stephen's three-cornered eyes opened wide. "What do you mean?"

"Shut up and listen to me!" The smile shot out of Dick's mouth, leaving it straight and hard, and a sinister shine was in his eyes. "You're not going to tell Molly what you saw today, and you haven't a dog's chance of marrying her. You've played your card, and I call it. Do you know what I have in my pocket?"

"No. And don't you—"

"I have a button off the sleeve of your mackinaw."

"Well, what about it?"

"It came off in my hand the night you tried to rob the fur house."

Stephen did not speak at once. A strange,

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WHAT would you do to help your children in their schoolwork if someone gave you a check that you could fill in for any amount, and also gave you the help of the world's best educators?

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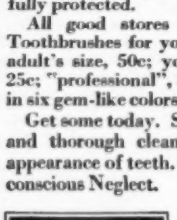

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## Lonesome River

speculative look came into his queer eyes, cold, cruel, lethal. Dick watched him like a cat. Once or twice before he had seen this look when they had hunted together in the white forest. It could mean only one thing—that he was sizing up a target. A quick and certain way out of this present difficulty had occurred to his mind.

But it was only a fleeting impulse at the worst. The danger was too great in more ways than one. In the first place, Dick was an unknown quantity in a gun fight. Stephen did not trust that slim, deft hand; it was too fast, too steady. He was not without physical courage of a sort, but by the time he swung forward his rifle, his foe's pistol might be out and cracking. If Dick could wield it as handily as his knife—

Anyway there was no need for such desperate measures. His cards were still stronger than Dick's; he would play him trump for trump. Only fools like Limejuice 'Arry resorted to gun fire, and it almost never paid. Stephen himself would trust to the cunning of his brain.

"What's a button?" he demanded. "You can't indict a man on that."

AS SOON as these words were out of his mouth, he regretted them. They were true enough—Dick's case was flimsy at best. He could easily be exposed as an impostor; then his unsupported word would carry little weight against Stephen. But it would serve Stephen's purpose better for Dick to feel secure. Certainly Dick would not expose him unless forced to do so: he had everything to lose and nothing to gain. He must be induced to believe that his foe was afraid of him; then Stephen could get in the first blow.

The deadly look passed from Stephen's face, and he smiled with frank charm. "We're a great pair, aren't we?"

Dick's breath went out in a gasp of relief. This man-to-man attitude was just what he desired. Was Stephen so blind as to fail to see the weakness of Dick's position? Evidently—and now Dick could hope again.

How he hated to treat with this man! It seemed to grind dirt into his very soul. But there was no way out of it now. Stephen must be silenced, not merely for the present, but permanently, at almost any cost of self-respect. When Dick disappeared from the scene, he must contrive to take Stephen with him, or else put such a threat of exposure upon him that he would never dare reveal the truth.

"Birds of a feather," he commented in Stephen's own frank tone.

"A fine pair of crooks, if ever was," Stephen went on. "Our methods were different, but we had the same goal in view—a quarter of a million in furs. Well, Dick, we'll play the game. You won't make trouble for me—I won't expose you."

Dick repressed the shudder that ran over his frame. "Honor among thieves! I hope you'll keep that agreement as honestly as I shall!"

"Don't worry. I can be square with a pal." His strange eyes had a crafty shine. "There's one favor I'd like to ask."

"What's that?"

"Say a good word for me to Molly. She thinks the world of you and takes everything you say as law. She's rather turned against me lately, but if you'll help me out, she'll come around all right."

Hemlock was in Dick's cup and ashes in his mouth. Yet he dared not answer this insolence as it should be answered: he must side-step still. "I don't see how I can help you. She decides such matters for herself. But I'll think it over and see what I can do. And in the meantime you must agree to cut out all whiskey selling in the village. It's bound to get you in trouble and spoil the whole show."

"I'll agree to that, but don't forget that I'm counting on you to help me with Molly. She'll do anything you ask. She thinks you're the

fount of wisdom, not to mention the soul of truth and honor and square dealing." A sneering smile, utterly malicious, touched Stephen's lips. "And what a shock it would be to her if she ever found out the truth!"

How would they prevent Molly and Doctor Foster from discovering Black Cloud's injury? If Foster saw the wound, he would instantly recognize the handiwork of an experienced surgeon. But Stephen could handle this. Black Cloud would be left with a family of his own totem, two miles from the village. They were to be enjoined never to touch the bandages, and by playing on their superstitions Stephen could frighten them into silence regarding the whole affair.

"All I have to do is tell them that this is big medicine, and if they tell a soul about it, or let it out that he has been injured, or if he shows the scar to any one before twelve moons, the wound will open, and he will fall over dead. By that time Molly and I will be married, and the old man will be where he can't make you any trouble, either up to the new reservation, or—nine chances out of ten—in his grave."

"Can you manage it all right? You know I must go over from time to time to dress the wound."

"Can I? I can scare these red men into walking on their heads. The old man thinks that he's the boss of the tribe, but I've got the whole outfit, from Chief Strongheart down to the last *klooch* (unmarried girl), wrapped right around my finger, while the old man sits doddering in his chair. Of course, you can't expect anything else. He's getting childish and has lost his grip. Otherwise he wouldn't let you take him in, and swallow hook, bait, and sinker, the way he does."

"I wouldn't say that." Dick spoke in low, dull tones. "You were taken in, too, you know."

"Of course I was. What did I know about Richard Foster that I could check up on you? But even so, I had a feeling that there was something wrong somewhere, and it was only a matter of time till I'd caught you. If the old man had had his wits about him, he would have had you up a tree in a minute."

"It isn't a matter of wits. His mind is still keen, and there are years of good work in him yet, if he can just get well. He was easy to deceive because he was so lonesome for his son, or for some one to be a son to him." Then, with cold recklessness, "That was what saved you, too."

STEPHEN'S handsome face darkened with pleasure. "Speaking of the old man's sickness—it must make you feel pretty sick yourself. Here you are, an expert surgeon, and yet you'll watch him die before your eyes just to save your own skin. I've done some pretty raw things in my life, but I don't believe I could do that."

Dick could make no adequate answer to this charge. False and malicious though it was, still it contained enough truth to flush his cheeks. "I'm doing what I can, short of showing my hand. It's doubtful if an operation is practical in his case. Anyway, it can be performed much better in Seattle, or across the continent."

"Well, it's a good excuse, anyway." Stephen gave him a leering grin. "We won't quarrel about that: you play your game, and I'll play mine. But I wouldn't be in a hurry about shipping the old man out. Doctors are crooks—you know that better than I do—and they'll take a lot of his money, give him pain and trouble, and kill him all the quicker."

Dick hardly heard this last. Though his pride was shaken, it was still strong enough to hold beneath contempt such heartless and calculated hypocrisy. But he could not ignore the leering comment Stephen had just made. *"It's a good excuse, anyway."* The words would ranKle forever.

Was this true? Heaven forbid! Even so, he must keep to his course and pin his faith on it to the last. Every other path led to Gehenna,

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## Lonesome River

for his body and soul. He believed he had reached his peak. Further and higher he could not go: the power was not in him.

WHEN they drove into the Indian village, Molly hurried out to meet them. Dressed in her white furs, she seemed to Dick's haunted mind a veritable spirit of the snow, light of feet as the flurries on the wind, pure and unsullied as the trackless drifts in the hallowed woodland. It was nearly midnight, and the magic of the Northern Lights woke the charmed forest from its trance.

The solemn shadows of the trees leaped and danced. Far vistas of unworldly beauty flickered to the sight. The snow-lights ebbed and flowed, blue as heaven, red as hell. Amid this weird carnival she seemed as intangible, as hard to catch and hold, as the lambent flame in the sky. Yet Dick wanted and needed her as never before. Her long eyes were abrim with the love-light; her full lips curled in a dim, sweet smile.

She ran to Dick and threw her slim arms about him. When their lips met, a thrill shot over him almost too intense to conceal. He wanted to fold her in his arms, crush her slim body against his, but he remembered in time and let her go.

"How I've missed you, Dick! It's so lonesome here without you. I can't ever let you go again."

Behind his shoulder Dick heard Stephen utter a throaty, grunting sound. In the faint light his face showed scowling.

"You're very fond of your brother, aren't you, Molly?" he asked in a strained, hard voice.

"I adore him, Stephen. I know he's the most wonderful brother in the world. And I like you, too, for bringing him back to me."

From sheer joy in Dick's return she forgot to take any further notice of Stephen. Leaving him fuming with jealousy and rage, she linked her arm in Dick's and led him to the house. Not all her news was good. Her father had had a particularly bad day. She thought that he was carrying a low fever.

"The main reason I went to Lonesome River was to see what could be done about father's sickness," Dick told her. "I'll tell you all about it later."

"I thought that was why you had gone. You're always so thoughtful, Dick—such a wonderful son to him."

"Don't say that." Dick's tone was bitter. "But God knows I do the best I can."

At Dick's request Molly sent for Stephen and invited him to share in the midnight supper she had prepared for the late-comer. Immediately after, Stephen made an opportunity to see Molly alone.

"Dear, have you had a chance to talk to Dick since he got back?"

"No."

"I want you to." Stephen spoke earnestly, looking into Molly's eyes. "We got better acquainted on this trip, and he thinks you ought to give me another chance. He knows it is for you to decide, but since he turned you against me in the first place, he thinks that now he has changed his mind about me, you might change yours, too."

"He didn't turn me against you, Stephen. No one has. I'm *not* against you—I just don't love you in this way."

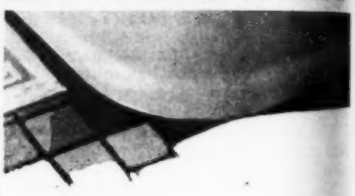
"But you'll listen to Dick, won't you?"

"Of course. Now you must go, because it's late."

Molly was greatly puzzled. Could it be that Dick had been won over to Stephen's cause? If not, why had he asked her to include Stephen in their midnight supper? Dick was a keen judge of men: perhaps her father had been right all the time, and she was wrong.

Yet she felt sharp disappointment. She wanted Dick to take her side against Stephen; otherwise all her trouble might commence again. Perhaps a strange, unaccountable jealousy tormented her, too. She did not want Dick to try to marry her off, but wanted him to

BATHASWEET



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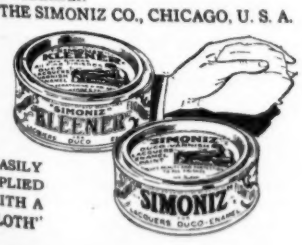


"EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH"

be equally jealous. It was silly, almost wicked, for her to feel this way about her own brother, but she couldn't help it.

In any event she would not yield. She would not marry Stephen if Dick and her father and the whole tribe begged her to. This was her final decision.

When she met Dick in the upper hall, she slipped her arm about his neck and laid her cheek against his. She did not know why his heart leaped so wildly against her own.

"Dick, is it true that you want me to marry Stephen?"

"God forbid!" His tone rang in the hushed hallway.

"He told me you did. He said that you had changed your mind about him, and that I was to ask you about it."

"I haven't changed my mind about him. I would sooner see you dead than married to Stephen, and that isn't just talk, but the plain truth. It's true I begged the question today on the trail. There were some circumstances involved—anyway, I didn't have courage to tell him no. I may have left the impression with him that I would speak to you. But don't give it a thought. I wouldn't have you marry Stephen, no matter what happens to me."

The girl sprang back and looked at him with wide eyes.

"What do you mean? What *could* happen to you?"

"Nothing worth bothering about. I was just making my point. When he comes to you again, tell him definitely no. I'd rather you wouldn't involve me, if you can help it. Tell him that you have made up your mind for yourself, and your brother has nothing to say about it."

Molly nodded, overjoyed that her worries had come to naught, but a little dismayed at Dick's hedging. Her creed was courage. She could not tolerate its lack. Yet she could not fail to see that Dick was reluctant to antagonize Stephen. This fact bore out her contention that her suitor was a strong man—unaccountably and ominously strong. Well, it was *Dick's affair, not hers. He was only her* brother, not her lover.

She kissed him tenderly and went to her room.

IN HIS own room Dick lay wakeful for many weary hours. His thoughts circled far, but the beginning and the end were always one question: Would Stephen keep his bargain?

At last he decided that for the present he was safe. Stephen had apparently failed to see how weak Dick's position was, and before he had time to think it over, Dick could probably find a way to put further pressure upon him. Of course, this pressure must be nothing more or less than fear. No other force could move Stephen an inch. Dick must find indisputable evidence of Stephen's filching and whiskey-running and hold it like a club over his head.

In the meantime Stephen's own cunning brain was busy. He rose early and intercepted Molly in her morning walk along the frozen river. They paused under the snow-laden trees.

"Did you talk to Dick last night?"

Molly's heart leaped with a sharp, inexplicable fear. Yet it passed away, and scorn took its place, when she looked straight into Stephen's hard, calculating eyes. Why had she ever treated with this man? Let her father and Dick conciliate him if they must; she had temporized for the last time. He could know, once and for all, where she stood. Nor would she soften her words: he did not deserve her pity, but rather the sting of her hand on his face. Her long eyes lit dangerously.

"Yes, I talked to him," she answered at last in a low voice.

"Didn't he ask you to change your mind about me?"

"He has nothing to do with my affairs with you. It is for me to decide, and I've already told you my decision. I'm not going to marry you. I don't love you, and I wish you wouldn't bring up the matter again."

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# Lonesome River

"That's all right. What I want to know is whether he spoke for me. Well, I know now he didn't. If he had, you wouldn't have taken this tone." Stephen's rugged face darkened with anger. "He cheated me, just as he's cheating you, and he'll pay for it."

Her cheeks began to blaze. "What do you mean? If you dare try to do anything to him—"

"He'll try to get out of it," Stephen went on, unheeding. "He'll probably make up some lie to discredit me. But I've got the goods on him and can prove every word I say. I'm going to tell the truth about this crook that you trust and love so much."

"Oh, I won't listen to you." Molly was trembling from head to foot. "Don't you dare say anything against my brother!"

"Your brother!" The three-cornered eyes lighted with malice. "*Your brother*," he repeated in rage and hate. "He's no more your brother than I am, but a fake who came up here to steal."

*(To be continued)*

# Cooking Fresh Fruits

*(Continued from page 93)*

sugar, cover, and simmer gently until the apples are tender. Then force the apples through a sieve or colander and serve hot or cold. If preferred, they may be peeled before cooking. Serves 6.

As an accompaniment to the meat course, *Sautéed Apple Rings* are particularly tasty. Core and cut three firm, tart apples crosswise into slices ¼ to ½" thick. Heat about 3 tablespoonfuls fat or oil in a frying pan, and cook the apple slices very slowly until brown on both sides—this will take from 5 to 10 minutes. Serves 6.

### Pears

Pears are most plentiful during the autumn months and are delicious cooked either as a breakfast fruit or as a dessert. In baking pears, the skins may be removed or left on, and the fruit cooked whole or cut in halves. Wash and core six large, firm pears, cut in halves or not, as preferred, and arrange in a buttered baking dish. Fill the cavity of each with 1 teaspoonful of sugar, insert a thin wedge of sliced lemon, top with ½ teaspoonful of butter, and add a sirup made by boiling 1 cupful granulated sugar and 1 cupful of water together for 6 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven of 350° F. until tender when tested with a fork—from 1½ to 2 hours—basting frequently with the sirup. With small pears or pears cut in halves, the baking dish may be covered during the baking time period—and the cooking time period shortened somewhat. Serve hot or cold as a dessert, with or without cream, or as a breakfast fruit. Baked halves of pears are also most tempting with such meats as ham, sausage, and the like.

*Stewed Fresh Fruits*, properly cooked and served, are truly luscious—but there is a right way of cooking them. Too often the fruit is allowed to become over-tender and thus loses its attractive appearance. Such fruits as apples, pears, plums, peaches, and fresh figs can all be stewed in the same way. Wash the fruit; in the case of apples or pears, pare, core, and cut them in halves, quarters, or eighths. With peaches, and apricots, peel, stone, and cut them in halves or in slices. With plums, stone and cut them in halves or eighths. With figs, halve or quarter them. Then arrange the fruit in a saucepan and cover it with a sirup made by combining sugar and water in the proportions of 1 cupful sugar to 2 cupfuls water, and cooking 2 minutes. Simmer gently until the fruit is tender. Then remove the fruit to a serving dish. Taste the sirup, and if not sweet enough, add more sugar and heat until it dissolves, stirring constantly. Pour over the fruit and chill to serve. Berries of all kinds may be cooked in the same way.

*Fresh Fruit Compote* is really glorified stewed fruit and is even more tempting. Apples, quinces, plums, peaches, pineapples, fresh prunes, and apricots, as well as any of the small berries, can be cooked in this way. Apples and quinces should be pared, cored, and sliced; peaches and apricots should be peeled, halved, and stoned; plums and fresh prunes should be stoned and halved; pineapples pared, cored, and cut in edible pieces, and the berries carefully washed before they are cooked. Meanwhile prepare a sirup by boiling 1 cupful sugar and 2 cupfuls water together for 8 minutes. Add enough of the cut fruit to cover the surface of the sirup and simmer very gently until it is tender and transparent. Remove to a serving dish, then repeat the same process until all the fruit is cooked. Pour over the fruit the sirup which is left, chill thoroughly, and serve. As the acidity of fruits varies, it may be necessary in some instances to increase the proportion of sugar in the sirup, given above. By way of variety it is often pleasing to prepare a mixed compote of fruits—for example, apples and quinces; plums and pears; peaches and pears, etc. Such combinations can be prepared by cooking first one fruit and then the other in the same sirup, as directed above.

*Sautéed Peaches* are delicate in flavor, particularly when served with meats or fish. Pare, stone, and cut the peaches into quarters. Sprinkle lightly with salt and flour and sauté in hot fat or oil in a frying pan until they are tender.

For *Baked Peaches* to be served as dessert, peel, cut in halves, and stone the desired number of peaches. Arrange in a shallow pan and fill each peach cavity with 1 teaspoonful of sugar, ½ teaspoonful butter, a few drops of lemon juice, and a slight grating of nutmeg. Bake in a moderate oven of 350° F. for 20 minutes or until tender. Serve hot or cold, either with or without cream.

### Oranges

That the use of oranges in everyday meals is becoming more widespread is not surprising in view of their importance as a source of vitamin C. Served fresh, their uses are many. However, few housekeepers know how delicious *Baked Oranges* are as an accompaniment to meats and fish. To prepare them, slightly grate the skin of six whole oranges. Then boil them 30 minutes in boiling water to cover, and cool. Next cut a slice from the blossom end of each orange and remove the core. Crowd into the center of each 1 teaspoonful of butter and 1 tablespoonful of sugar. Arrange in a buttered, covered baking dish and fill the dish two-thirds full of water. Cover. Place in a moderate oven of 375° F. and bake about 90 minutes, or until the oranges are tender. Serve hot or cold. If preferred, the oranges, after boiling 30 minutes, may be baked in a sugar sirup made by boiling 3 cupfuls of water and 1½ cupfuls sugar together for 8 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven of 375° F. for 90 minutes or until tender, basting frequently with the sugar sirup. A sauce may be made from the remaining sirup.

The season for fresh fall fruits is a fleeting one. However, with the wide variety of canned fruits, to say nothing of apples, oranges, grapefruit, and bananas, which we have throughout nearly the whole year, the housekeeper need not lack for variety—particularly since canned fruit loses little of its food value by being put into the cans.

# The Sword of the Lord

(*Continued from page 41*)

old face, queerly, a suggestion of beauty. "What is the girl's name?" she demanded more gently.

"Zainab."

"Zainab? You—you know her?"

"I met her today, as I came down the trail. Who is she?"

"You can not have her, son."

"That is to be seen." He laughed. "I usually get what I am after."

"Not this girl, O braggart. Listen!"

"Tell me first who she is. She told me that her parents are dead—that she has no clan."

"That is so."

And Ayesha described how in the war between the *Allemani-Khel* and the *Urrussi-Khel*, the Germans and the Russians—which to her spelled the world war—the northern Afghan border, too, had burst into flame; how, up yonder near Kushk, the Turkomans, the hated nomads, had once more been at their old tricks—raiding, looting, burning—killing the peasants at the plow, the babes at the breast, the graybeards at prayer, the women at their baking and spinning.

Thus had been the fate of Zainab's tribe. The Turkomans had attacked and conquered, and the few survivors, panic-stricken, had scattered to the seven winds. Some had fled to the outer Mongolian steppes and some to Persia, while a few had drifted south, into Afghanistan. And south, all alone, had come Zainab, whose parents had been massacred; and her welcome everywhere had been chilly.

There were so many refugees—she had been told—and so many mouths to feed. Besides, the mountaineers were tightly clannish, looking upon all strangers with suspicion and dislike. They had sent Zainab on her way, grudging her each crust of bread and each cup of thin milk.

AT LAST, weary and foot-sore, she had reached the Valley of the Red Pilgrim. This had been last winter, a few months before the death of Pir Ali's father. She had come to his house, had knelt at his door, had spoken the traditional words of one who of free will becomes a slave, who sells body and soul for bed and board:

"Behold, O king! I have alighted at your threshold! I crave the protection of your heart and hand!"

Ayesha sighed. "We needed neither slave nor servant," she went on. "For there were only the two of us—your father and I. But we could not send her away."

"Oh—" demanded Pir Ali eagerly—"then she is here—with us?"

"She was until the caravaneers brought word that you were coming home. Our house is so small—just the two rooms. She has gone to live with Gurma, the blacksmith's widow."

Pir Ali rose. To his mother's question where he was going he replied:

"To talk to Zainab. To whisper a pleasant word to her that this house will be big enough for the three of us when we are man and wife."

Ayesha stretched out a detaining hand. "Stay here, my son," she begged. "Do not ask her. It would be useless."

"Useless?"

"I tried to tell you before, but you would not listen. You see, at the end of the month she marries Kassem."

"You mean—Kassem, the priest?"

"Yes."

Pir Ali's mouth spread in a wide grin. "*Hai!*" he cried. "Can it be that Kassem is my rival for a girl's red lips? Kassem—that pious, weak-spined, praying, owl-faced—"

"Be quiet, O blasphemer!" interrupted his mother. "He is a holy man—a man of Allah."

"Then let him lift his eyes to Allah, and not to woman—most certainly not to a woman whom I love!"

He went to the door. Again he laughed. "Not that I dislike Kassem," he continued. "Indeed, I have always liked him. He is a good beard, a decent beard. But he—to marry Zainab? *Wah*—should a beetle mate with a butterfly?"

So he spoke as he stalked out of the room, and he spoke the truth.

For Kassem was small of stature. Ugly he was, and large-eared and snub-nosed—not hook-nosed, as a proper Afghan should be—and, again unlike a proper Afghan, thin of beard. Besides, he was stoop-shouldered from leaning long hours over books, as well as short-sighted. Decidedly a man of most unprepossessing exterior.

Yet—and that, too, was the truth—Pir Ali had always liked him. Already in the days of their childhood, when rough village lads had cruelly teased and tormented Kassem because of his bodily weakness and his quiet, studious habits, Pir Ali had taken his part and, to protect him, had fought many a wicked fight with fist or stone. A queer friendship it had been, sealed by a mutual vow, boyishly imitating the grim vow of the grown-ups, that never would one permit harm to come to the other:

"Poison to my heart—poison to my soul—if ever I break this oath!"

So solemn they had been. Pir Ali smiled as he thought of it. But they had meant it—and doubtless meant it still.

Later on, Kassem had gone to a Persian seminary to prepare himself for the Moslem priesthood. Shortly before his friend had left for the south to enlist in the British-Indian army, the other had returned, a full-fledged, green-turbaned doctor of Koranic divinity. And Pir Ali remembered with amusement how the man, though as stoop-shouldered and short-sighted as ever, had brought back with him a measure of strength, strength not of the body but of the spirit—how, finding the tribesmen loath to go to mosque on Friday, the Lord's Day, the humble scholar had gone from door to door, lashing the people with the sharpness of his tongue; driving the great, hulking peasants, any one of whom might have crushed him with one hand, on to the House of God; and, that first Friday, preaching a fulminating sermon which, its lesson clearly pointed, had dealt with the words of the Good Book:

"*Who gave Jacob to the spoils and Israel to the robbers—did not I, the Lord . . . ?*"

YES—thought Pir Ali—a pious beard, this Kassem, a decent beard. But—Zainab's husband? No! He—he, himself—loved Zainab. And presently she would love him. Other girls had learned to love him, and they had not found the learning difficult.

For instance—and he grew conscious of a faint pang of regret—there had been Lakshmi, the little Hindu girl back in Peshawar.

He had met her one afternoon outside the city gates in the tangled old garden of Timoor-Shah-the-Golden. She had been with another man, a Bengali, an unbeliever. Leaning on this man's arm she had been, looking up into his eyes. Somehow—and he really could not recall how it had happened—there had been a row between him and the Bengali, and not long afterward the latter had run away, his nose bloodied, his turban awry, appealing shrilly to all his unclean gods not to forget the police of the *sahebs*—while Pir Ali had said to the girl,

"Whatever your name—it is you who have the eyes meant for me—and the lips—and the generous arms."

Nor had he been mistaken. She had been his from that hour on. He smiled. It was the way of the world—he considered—that women should always dance to the stronger lad's piping. And why should Zainab be the exception to this pleasant rule?

So he walked along beneath an evening sky almost pallid, freckled with sparkling stars, and a round moon with an aureole rolling silver in the east, and the scent of field and forest thick upon the air; and he came to the house of

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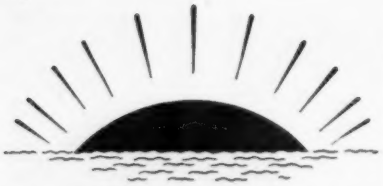

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## The Sword of the Lord

the blacksmith's widow. Pushing open the door unceremoniously, he beheld there Zainab, and by her side—bespectacled, scant-bearded, ludicrous—the priest Kassem.

Kassem ran up to Pir Ali; bade him heartily welcome.

"By Allah—" he cried—"I am happy to see you!"

"And I," replied the other, "shall be happy to see you—tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" came the puzzled echo.

"Yes. Not tonight."

He picked up the smaller man in his great arms. Hugging him a little, since he was fond of him, he carried him across the threshold and dropped him there. Then, without paying the slightest attention to the priest's shouting and banging at the oak, he turned to Zainab—who laughed.

For she did not take his rowdiness seriously; thought it—as his love-making earlier in the day—a matter of jesting exuberance. Indeed, this very evening, Kassem had told her about him: about his gayety, his recklessness, his careless audacity. He had told her, too, how since childhood they had been the best of friends; how they had sworn a solemn, boyish oath that never would one permit harm to come to the other.

Yes. She laughed. And Pir Ali misread her laugh. He considered that he had been right: women danced to the stronger lad's piping.

"Here you are," he whispered, "and here am I. And, if you are willing, out there is my friend, the little priest—*hayah!*—listen to him beating at the door—and a word to him, and he will recite a chapter from the Koran and make us man and wife—tonight!"

Zainab frowned. There was in Pir Ali's accents a high, throbbing sincerity—and she wondered, could he be in earnest after all?

"But," she stammered, "Kassem and I—"

"What of it? Did you not tell me yourself, this morning, that the world is full of choice women? Let Kassem help himself to any one of them—to half a dozen, if he prefers—but not to you. You are mine, O delight!"

Then she understood that he meant what he said, and she became frightened a little, and because of her fear she spoke boldly, "Surely you have learned neither modesty nor decency at your trade of sacking towns!"

"That is so," he admitted calmly. "For am I not the tall warrior with medals and ribbons? Come—why be so coy about a kiss or two?"

She shook her head. "I do not love you. I love Kassem."

"You will forget this Kassem. And you will love me—presently."

"Never!"

HER voice peaked, and he grew angry, since he had as fair a conceit of himself as the next man.

"What is wrong with me?" he demanded. "Eh—what is wrong with me? Good looks and bravery I have from my father's side—and my mother's people have been bards in their time and thoughtful folk. *Wah*—you could search the world over and find worse than myself!"

Zainab's reply was more conciliatory: "I am not saying that I have found better than yourself. I am only saying that I have found the one I love."

"The one—I repeat—whom you will forget, after you have thrilled to the strength of me!"

Again, as earlier in the day, he was about to take her in his arms. Again she struck him across the face.

"By the Prophet—" she spat out the words—"you—with your strength, strength, strength!"

At this moment, she hated him; hated him the more bitterly because the man whom she loved, the man who was trying to batter in the door with a rain of ineffectual blows, was so weak of body.

"A buffalo has strength! But would I take a buffalo for husband? A tiger has strength! But would I marry a tiger? *Hay*—rather a buffalo, rather a tiger, rather a pitch-faced

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infidel, an eater of impurities, than you, O Pir Ali! And even were there no Kassem on earth for me to cherish, I would still say to you, Never my lips to yours—never, never!"

So her cries rang, stinging like asps, and suddenly Pir Ali knew that she spoke the truth, that here was a woman not for him; and his heart was clogged with gray, clay-cold rage that gathered headway steadily; and he thought:

"Hate for hate I shall give her—and cruelty for cruelty. For we are both hill-whelps, feeding more on gall than honey."

He laughed thinly. "Never your lips to mine—did you not say so? Ah—" he exclaimed—"and I say to you, Never your lips to Kassem's lips—never—never!"

She grew pale. It dawned upon her what he meant.

He went on: "You knelt before my father. You became his slave. Today you are *my* slave—my property—my chattel. I am your master, and I say once more, Never your lips to Kassem's lips!"

There was silence in the room. Silence, too, outside, where the priest had stopped banging at the door.

"You—" whispered Zainab after a while—"you can not mean it?"

"I do."

HE LEFT. On the threshold he passed Kassem, who had heard and who stretched out a detaining hand.

"Pir Ali," he begged, "listen to me!"

"No." The other shook off the thin, clutching fingers. "Let me go."

"You must listen. Why—we are friends, you and I. Dear you are to me—"

"Priestly prating! How can I be dear to you since—oh . . ." Pir Ali pointed through the open door into the room where Zainab had sunk on a couch, brooding, unhappy, her sobs coming distinctly.

"You are dear to me—in spite of this evil thing."

"Evil—to insist on my right, to uphold the ancient law?"

"A thousand laws can not change evil into good."

"More priestly prating! My mind is made up. Zainab is not for you. I love her."

"You love her, perhaps, a little. But more do you love your own self, your strength, your stubborn pride, your naked desires." Kassem's voice was gentle. "And yet—consider the oath of friendship that binds you and me."

"An oath becomes a lie—always—when woman steps between man and man."

And Pir Ali returned to his mother's house, while Kassem went to Zainab's side.

"What shall we do?" she cried. "Oh, what shall we do?"

The priest's words were stern: "Trust in Allah! His mercies are untold!"

"But Pir Ali—he has the cruelty, the power, the bright sword."

"And I have read something in the Good Book about another sword." Kassem's voice rose exultingly. "'*The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!*'"

For this weak man's faith was strong—though it might have trembled could he have overheard what passed the next morning between Pir Ali and his mother.

A few minutes earlier Zainab had come to her. She had implored her to intercede, and Ayesha had replied,

"It is high time that some one talked sense to this son of mine." Her eyes had flashed. Her lips had tightened. "I shall talk to him! I myself!"

She went straight to Pir Ali's room.

"I was never the one to mince words or make them pretty," she began, facing him squarely.

"I know it. So—" smiling—"did my late father."

"Therefore, speaking about Zainab—"

"Who is speaking of her?"

"I am. Listen."

"I know what you are going to say. And


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October 1930 Good Housekeeping

# The Sword of the Lord

my answer is still, No—she is my slave."

"Then, since she is your slave, why not make her yours by force?"

"How can I?" was his stiff reply. "I am an honorable gentleman."

"Honorable? You?" Ayesha broke into hooting laughter. "Do you call it honorable to lacerate a poor girl's heart? Ah—you are less honorable than a yearling bullock!"

"How dare you!" he flared up. "I am a warrior—a soldier—with medals and ribbons! A proud man."

"It is easy to speak of pride! Prove it to me!"

"Prove—" he stammered. "How?"

"By being generous. There is Zainab—and Kassem. They love each other. Grant them permission to—"

"No!"

"Please!"

"No!" he repeated—and then Ayesha turned on him with high-piped taunts and insults and mockeries, informing him that it was as impossible to reason with the like of him as to strip two hides off one cow.

"*Ahee*—" she shrieked—"curse you and your evil pride! Curse you doubly since here am I, your own mother, a most respectable female, forced to use most shameless language because of this same pride of yours! *Ahee, ahoo*—my grief that I must have such a son! I would be the happier woman if my bones were below the cold sod!"

On she raced, in a mad, frothing, lashing jumble of words, cursing, imploring, flattering, again cursing, until at last Pir Ali threw up his hands and ran out of the room and over to the *hujra*, the communal village hall, where the graybeards squatted on pillows, smoking their water-pipes and sipping their tea and talking about crops and cattle.

DOUBTLESS—since gossip in the hills travels swiftly from door to door—they had already heard what had happened. So they looked up when Pir Ali entered. But nobody mentioned the matter. For they were Afghans, thus slightly hard, self-centered, not given to interfering in another man's life be its course good or bad, believing in the ancient maxim,

"Let each farmer clear away the snow from his own threshold!"

So they said nothing to Pir Ali beyond wishing him the time of day. Yet by sign of hooded glances and thin lips he knew what was in their minds. He knew that they were on Kassem's side and that he, himself, was unpopular—and, typically, this knowledge made him homesick.

Homesick, today, not for the hills, his own land, but for Peshawar, for India—and he thought of India—thought of Lakshmi . . .

How soft she was—how gentle! And he remembered how, on his going away into the north, she had whispered to him,

"May you find the happiness of your seeking, O my lord!"

Well—he considered—he had not found happiness; and he added,

"Nor—by my honor!—will Zainab find happiness—nor Kassem!"

Zainab came to him that evening.

She humbled herself, kneeling before him. He did not budge. She stormed. He did not care. And when she threatened that she would run away with Kassem, that the wilderness would welcome and hide them, he laughed. As to Kassem—he replied—the man would be as safe away from the snug, warm village lanes as a lamb amongst wolves; and as to herself—he informed her—he would watch her well. He was familiar with the wilderness, its trails and signs and spoors. Why—and he looked at her bare, gleaming foot—he knew this small foot, loved it, could tell its imprint on sand and rocks and grass, would follow it anywhere, everywhere!

She stared at him.

"I hate you!" she exclaimed—and she went to the mosque where Kassem was studying some pious tome.

She spoke dully: "It is hopeless. Pir Ali has made up his mind."

The priest smiled. "'Allah,'" he quoted, "'does not close one door without opening another.'"

Then she grew impatient. "Is there a reason," she demanded, "why mere man may not lend a helping hand at times to Allah?"

She was silent. But in her eyes was a look which said as plain as with the saying of words, "Oh, why are you not as strong of body as you are of soul!"

She left; and the priest inclined his head.

"*The sword of the Lord and of Gideon*" he mumbled. "Ah—let this sword be between me and whatever harm!"—and he went to the house of Kurd Khan, the chief of the tribe, who, not long later, called on Pir Ali.

"The salute!" was the chief's greeting.

"The salute! A pipe? A glass of tea?"

"No, thanks. I am here on a matter of business."

"Oh!"

"About Zainab—and Kassem."

"Useless to argue. She is my slave—by tribal law."

"There is yet another law."

"Namely—?"

"The one which decrees that when a free man loves a slave girl, he has the right to challenge her owner—and claim her as his wife should he defeat the other."

Pir Ali was incredulous. "You mean Kassem is challenging me—*me*?"

"Yes."

"You are jesting."

"I am not."

"But it is impossible. He is weak, and I am strong."

"So I told him. But he would not listen. You must fight him—tomorrow morning, after first prayer—on the village square. The salute, O Pir Ali!"

The chief left, and the next moment Ayesha, who had listened at the keyhole, rushed in.

"Are you going to do this deed—" she demanded—"to cross blades with a priest, a man of God, who knows nothing of swordplay?"

"It is not what I wish, mother. How can I help myself?"

"You can be generous. You can tell Kassem—"

"Never!"

Ayesha looked him up and down. Her voice was calm and passionless, "You are no longer my son."

"A hard thing to say to your own flesh and blood."

"A just thing to say to one who is no longer my flesh and blood."

"I shall not hurt him very badly," he called after her as she stepped across the threshold. "No more than a scratch or two—to cool his liver."

She did not hear; did not reply.

THE village square in front of the mosque was bathed, the next morning, in the cold, golden sunlight of the mountains. It was crowded. The girls had neglected their flocks; the men their husbandry; the women their spinning wheels and milking stools; the children their crude toys.

There was amongst them an excited humming and zumming.

The priest—they thought—the weak man, short-sighted, stoop-shouldered—to do battle with this bravo, this bully who stood there, with his legs like oak and his chest like a drum, bending his sword in his brawny hands. Oh, it was not right!

Black glances were leveled at Pir Ali. Fists were clenched. Angry words rose.

"Why should we permit this thing?"

"An evil, evil thing!"

"Evil, evil!" echoed Pir Ali's mother.

The tribesmen exchanged looks.

# The Sword of the Lord

"Shall we—?"

"Yes, yes."

"We must stop it."

"Indeed—"

"There is a fidget in my wrist."

"My short, gray knife whinnies to leave the scabbard."

"Peace!" commanded the chief. "The priest gave the challenge—Pir Ali accepted. He is abiding by the law. We must all abide by the law."

"Ah," sighed a woman—"here he is," as Kassem came from the mosque, Zainab by his side, clinging to his arm and whispering:

"No, no, no! I can not let you do it!"

"I must! I am no coward!"

"Of course not! But you have not the strength nor the skill."

"I have faith in the Lord," was the priest's stern rejoinder. "Have you so little faith?"

"Faith in the Lord? Yes. But—"

"No faith in me? Ah, the more reason why I must fight!"

He stepped forward. A large scimitar, which he had borrowed from the chief, was in his hand. Such a thin, nervous hand; a scholar's hand used to fingering reed-pen and paper, and now gripping this weapon which glistened golden in the golden rays of the sun; and his stature so small—like a child's compared to Pir Ali's towering bulk . . .

Pir Ali shook his head. "You are a priest," he said, "and I am a warrior with medals and ribbons on my chest. Strife is my trade—and you, why—"

"I am here to cross weapons, not words!" interrupted Kassem, conquering the fear in his heart with a high effort.

"Very well." Pir Ali shrugged his shoulders. He added, "I shall not hurt you much."

He spoke the words with pity; pity which, wrongly, the priest read as contempt—and he turned pale—and his voice was shrill:

"Defend yourself, O son of Adam!"

OUT then at the other with a clatter of iron; and Pir Ali, there being nothing else to do, drew his own blade. He did it laughingly, almost affectionately, as he saw this little man, spectacles on nose, sword in hand, hardly knowing edge from hilt, yet attacking with a gallant, desperate bravado.

Well—he decided—he would make the duel short. There was no glory in it, and the outcome was inevitable. So he was satisfied with defending himself, elbow high and point shrewdly to one side, waiting for a chance to disarm the other; and, as the priest kept on attacking with a sort of clumsy violence, thinking:

"The little cockerel! The tough little cockerel! Why—who would have imagined . . . ?"

He smiled; and Kassem saw the smile; and, perhaps for the first time in his life, he became conscious of hatred—and was ashamed of it, because of his incredible and amazing sinlessness . . . Yet he continued rushing the fight—clash! clash! clash! steel on steel!—while Zainab watched.

She was frightened. And, too, elated. For was she not an Afghan? Were there not two men here doing a dance of death for the price of her red lips?

"Power to your arms, O Kassem!" she cried.

"Power to your arms, O Kassem!" shrieked Pir Ali's mother.

But there was no power in those arms. Puny they were, feeble, trying helplessly to bear down the other's skilled defence—and oh! how tired he was—how the breath whistled in his tortured lungs!

"Fight on!" called Zainab. "Fight on for my sake, O just man!".

And he fought on for her sake, praying to Allah, whispering, "*'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!'*"—and Pir Ali thinking suddenly, queerly, that this girl, this Zainab, did not matter at all; that only Kassem mattered.

Kassem, his old friend. Kassem, who would not give in. Kassem, whom he could not kill—nor could he crush his pride by defeating him . . . and—what was he going to do—what was he going to do . . . ?—and— "By the Prophet!" yelled the chief of the tribe as, all at once, the little priest's blade slashed crimson across Pir Ali's left wrist—as Pir Ali dropped his weapon, while Kassem rushed up to him, sobbing,

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me!"

THEY embraced; and, an hour later, being now a free woman, Zainab became the wife of the priest; and that, in a way, was the end of the story—until that same afternoon when Pir Ali, his injured wrist bandaged, was leaving his native village to enlist once more in the 9th (The Duke of Connaught's Own) Indian Frontier Mounted Rifles, and when, at the bend of the trail that led to the higher hills, he found Zainab and his mother waiting for him.

He was for passing them with a careless wave of the hand, but they stopped him.

"My eyes are sharp," said Zainab.

"So are mine," chimed in Ayesha.

"And what did your sharp eyes see?" Pir Ali smiled.

"They saw," replied Ayesha, "a brave man deliberately throw up his sword."

"Aye—"agreed Zainab—"and an honorable man deliberately choose defeat."

"It is known through the world—south, west, north, east—that I am both brave and honorable."

He kissed his mother; he turned to go; and Zainab said,

"My first son I shall call Pir Ali because—ah—I like you!"

"And my first daughter I shall call Zainab—because I like *you!*"

"Oh—" and, strangely, Zainab became conscious of a faint stirring of jealousy—"you—you are going to—?"

"To take a wife unto myself—yes! Lakshmi is her name—a sweet name—by the honor of my nose! And she is a Hindu, an unbeliever! And so, belike," with a wink, "you will ask your husband, the priest, to pray for my soul—to intercede for me with Allah and His Prophet!"

And once more Pir Ali kissed his mother; kissed Zainab; and was off into the south . . .

# Onions

(*Continued from page 91*)

pepper and 1 cupful buttered bread crumbs, with the 2 cupfuls of onions. Cover the top with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven of 350° F. for thirty minutes. Serves 6.

For *Onion Omelet*, melt 2 tablespoonfuls fat in a frying pan and tilt the pan to grease the sides and bottom. Simmer ¼ cupful of finely chopped onion in the fat until tender, being careful not to brown the onion. Then add five eggs which have been beaten just enough to blend the yolks and whites, and then have been mixed with 5 tablespoonfuls of water, 1 teaspoonful of salt, and ⅛ teaspoonful of pepper. Mix in with the onion and cook over a low heat until a film of cooked egg has formed on the bottom of the pan. Lift the edge of the omelet and tilt the pan so that the uncooked portion runs under the raised cooked portion. Cook a minute longer and repeat the process. Continue until the mixture is cooked through and brown on the bottom. Loosen with a spatula, fold like a jelly roll, and serve. Serves 6.

For *Spanish Salad*, place 3 slices of tomato on flat lettuce leaves arranged on individual salad plates. Cut small, pickled white onions into thin slices and lay 3 of these onion slices on each slice of tomato. Place 3 capers in the center. Serve with mayonnaise.


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# A Touch of Directoire

(*Continued from page 56*)

moderate in size, even the so-called "manor houses," except in the South where there was no heating problem. It is, therefore, possible today to build a house of moderate size and cost following the fine proportions and interior detail on a smaller scale. This is what the Studio has done, showing the complete plan of the house and building a group of rooms in its interior.

This hall, with living room and dining room adjoining, has architectural beauty as a background for the furnishings. A century ago even the small houses built in America had this charm of interior detail. Gradually during the nineteenth century it was lost, except in fine or pretentious building. Fortunately, however, there is now a revival of interest in building some beauty into the house of moderate size and cost. Box-like rooms cost quite as much as those of good proportions, so that it is a matter of taste and choosing a good architect, if you are building; or of selection, in the choice of apartments. All through the country today greater attention is being given to proportions, a movement you can help by looking for and requiring the good, rather than the bad. Even these rooms could be reduced in size and yet retain the same shape and beauty of detail.

### The Hall

The hall is 13′ 4″ x 21′ 9″ with 8′ 10″ ceiling. The four corners are cut, giving an octagonal shape with pilasters and a simple cornice used to bring out the effect. The doors to the living room and dining room are opposite each other, so that on entering the hall you look through to the fireplace which in each room, is opposite the door. The Colonial stairway, pilasters, doors, over-doors, cornice, and fireplaces are all made of stock woodwork easily procured from local lumber yards, and can be ordered by number and assembled for use, as the Studio has done. The cost is not great. In fact, it is a matter of taste or knowledge, perhaps, not money.

Now let us consider the appearance of the hall. It has dignity and spaciousness. Its walls are gray with yellow, gray, and white chintz panels set into the four corners between the fluted pilasters (detail on page 54). This chintz shows the Directoire feeling in design and is a charming color combination. The floor is covered with a fine linoleum in a battleship gray with a black border outlined with a light gray, the combination of the three colors being repeated in two stars, one star centered between the doors in front of the entrance, and the other in the opposite end of the hall in front of the garden door. Again this use of the star shows the Directoire influence, as do the graceful, black-and-gold lighting fixtures used on the pilasters, two at each end of the hall. Throughout there is a balanced, almost classical arrangement, which produces a dignified atmosphere. The stairway has a mahogany rail and treads, with the banisters and risers painted the gray of the walls. The hardware is of brass, larger knobs being used for the front doors than for the interior doors.

The furniture is of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. A sofa in the Duncan Phyfe feeling shows graceful lines and finely grooved frame, a workmanship which is repeated in the Hepplewhite chairs used in front of each panel at the end of the hall. These pieces are covered in blue silk, the blue repeated in the tall, blue delphinium set in soft green jars on the round Directoire tables. Over the sofa, on which there is a black pillow repeating the accent of the black in the floor, is an oil painting, a fragment of classic architecture which was a favorite decoration of 1815. The color and depth of this picture in its dull gold frame give the needed accent to this wall space. At either side of the front door are a pair of tables in macara wood, which resembles burled walnut. These are of an interesting shape and hold alabaster lamps with simple, cream-tinted parchment shades having a gold laurel wreath as their only decoration. The

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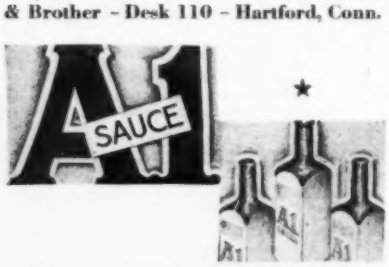



# A Touch of Directoire

extreme simplicity and the attractive color scheme of this hall give it style and charm. The only other piece in the hall is a mahogany sofa table under the stairs—the convenient hall table on which mail may be laid, or a hat may be put, with a mirror above it for convenience as well as decoration.

From the hall, through the doorway, shown beside the sofa, the living room is entered. It is an oblong room, 15′ 8″ x 22′ 6″ with ceiling 8′ 10″. Like the hall, the room has an architectural background which influenced its furnishing. Though the double-hung windows (glazed with small panes) are without ornament, the doorways with a simple overdoor are placed between pilasters, which with a small capital support the simple cornice. The room is symmetrical. The fireplace is opposite the entrance door. At one end are the two windows shown on the front of the house. At the other end is one window between doors which faces the garden side. The doors enclose closets with ornamental shelves and a shell top made to hold fine china or collections of fans, or this or that of the period. On the fireplace side of the room is a door which would lead to the loggia or sunroom in a modern house, while across from it is a long mirror set in a frame with a rounded top. Since the Studio was not building the loggia, we used two mirrors, one on each side of the room, one shown back of the sofa, and one on the opposite wall beside the charming little tambour desk.

Counting over once again the five principles which the Studio makes a basis for its work—type, background, scale, color, and individuality, let us say that having chosen as a type the rooms showing the influence of "the classic revival;" that is, the use of the classic motifs in woodwork, the *background* was made in accordance. Both the room and the furniture are moderate in *scale*. In *color* the walls are a pale gray-blue, blending with the hall and contrasting pleasantly with a rug of brownish mulberry, and linen curtains with a yellow ground. The *individuality* is shown in determining to use some Directoire motives in furniture, fabrics, color and arrangement, with the best types of furniture which were made in America during the first quarter of the eighteenth century.

The aim in furnishing was to give a certain formality combined with the livableness that our life today demands. Therefore, the curtains are hung from cornices blended with the form of the woodwork. The arrangement of two sofas by the fireplace with the three-legged Directoire tables and lyre-shaped silver lamps placed on them is a formal one, while the drum table (a beautiful copy of an eighteenth-century piece of especially fine proportions) has two easy chairs drawn up by it, and a good reading light which makes for comfort and livableness. A tambour desk—was there ever a prettier style!—gives a place to write, while a bookcase stands between the windows at the other end of the room.

# A Norman French Country House

(*Continued from page 51*)

sense of space, but it was done without the loss of comfort. For formal entertaining the alcove could be used as a pantry and a large dining table set at one end of the living room. To the left of the kitchen is a maid's room and bath, while to the right of it is the stair tower, which instead of being used in the usual way for the main entrance, is placed at the back of the square or central portion of the house, and holds the main stairway to the second story, as well as stairs leading to the cellar, where the heating and ventilating plant is installed, and on the back side provides the service entrance which is screened by a wall from the garden. Due to the grade, the garage is under the house and at the service end. Doors twelve feet wide make it possible to drive in two cars, one slightly at an angle, thus making an economical use of space. The wing on the right of the entrance hall has a room and bath on the first floor, which could be used as a guest suite, or for family use as required.

Alternate plans are given for the second floor. One provides for only one large room and bath with storage space over the right wing. This room has a fireplace and an interesting, open-rafter ceiling like that of the living room. Such an arrangement would suit a bachelor or a man and his wife. The other plan provides a still larger bedroom with a fireplace and bath over the living room, as well as the bedroom and bath in the central part of the house. These with the suite on the first floor give three bedrooms and baths in addition to the maid's room and bath. Each of the bedrooms, like the living room, has two or three exposures. The little sketch on page 48 shows the architect's study, slightly changing the exterior to give the added height for the extra room and bath on the second floor.

So much for the plan. Now let us consider the interior finish and atmosphere of the house. A cottage rather than a formal atmosphere of the seventeenth century is achieved by the wavy surface of the cement plaster walls, with old oak beams and plaster in the hall ceiling, and a high-pitched ceiling with oak plate, rafters, and trusses (cross pieces) in the living room. Here the actual construction of the building, instead of being concealed behind plaster, is exposed, and acts as a decoration as well as making for economical building. One interior view shows a glimpse of the hall with its flagstone floor which is as practical as it is decorative. Another view shows the living room with a fireplace at the gable end with a simple, hand-hewn or adzed beam across its opening, instead of a mantel. On one side is a doorway, and corresponding to it is a bookcase with cupboards under it. The ceiling, of course, is the feature of the room. It is made entirely of oak, slightly stained, and waxed. In this room oak planks are used for the floor, in the wide boards which are so desirable. The floors throughout the house and the oak woodwork are slightly stained to give a brown tone and then waxed. All walls throughout are of plaster tinted, and the other floors are of strip oak. The thickness of the stone walls, which is characteristic of this type of building, is well shown in the living room.

The type of hardware which is appropriate is black wrought iron, illustrated on page 51.

It is most important to consider such details to keep the atmosphere of the exterior of the house, and it need not involve much more—if any—added expense. The lighting should be adequate. Sidelights of iron may be used for the rooms, a lantern in the hall and stair tower, while in the living room one of the iron rings suspended from the ceiling by chains would be appropriate, small electric bulbs replacing the candles of the old days.

In choosing furniture, the oak and walnut pieces of the seventeenth century of France, England, or the Colonies could be used, combined with comfortable overstuffed, modern sofas and chairs, creating a sturdy livableness which would be both characteristic and charming.

Good modern building methods and materials have been used throughout. Good Housekeeping Studio will be happy to have the experts on its staff answer any questions pertaining to this or other architectural or construction problems. There is no charge. Merely address Good Housekeeping Studio.

# Soft Picking

(*Continued from page 47*)

you were profoundly interested in pictures and might be thinking of taking a flyer in them with me."

"Well, I might at that. Such profits as you roll so lightly along your tongue sound like sweet music to my aged ears."

"Besides, you sent for a copy of the book."

"I'll read the book first and talk business afterward. I must confess you strike me as a pretty business-like chap. Can I put in my own business manager to contract the bills and handle the cash?"

"You certainly can if you'll buy 'Love's Old Song' for me and finance the picture. You can do anything except direct the picture."

"Well, it hadn't occurred to me to angel a movie at my age," Cappy confessed, "but somehow, you make it sound convincing—and, after all, I could afford the experiment, and it might prove interesting. There's nothing for me to do around here, and as a result I'm dying on the vine."

"I wish you would back me up, sir. I'll play you fair to this extent: I'll assign to you all my interest in the profits of the three pictures I spoke of to protect your investment, and put in fifty thousand dollars of my own."

Miss Martin came in with a copy of "Love's Old Song." "I borrowed this copy for you from the telephone operator," she announced. "She has just finished reading it."

"So that's why the telephone service in this office has been so awful the past two days, eh? Miss Martin, you tell that young woman to read on her own time hereafter and tell her I said so."

"Yes, sir. Here are the charter papers all ready for signature."

When the charter of the *Starlight* had been signed, T. Hetherington O'Neill took his departure, after first promising to call upon Cappy for another interview as soon as the film was finished. To Cappy's delight this did not occur for a month—a month of rain and fog—during which T. Hetherington O'Neill and his company sat around on salary and had a good time; for even as a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, a motion picture company is powerless before low visibility. With the job eventually completed, however, Mr. O'Neill came in to pay his charter money and return to Hollywood.

"If you had let me dry-dock that ruin, Mr. O'Neill, as I wanted to, you could have sailed her or towed her south to fine weather and saved a lot of money for your people," Cappy could not help telling the director.

"And if the hare hadn't lain down to sleep the tortoise would not have won the race," O'Neill countered. "Well, how do you feel about our picture proposition, Mr. Ricks?"

"I've read 'Love's Old Song,' and I'm for it a million. It made me laugh, and it made me cry. As a consistent patron of the screen, I'm here to tell you, young man, that what the industry needs is stories like 'Love's Old Song.' They'd treble their profits. I have the picture company all organized, Mr. O'Neill. My two hundred thousand dollars is ready when you come through with your fifty thousand. But we do not turn a wheel until you get a distributing release on a program agreeable to us."

"Fair enough, Mr. Ricks. I can get the best, and I'll proceed to get it immediately. As soon as I have my present picture cut and shipped, we'll tackle 'Love's Old Song.' Put it there."

THEY shook hands enthusiastically. "Not a peep to anybody in my office," Cappy warned. "If they knew I was tackling a motion picture line, they'd sue to have me declared incompetent and a guardian appointed." He pondered a moment. "Perhaps," he suggested seriously, "I ought to let them do that. Then, when I got into the picture business, I'd know I was in a company of my mental equals. I've been investigating the picture industry since I saw you last, young man, and it's a discouraging prospect to me. However, I think that by avoiding the cut-and-dried methods the thing ought to pay. Anyhow that's my theory, and I'm going to work it out or bust a tug!"

"WELL," said Cappy Ricks, a few weeks later, as he dropped into the studio office where the Blue Star Pictures Corporation had rented space, "how goes our project, Mr. O'Neill?"

The director looked up from a bushel of yellow chemical sheets which quite covered his desk. "Rotten," he growled. "I've paid three people a thousand dollars each to do a treatment of 'Love's Old Song,' and I wish you could see the tripe they turned out for me. Now I have to do it myself."

"If you'd thought of that before, you might have saved our company three thousand dollars," Cappy retorted tartly. "What's this thing you call a 'treatment'? I've been suspecting this business isn't a business at all but a disease, and now I'm certain of it. Let's read those rejected treatments."

O'Neill tossed them out to him, and Cappy retired to an easy chair.

"Well," the director queried, as the old gentleman looked up, "how do they strike you?"

"Horrible, Mr. O'Neill. Now I know what a treatment is. These murderers have taken 'Love's Old Song' and gutted it, changed it, mangled and twisted it, to produce their notion of a story and not the author's."

"The idea was for them to outline for me those sequences in the story capable of being made objective—something actionable, you understand."

"Well, you've certainly got something actionable here. We'll sue them for the return of our money which they have taken under false pretenses."

"They've already spent it, and a judgment against them wouldn't be worth recording. I've just about finished my own treatment anyhow. See how that strikes you, Mr. Ricks," and he shuffled some yellow sheets together and handed them to the old gentleman, while he wrote the last few hundred words of his treatment.

Presently something caused him to look up. He found Cappy Ricks' glance fixed upon him balefully.

"Holy sailor!" Cappy yelled. "This one is a thousand percent more horrible than the others. By the Holy Pink-toed Prophet, why did you get me to pay that author seventy-five thousand dollars for a story you aren't going to use?"

"Why, of course we're going to use it—that is, part of it. What we really bought the book for was the title," Mr. O'Neill smacked his lips. "There's a wow of a box-office title for you. That book was number one of the list of six best-sellers this year and has been widely publicized. Naturally we'll cash in on that publicity. And of course, Mr. Ricks, you must understand that the story isn't a motion-picture story. It has to be changed a great deal."

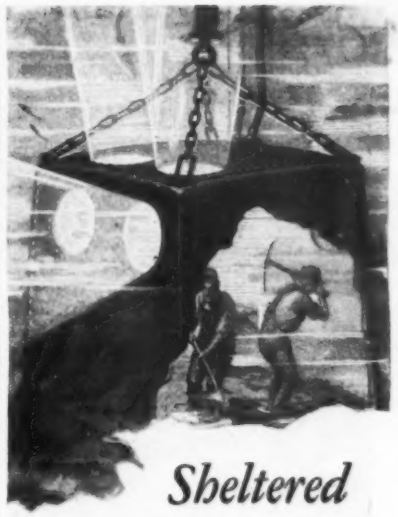
"Why does it have to be changed?"

"Because it isn't the sort of story the public likes—the sort it's been used to. This is the story of a middle-aged romance—and the flappers don't care a hoot for that sort of thing."

"So they make flops for flappers, eh? How do you know the flappers don't like a love-story of middle-aged folks? Has anybody ever tried one out on them?"

"Good Lord, no! The producers know better than to try. The public doesn't like old people featured in a cast. The public wants youth, love, excitement, passion, drama, lots of danger and suspense, and a happy ending."

"But what do you suppose this author is going to say when you take his brain child and turn him out a monstrosity. He has millions

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In using advertisements see page 6

# *The Afternoon Tea Test—*

## an *Easy Victory for* Janet Clark

At first, I was rather reluctant about accepting the invitation. I knew Janet didn't keep a maid, and did practically all her own housework. Not that I'm snobbish, but I was afraid the tea might turn out to be one of those uncomfortable affairs, where nearly everyone is ill-at-ease. You know the kind I mean—your hostess is flushed and hot—trying to be entertaining—but really tired out from all the rush and bother and last minute hurry.

But, Janet is such a wonderfully charming person—I hated to offend her. So, I decided to accept.

Well, you know it has always been my contention that an afternoon tea is the real test of a gracious hostess. For here, as at no other time, she must rely upon her ability alone. There are no men folk about to help her out. The success of the tea is entirely dependent upon her personality.

Janet certainly came through the test with flying colors. Her tea was easily the most successful affair in our set this season. I have never seen her more vivacious or entertaining. She put everyone perfectly at ease, instantly.

I suspected that she had employed a caterer. In fact, at the first opportunity, I asked her about it. Janet smiled. "No," she said, "I really couldn't afford anything like that. Bob's coming along just fine at the bank, but as yet our budget doesn't allow any luxuries. Come on into the kitchen. I'll show you my secret.

"You know," she went on, "when I was married, I resolved I wasn't going to let my kitchen hours spoil any of my fun. So I decided that I was going to select kitchen furniture that would really help cut down my work. Luckily enough, I hadn't searched very long before I came upon a display of PORCE-NAMEL Kitchen Furniture. Each piece *looked* so crisp and workmanlike, that I studied this display carefully. I selected these pieces because they seemed to answer every one of my requirements. In fact, I thought at first someone had read my thoughts, and built these pieces just to fill my needs. You can see how good looking each piece is—well, this furniture is just as practical as it is good looking.

"The Porcelain Tops can't buckle or warp, and they're *really* STAINLESS. The hardware is rust-proof, and the satin finish easily cleaned. Best of all, these pieces save me thousands of steps. They place everything I need at mealtime right at my finger tips. I honestly believe this particular Kitchen Furniture cuts my kitchen hours in half."

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## Soft Picking

of readers who will resent your action. They'll go to the theatre to see this picture made from a story they love—only to find that you have swindled them. Why, Mr. O'Neill, that isn't honest business!"

"You're probably right, but then this isn't really an honest business. We make trips, advertise it as a masterpiece, and get the money. Once the public has paid its money, what is the public going to do about it? As for the author, Mr. Ricks, he can go jump in the lake."

"Unfortunately," Cappy replied coldly, "I bought the motion-picture rights of 'Love's Old Song,' for our joint account. The author's agent sent me a form of release contract, which my lawyer O.K.ed as eminently fair and satisfactory. I thought so, too. The contract stipulates that no changes shall be made in the story if such changes shall fundamentally affect the plot or characters."

"Oh, my dear Mr. Ricks, how unfortunate! We simply must make those two old lovers twenty-five years old, not forty-five. The picture will be a flop if we don't—and I just can not afford to make a flop."

"But you just can not afford to violate a contract either," Cappy reminded him. "Remember that! And another thing! If this story has been so successful in novel form, why will it not be successful in the same general form as a picture? Do you think you're smarter than the author?"

Mr. O'Neill pondered the problem and dismissed it with a shrug. "Let him sue on it," he suggested. "It will be three or four years before he can get the suit tried. By that time he may have decided not to bother about it—or he may have died. If he gets real nasty, we can settle with him by paying him a few dollars extra. Authors are always hard up. They aren't business men, Mr. Ricks. They're children."

"All the more reason why they should be protected and treated like children. You wouldn't rob a baby's bank, would you?"

"Well, that story must be changed," the director insisted, and because Cappy made no reply to this he decided he had won his point.

A FEW days later he hired a continuity writer to dramatize into scenes the "treatment" he had prepared. The following day this continuity writer, a small, alert little person, came secretly to Cappy.

"Mr. Ricks," he began, "I understand you're financing this company, and for that reason I think I ought to tell you some things you don't know. This treatment O'Neill has given me is horrible. I can't make a continuity out of it. Why, my professional reputation would be ruined."

"I know it's horrible. Take the book and dramatize that, son. I'll stand back of you," Cappy assured him.

Mr. Hertzstein (that was his name) departed with a light heart. Five days later he turned in his script and a bill for five thousand dollars. The business manager, a Mr. Swenson (son of former Captain Neils Swenson of Cappy's barkentine *Altair*), who had been taken out of the Blue Star Navigation Company's purchasing department to be the watchdog of Cappy's picture corporation's bank account, came to Cappy with the bill.

"A thousand dollars a day for this," he announced. "I hate to pay the bill, sir."

"Ah, that's the continuity Mr. Hertzstein made, Swenson. Leave it here. I'll read it and let you know if it's worth five thousand dollars."

Two hours later Cappy dropped into Mr. Hertzstein's office and pointedly informed that amazed individual that his continuity wasn't worth five cents. "I told you to dramatize the book," Cappy shrilled, "and you've dramatized yourself. You've made the leading characters twenty years younger, you've added half a dozen characters that do not appear in the book, and you've thrown in an orang-

## Soft Picking

outang! Added to this you've changed the locale of the story, and you've got a passion scene here that would make a bank bandit blush. You've rung in a snowstorm while the heroine struggles with the brute of a rival. The action of the author's story takes place in midsummer, so where do you get this snow stuff anyhow? You're just padding the payroll and putting us to a lot of expense buying salt or cotton wool or plaster of paris or something to simulate snow, because we'll be making this picture in the summer, and whether you know it or not, young feller, the only place you can get snow in summer in California is on top of the Sierra Nevada mountains."

"The idea was to take the company up there—"

"And sink us with transportation and hotel bills? Young man, it has been my experience that young love has a heap more pep in it in bathing suits than it has in ear-muffs. The snow stuff is taboo. What wages does an orang-outang draw?"

"Well, I imagine Joe Martin, the trained chimpanzee, will double for the orang-outang, and he gets about fifty dollars a day."

"I have a lot of trained chimpanzees working for me at a hundred and fifty a month! Why do we have to have Joe Martin on the payroll?"

"Well, the story lets down a little in spots, and I thought Joe Martin would add a touch of comedy relief.

"Joe's fired. Have a dog chase a cat. They'll both enjoy it and won't charge us anything. What do you mean by changing the locale from the South Sea Islands to an oasis in the desert of Sahara?"

"There has been a plethora of South Sea pictures released lately—"

"That's no excuse. Do the continuity over again, my boy, and don't take liberties with your intellectual superiors. You're paid to interpret this novel, not to gut it of all that is fine and sweet and turn out your own idea of what the story should have been if the author had remotely known his business. When you turn out an acceptable continuity, you'll get your five thousand and not until."

"I quit," said Mr. Hertzstein. "And I'll sue you."

"You won't get your case heard for four years, and I'll appeal it to the highest courts, and you haven't any money for lawsuits, young feller. Better take five hundred dollars and sign clear."

Hertzstein stormed for a week and then took five hundred dollars and signed clear. Meanwhile Mr. O'Neill, now thoroughly unhappy but committed to the enterprise, engaged another continuity writer named F. Mayhew DeWitt.

"He wrote 'Perils Of A Great City' and 'Careless Mothers'," O'Neill explained.

"He sounds highly suspicious," said Cappy, "but let's give him a try-out. And let me do the trading with him, Mr. O'Neill."

IN THE morning F. Mayhew DeWitt waited on Cappy.

"How much do you want to make a continuity of 'Love's Old Song,' Mr. DeWitt?" Cappy queried briskly.

"Fifteen hundred dollars, Mr. Ricks."

"You are referring to real money now?"

"Yes, sir."

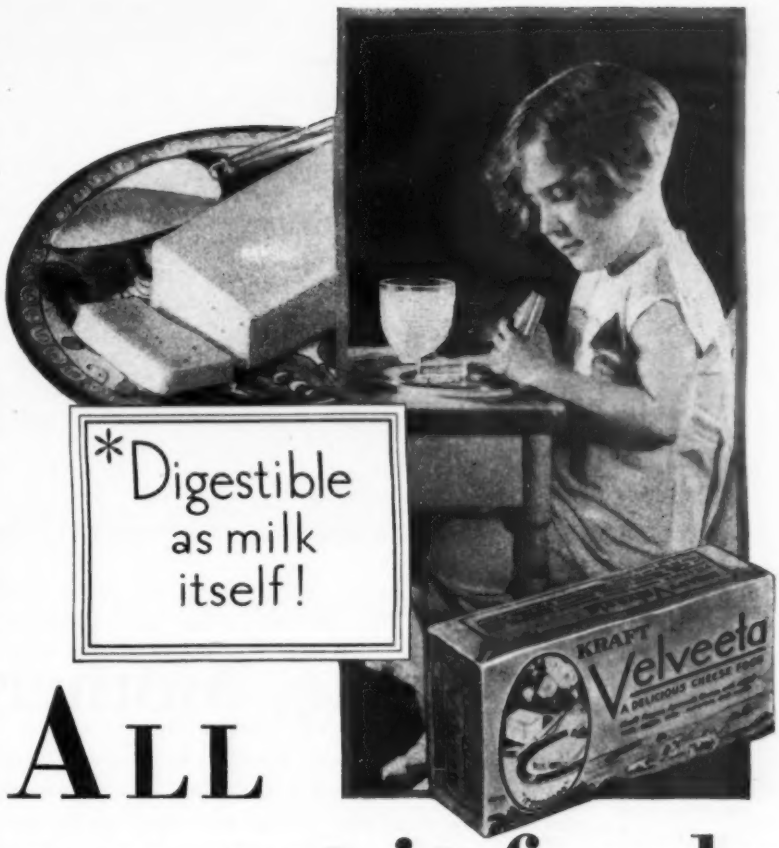
"What do you charge when you make the continuity as the author wrote the book—no changes at all, no particular strain on your own imagination?"

Mr. DeWitt hesitated, so Cappy struck.

"I'll give you seven hundred and fifty."

"Sold," said DeWitt gratefully and departed at once to get busy on the script. He did not even wait to sign a contract.

One week later he was back with a script. Cappy read it and was amazed to discover that here at last was a continuity writer who could interpret a story. The job was one hundred percent perfect. Cappy called in Mr. Swenson.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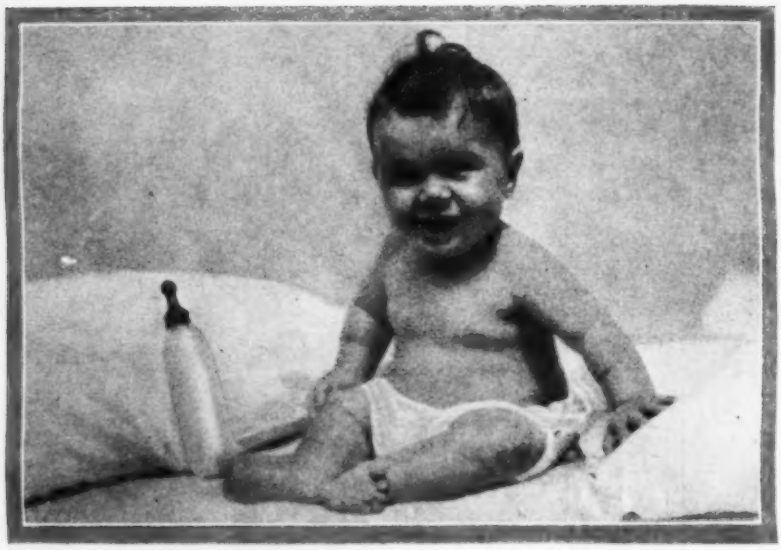

# Just before the bottle, Mother!

***"Just before this ten o'clock bottle, I had my bath—and believe it or not, I was in a bad humor! I was chafed, you see, quite terribly . . . then suddenly, along came powder made 'specially for me! It nestled next to me, cozy and soft, and I'm—oh, so comfortable, now! And if you ask me . . . that's exactly how a baby should be, when it's time for a ten o'clock bottle!"***

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Rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger. Now test other powders . . . you'll know, soon enough, if they're made with inferior talc! Another important thing: Johnson's Baby Powder contains *no stearate of zinc.*

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## Soft Picking

"Give Mr. DeWitt five thousand dollars," he said. "He's earned it."

He eyed the author. "You're a bit of a child in business, Mr. DeWitt, but like most children you're on the level. You're not trying to get away with murder—to get something for nothing."

When T. Hetherington O'Neill read that continuity, he said nothing—probably because he realized it would avail him nothing, for his contract with the Blue Star Pictures Corporation did not provide a clause giving the veto power on continuities. He cursed himself now for failing to inject such a clause into the contract. However, since contracts are not accorded, in the motion picture industry, the same veneration they are accorded in the lumber and shipping business, Mr. O'Neill did not despair.

"I'll shoot this picture the way I want it shot," he declared, "and let that old idiot Ricks do his kicking afterward."

With a light heart he proceeded to get his technical men on the job and select his cast. To his horror Cappy insisted on a minute investigation of the plans for the sets and had one of them thrown out on the broad general principle that although the heroine of 'Love's Old Song' was the daughter of a New York stockbroker, with a country home in Westchester county, she was the proprietor of ordinary good taste, and so, doubtless, were her parents. They would not have a drawing room as big as Madison Square Garden, and it would not be overstuffed.

IT WOULD require two weeks to shoot the interior and exterior scenes, the action of which took place in Westchester, so with the feeling that all was well, Cappy returned to San Francisco and made arrangements to provide transportation for the company to Samoa, where the South Sea scenes were to be shot. And in this instance the old gentleman acted with his customary consideration of expediency and expense. His Ricks Logging & Lumbering Company had contracted to deliver a cargo of lumber to Samoa, and Cappy induced Matt Peasley to ship it *via* Cappy's Blue Star Navigation Company's steamer *Tillicum*, which had passenger accommodations for about twenty persons. It was Cappy's contention that since the *Tillicum* would sail about ten days before the next regular passenger liner plying to Australia *via* South Sea ports, passengers might be booked on the *Tillicum* to the consequent profit of the Blue Star Navigation Company.

He laid the flattering unction to his soul that his motion picture activities were as a sealed book to Matt and Mr. Skinner, manager of the lumber company, but in this particular he had not taken into consideration the frailty of woman. Having taken his own daughter into his confidence, after first pledging her to secrecy, it never occurred to him that, woman-like, she would make an exception in the person of her husband and think nothing of her perfidy although, woman-like, she had in turn pledged Matt to secrecy! Matt, in turn, had taken Mr. Skinner into his confidence, and accordingly Cappy experienced little difficulty in persuading Matt to send the *Tillicum* to Samoa.

"I learn from Miss Martin," he informed Skinner, "that some time back Cappy was greatly interested in a book called 'Love's Old Song,' and she thinks he has purchased it for picture production. Part of the action occurs in the South Seas, and she thinks Cappy is going to take his company there on the *Tillicum* to save expense."

"But the *Tillicum* can only do twelve knots—and the company will be on salary all the time," the wise Skinner predicted.

"They'd be on salary here, hanging around to await the next sailing of a regular liner, and I dare say Cappy has figured it all out and thinks he can save a week's expense by using the *Tillicum*. The next thing we'll hear from him will be that he has booked all the passenger

## Soft Picking

space on the *Tillicum* at cut rates, and he'll insist that I agree to the deal."

As predicted, Cappy wired Matt that he had been fortunate enough, in Los Angeles, to run across a picture company bound south, and had booked the lot for the *Tillicum* at a flat rate. When Matt figured out this flat rate, he discovered that it provided no profit whatsoever for the *Tillicum*.

"No transportation at all," he declared to Skinner. "Nothing but board money. What do you know about that old pirate?"

"Has he sold the owner's suite, Matt?"

"No."

"Then he's going himself! Fine business. Let him go. I think, however, that we ought to send that pretty secretary of yours, to look after him. She used to be a trained nurse, and she'd be devoted to the old man's comfort. If anything should happen to him down there in the tropics, I'd feel a lot better with Miss Billings on the job. And while we're at it we'd better send a doctor. Miss Billings will be ostensibly on her vacation, and while the doctor will be on our payroll, he will ostensibly be traveling for pleasure."

Matt laid his hand on Skinner's shoulder.

"You'll do," was his comment.

THE *Tillicum*, her decks fore and aft piled high with bright, new, pungent-smelling fir lumber, lay at her dock in San Francisco when Cappy Ricks led the Blue Star Pictures Corporation troupe aboard and instructed the steward to assign the company to accommodations as per the list which the old gentleman handed him. And then the explosion occurred. Mr. Truxtun Carey, the leading man, touched off the fuse by going on strike. He aired his grievance to the director, who sought out Cappy.

"See here," O'Neill began angrily, "this sort of thing will never do, Mr. Ricks. Artists are entitled to first-class transportation when they travel on their jobs, and Carey, the leading man, says he'll quit before he travels to the South Seas in the cabin of a lumber hooker. Really, Mr. Ricks, you can't blame him. It is quite unusual to contemplate taking one's morning exercise over a deckload of lumber."

"I'm providing first-class transportation on a freighter," Cappy retorted. "And you'll find that the food on a freighter is far better than on the regular liners—"

"It will never, never do," said Mr. O'Neill, with a note of finality in his voice. "The entire company is holding an indignation meeting on the deck load aft."

"You run back and tell them I'll see them directly," Cappy urged.

O'Neill, reading in that command a note of surrender, hurried aft, and Cappy hailed the skipper on the bridge.

"Got all your stores aboard? Are you ready to go, Captain?"

"Aye ban, sir," the Scandinavian captain replied with a broad grin. He was a huge creature known in Pacific Coast shipping circles as All Hands And Feet, and was reputed to be able to whip his weight in bearcats.

Cappy waved his hand airily.

"Cast off dot breast-line," All Hands And Feet roared.

As the breast-line dropped overboard, the second mate, standing aft, ordered the stern line cast off also. Simultaneously a gang of longshoremen grasped the gangplank and ran it down on the dock, the tide swung the *Tillicum* clear of the dock, and with a long, joyous blast of her whistle she commenced backing out into the stream.

T. Hetherington O'Neill, with the entire company at his heels, ran forward and hailed the bridge.

"Stop this ship!" they cried in unison.

"Take a yump in de bay," All Hands And Feet called down to them cheerily. "Aye bane take orders from my owner!"

Cappy strolled out on deck and lit a cigar. Instantly he was surrounded by furious motion-

(*Above*) The X-ray reveals hidden softening in baby's bones when mother's diet, during pregnancy, lacked one element . . . vitamin D. Little teeth may come in soft and crowded, too, when baby is deprived of vitamin D before birth.

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N. B.-6


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October 1930 Good Housekeeping


## Soft Picking

picture actors and actresses, demanding that he put back, shouting that he was an outrageous old man, that they were entitled to first-class transportation on a regular liner, that this dirty old bum-boat was unspeakable, that this and that—

Cappy lifted a hand for silence. "Listen," he announced. "I've been bucking water-front strikes for fifty years, and I've never lost one yet. I've taken some horrible beatings, but I have yet to be counted out! My dear friends, you are outward bound for the romantic South Seas, and nothing but the sinking of the *Tillicum* can prevent your landing there. I'm paying you folks the salaries you demanded, and there's nothing in your contract of employment that bars transportation on a lumber carrier, provided I furnish the transportation. Ladies and gentlemen, the steward will assign you to your quarters."

"I am entitled to a cabin all to myself," O'Neill shouted.

"I'm the star of this production. I'll not occupy a cabin with any extra girl," Miss Barrington, the leading lady, shrilled.

"I am the star of this production," Truxtun Carey corrected her. "I have always been accustomed to privacy in traveling, and I demand it now."

"You'll take what I give you and thank God you've got it, Mr. Carey," Cappy informed him pointedly.

"I should hesitate to man-handle an old man," Truxtun Carey cried passionately, "but I must inform you, sir, that if you persist in this outrageous course, I shall have no alternative but to pull your whiskers."

"You try pulling my whiskers, young man, and that big Swede up on the bridge will throw you overboard. I figured I was going to have trouble with some of you folks before this picture should be finished, and I have brought that monster along to police the job for me. Believe me, he's competent. He's my private executioner. If he should ever slap you, Mister Man, you'll think a Kadiak bear has given you a caress."

The leading lady turned to T. Hetherington O'Neill.

"This old man is terrible," she sobbed.

"As for you, Mr. O'Neill," said Cappy, "I rather imagine you'll behave. You have fifty thousand dollars, your time, and your professional reputation invested in this picture, and you are under firm contract to direct it. If *you* go on strike, you lose your fifty thousand dollars, and I'll sue you for breach of contract and exemplary damages in addition to actual damages, and you'll be working for Cappy Ricks from now until you get horse sense."

His baleful old eyes swept the company.

"All those who object to their passage raise their right hands," he commanded.

Messrs. O'Neill and Carey and Miss Barrington each raised a right hand.

"I thought so," Cappy jeered. "You've all got the swelled head. The salaries of the remainder of the company have not reached that stage as yet. *They* are primarily interested in acquiring bread and butter. Now then, all you folks who are not stars, listen to me. You trail with Cappy Ricks and play the game, and you'll not regret it. Everybody's salary is raised fifty dollars a week to compensate them for their paralyzed right arms."

"Three cheers for pop!" cried an extra girl. "Ain't he the darlin'?"

THE camera men grinned their appreciation, but did not join in the cheers; the script clerk and the assistant director, also dependent upon Mr. O'Neill for their jobs, were equally silent, although their faces indicated equal satisfaction with the course events had taken. Meanwhile O'Neill, who was at heart rather a decent chap and merely reacting to the influences of his environment, had been doing some fast thinking.

"Well, I can make the best of this unusual

## Soft Picking

situation," he announced, "but I very greatly fear, Mr. Ricks, that Mr. Carey and Miss Barrington will find difficulty in adjusting themselves to the situation. After all, an artist is an artist, Mr. Ricks."

"I've known artists who were human," Cappy replied doggedly, "and I'll humanize this outfit before I'm through with it, or know the reason why. This thing of getting away with murder by threatening to quit in the middle of the picture, or by doing sloppy work and drawing big pay for it, can not get to first base with me."

"But imagine traveling on a boat that doesn't carry an orchestra!" the now somewhat sobered Miss Barrington protested.

"I have installed a piano in the dining saloon; also one of these new-fangled graphs that make you think the singer is right in the room. I have a radio, and it will be in working order most of the way. Young lady, I should think you'd be glad to get away from the jazz of Hollywood for a few weeks and just rest—and think."

"Thinkin' would give her a headache," a young woman who was cast for a bit piped up.

Truxtun Carey cast searching glances up and down the bay, hoping to hail a police boat, but finding none he cried despairingly: "Infamous! Infamous! Infamous old man! Steward, show me to my cabin!"

Miss Barrington followed the leading man—probably with the intention of holding a lodge of sorrow with him, and Cappy and O'Neill were left alone.

SUDDENLY O'Neill commenced to laugh. He placed an arm around Cappy Ricks and hugged him.

"You'll do, partner," he declared. "You don't know a thing about motion pictures, but I'll say you know how to handle temperamental artists. I'm for you."

"I have always suspected," Cappy replied, "that you have Irish blood in your veins. You're temperamental and contrary, and you, too, have become a bit spoiled, but you have horse sense concealed somewhere about you, and as soon as you shake the inhibitions and traditions of your profession you'll go far. How would you like to share the owner's suite with me?"

"Thanks, awfully, but my assistant director will do me for a stable mate. Suppose you turn the owner's suite over to Miss Barrington. That may help to avert the trouble we're most certainly going to have with her. I know her of old. She's jealous of everybody, she runs everything and everybody with a high hand, she's brainless, and why she's a box-office attraction I have never been able to figure out."

"She's probably all of that, Mr. O'Neill, but she knows when she's licked. The bird whose tail we have to put salt on is Truxtun Carey."

"He's the most recalcitrant actor in the business, Mr. Ricks. Nobody has ever made a picture with him and failed to finish without a battle. He's terrible. Some folks think he's a little bit crazy."

"Then why the devil did you hire him?" Cappy blazed.

"The women love him. He's a box-office attraction. And man, he can act when he wants to."

Cappy gazed out across the Marin County hills, and there was a thoughtful look in his fine, old eyes. "I've met a number of holy terrors in my day," he said presently, "but I have yet to see the one I failed to tame. That's why I keep that big Swede captain on my payroll. There's a man who does exactly what I tell him to do. When we get to Samoa and Truxtun Carey, Esq. starts to misbehave, I'm going to feed him to All Hands And Feet."

"Fine. But again I suggest that you give your suite up to Miss Barrington."

"Nothing doing. If I read the signs aright, that damsel was raised on the Brooklyn waterfront, and a three-room tenement was a palace to her before she got into pictures. Far be it

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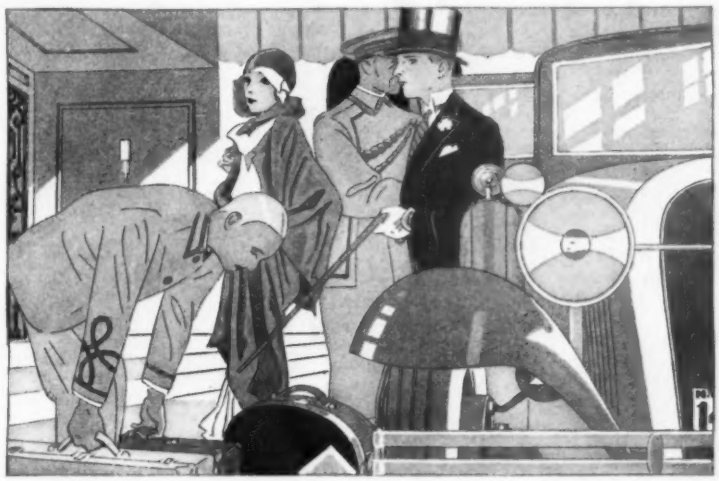

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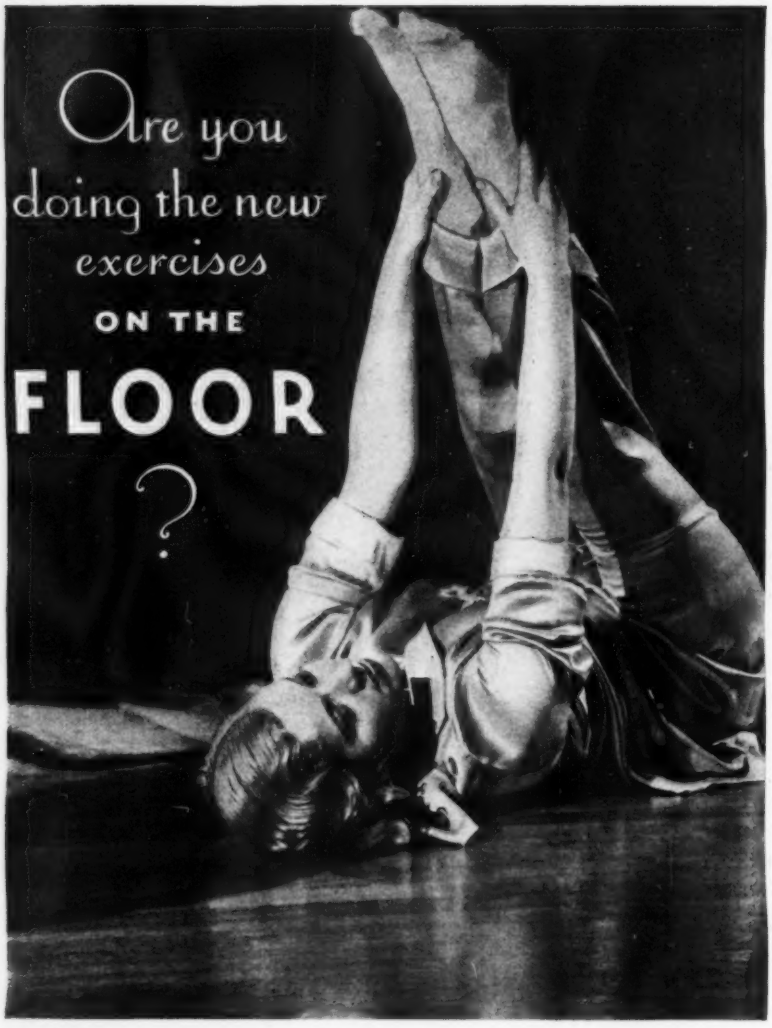


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## Soft Picking

from me to spoil her. I've got the jump on her, and I'll hang on to my advantage. If I gave her my suite, she'd think she has the jump on me!"

"She's smarter than Carey. She'll pull something you can't sue her for. Act-of-God stuff, you know."

"Can she do that?" Carey was perturbed.

"She can if she thinks about it enough. She can get sick and stay sick—and the company will be held up, with the giddy old pay-roll rolling right along, not to mention board and lodging."

"I'll have a medical board examine her and declare she isn't ill. I can fix her clock."

"Profound melancholia, neurasthenia, and rheumatism are hard to prove faked. I tell you, when you've been in this business as long as I have, you'll realize it never pays to oppose a woman star. She'll whip you every time. Take my advice and give her the owner's suite."

Cappy sighed—a sigh of utter weariness and surrender. "Guess I'm on my beam ends in a heavy sea," he reflected. "Well, it looks as if—"

"Judas priest! Who *is* that angel?" T. Hetherington O'Neill cried.

He seized Cappy by the arm and pointed down the deck toward Miss Billings, who had just emerged from her stateroom.

"That young lady—mark me, I said 'lady'—" Cappy began, but O'Neill interrupted:

"If I had that girl under contract, I'd make another Gloria Swanson out of her in three years, Mr. Ricks. Lord, man, she'd photograph like a million dollars. She's one hundred and fifty percent perfect!"

Cappy had a brilliant inspiration. "I always provide for the unexpected emergency, Mr. O'Neill," he bragged. "I figured we might have trouble with Miss Barrington, so I decided to bring along an understudy. That young lady is Miss Mitzi Urban—"

"What a box-office name," breathed T. Hetherington O'Neill fervently. "Mitzi Urban! A name to conjure with. What about her, Mr. Ricks?"

"Nothing, except that she was born and raised in Vienna and is of a noted family of artists. Her mother is still, at forty-five, the queen of the Viennese stage, and Mitzi has appeared in a number of European picture productions. I saw her in a picture called 'Northern Lights.' It was never shown in this country, but her work impressed me greatly, and when she appeared at our office a few days before we sailed and applied for a job, I just thought I'd carry her along with us as a protective measure. She can act rings around this Barrington woman, and er— ah, excuse me, son, I must have a word with her in private."

HE ACCOSTED Miss Billings. "Come with me," he ordered fiercely, and Miss Billings, accustomed to receiving orders and obeying them, followed the old gentleman to the sitting room of the owner's suite, where, to the young lady's profound amazement, Cappy told her who she was and her previous condition of servitude.

Also he explained the predicament in which he was liable to find himself.

"You are to be moved into this suite immediately," he told her, "and have nothing to do with this picture crowd. Could you possibly talk with a foreign accent?"

"*Oui*, Monsieur Reeks. I theenk so," said Miss Billings promptly. "An' eef thees Mees Barrington goes on the strike, you weel give to me the part, no?"

"If it comes to a show-down, do you think you could get away with it?" There was eagerness, a wistful yearning, in Cappy's tones.

"I could eat it up. I know I could," Miss Billings declared. "I always did want to go into the movies. All of my friends have urged it. They think I have a natural talent for it."

"Well, if you can play the part I've created

## Soft Picking

for you from now until we get to Samoa, I'll believe you, Miss Billings." Cappy glanced around to see if the door was locked. "In all my life I have never met such people to do business with," he confessed. "They've got me winging. They got everybody winging. It seems that when they reach the top they spoil. I'm depending on you, Miss Billings."

He looked at her long and earnestly and was aware, for the first time, that she was an extraordinarily beautiful girl—small, exquisitely feminine, alive with personality. And yet for more than two years he had been regarding Miss Billings in much the same light as he regarded his office furniture.

T. Hetherington O'Neill was waiting for him outside. "You're the little old fox of the world," he declared enthusiastically. "I'm crazy about that girl."

"Hush! You're a married man, Mr. O'Neill, and I'm an old man," Cappy warned him, and went up on the bridge to solace his soul in the society of All Hands And Feet, who was the sort of man he knew and could understand.

THE trip to Samoa was uneventful, barring the fact that practically all of the members of the company were quite seasick crossing the Potato Patch. The third day out, they were all on deck, however, taking their constitutionals across the deckload of lumber. With the discovery that the food was excellent, that they were in touch with the principal events of world interest through the medium of the radio, and that the staterooms even though the *Tillicum* was a freighter were roomy, clean, and comfortable, all hands, with the exception of Truxtun Carey and Miss Barrington, decided that they were being treated rather well, after all.

Finding Cappy averse to introducing him to Miss Mitzi Urban, T. Hetherington O'Neill performed that office for himself, but got nowhere in particular. Miss Urban favored him with a gracious smile and the halting information that she "not spik Eenglish ver' mooch!" She evaded the picture people quite successfully by dining in her room and spending her time in a long chair on the skipper's quarterdeck. A sign at the foot of the companion leading to this deck informed the public that passengers were not permitted forward of this sign.

Miss Barrington treated Cappy with marked coldness, although whenever he spoke to her she was meticulously polite. Truxtun Carey, on the contrary, was most insulting whenever the opportunity presented itself. He appeared to glean considerable comfort from thumbing his nose at Cappy whenever the latter appeared on the bridge to smoke a cigar with All Hands And Feet—an exhibition of childishness which Cappy bore with becoming fortitude for several days. Then he sent for the steward—and after that Truxtun Carey dared not order soup for dinner, because the steward always managed to spill some of it in his lap and then blame the roll of the ship!

To the amazement of all on board, the *Tillicum* did not touch at the island of Samoa, but steamed away to a small island some fifty miles distant—a French possession, presided over by a governor-general whose sole interest in life lay in absinthe and his salary. And here the company landed and went to work.

In the middle of her first scene Miss Barrington fainted. When she was, with difficulty, brought back to consciousness, she commenced to weep with great earnestness and talk a little wildly. Cappy was genuinely concerned, but O'Neill winked at him.

"Don't mind her, Mr. Ricks," he warned. "She's the best weeper in the business. When I say 'Weep,' she weeps. It's like turning on a faucet. She's merely starting her dirty work."

And it was even so. Miss Barrington declared she was ill, but could give no coherent account of her symptoms. The doctor, so thoughtfully provided for Cappy's comfort by Matt Peasley, examined her, reported that she


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City ..... State .....


## Soft Picking

had no temperature and appeared to be organically sound. Thereupon Cappy came to the bench where the lady lay sobbing.

"Get up and work," he commanded.

"I can't," she protested wildly. "I'm ill. I must have a two weeks lay-off."

"That gives me the opportunity I've been laying for to bust your contract," Cappy chirped. "You're out! Mr. O'Neill, these clothes Miss Barrington is wearing will fit Mlle. Urban. Mlle. Urban will take over Miss Barrington's part, and Miss Barrington can find her way home on her own funds."

"I'll sue you," the star threatened.

"I know you will. Please remove those clothes. Mlle. Urban requires them."

Mitzi Urban now came forward with every evidence of pleasure in the prospect of playing the lead in "Love's Old Song"—whereupon Miss Barrington dried her tears and requested the assistant director to bring her a small noggin of French brandy, which appeared to strengthen her considerably. With a faint smile she informed Mr. O'Neill she thought she might possibly manage to proceed.

"She's doing bad work," Miss Billings warned Cappy presently, and O'Neill confirmed her statement.

Over and over he rehearsed the scene, but Miss Barrington's fighting blood was up, and she refused to take orders. Ensued the inevitable wordy battle, with Miss Barrington in hysterics and the work for that day thoroughly killed. But in the morning, when Miss Barrington proceeded to make up, her clothes were missing, and when she arrived on location an hour late, just to show how little she cared for money, the hated Mitzi Urban was rehearsing a scene with Truxtun Carey.

Miss Barrington watched them work for five minutes and then sat down on the sidelines for an enjoyable chuckle. For Truxtun Carey was on strike, too. He was swashbuckling in a scene where his instructions were to cringe, to appear abject and frightened. O'Neill raved and swore, begged and commanded, but to no purpose. And Carey was artfully maneuvering so that at the words "Ready! Action! Go!" the leading lady's back would be to the camera.

In despair O'Neill threw down his megaphone. "I'm licked," he cried.

"I'm not," Cappy chirped. "All Hands And Feet will arrive in a motor boat presently. He has placed the discharging of the *Tillicum's* cargo in the hands of a capable chief mate over at Samoa."

WITHIN the hour All Hands And Feet came strolling on location. At a sign from Cappy he walked up to Truxtun Carey, seized him by the nape, drew him cross his tremendous left knee, clamped him in position with his right leg, and proceeded to give the actor the most prodigious old-fashioned spanking one could imagine.

"Now you vork and obey de old man's orders," the terrible Swede rumbled. "You bane long vay from home, and nobody skall take your part."

"You brute!" Truxtun Carey shrilled. "How dare you?"

"Get to vork und obey orders," All Hands And Feet commanded.

"Animal!"

The terrible left hand shot out, and a resounding thwack across the side of the head sent Truxtun Carey reeling backward. He rushed over to Cappy Ricks.

"I demand that you protect us from this scoundrel!" he cried.

"You're a robber and a bandit, sir," Cappy replied sternly. "You are taking my money under false pretenses. I dislike you exceedingly. Get back on the job and act," he piped. "No more swash-buckling. Play the part as Mr. O'Neill directs, or All Hands And Feet will beat you to a pulp."

With a look of agony on his handsome, somewhat feminine features, Truxtun Carey sur-

## Soft Picking

rendered and played the part—played it with such wholesome cringing and such abjectness and servility that T. Hetherington O'Neill was lost in admiration of the man's art. And he continued to do his best and obey orders to such an extent that All Hands And Feet decided he might safely depart for Samoa.

Cappy walked down to the beach with him, but something told him to delay his chief executioner's departure for a while. And it was well that he did so, for presently O'Neill came running down to them with the information that Carey had gone on strike again. It appeared he objected to wearing a gray wig. He claimed that his audiences did not like him in a gray wig, and insisted that all of the scenes taken the preceding day must be re-shot with him wearing a black wig.

"Go back and attend to him," Cappy ordered tersely, so All Hands And Feet returned to the location and spanked Truxtun Carey once more—severely, this time.

His punishment over, Carey fled to the French governor-general's alleged palace and laid his complaint before that august personage, who couldn't understand a word he said and who was, moreover, not the least bit interested. Being a hospitable man, however, he offered Truxtun Carey a drink, and when this was indignantly declined, he called in a Polynesian policeman and ran Mr. Carey off the premises.

"I knew you wouldn't get any comfort in that quarter," Cappy informed the outraged actor. "The governor-general is in my pay. I'm sending him over enough lumber to build himself a new house."

Truxtun Carey surrendered. All Hands And Feet gave it as his opinion that his services were no longer required and departed for Samoa. An hour later Miss Barrington surrendered. She came over to Cappy and placed her fair arm around his aged neck.

"You're some little old fightin' man, daddy," she declared. "Come on, now. Be a good sport, take that Vienna ham out of the part and watch me strut my stuff."

"If you'll do that, sweetheart," the old gentleman replied gallantly, "you shall be sent home on a regular liner and have a suite all to yourself."

"Kiss me," the lady demanded, and Cappy, not one whit abashed, obeyed with alacrity; whereupon Mlle. Urban, *née* Miss Billings, was incontinently dismissed and told to hand her wardrobe over to Miss Barrington.

"Now, then," the ancient amateur impresario announced to his director, "we'll start the island stuff all over again, and may the Lord have mercy on our souls!"

THREE months passed. In his office in the Lumbermen's Building Cappy Ricks sat, gazing idly out the window. Presently his secretary entered.

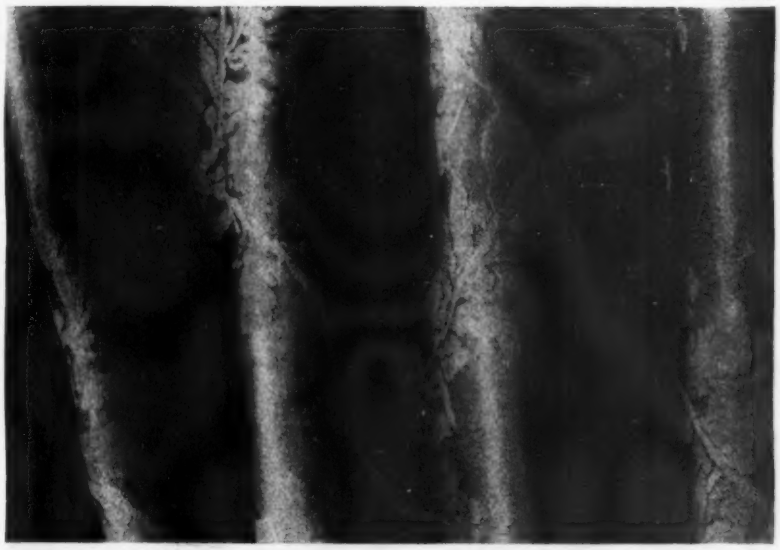
"Mr. O'Neill is outside, Mr. Ricks."

"Send him in," Cappy ordered.

T. Hetherington O'Neill entered with a rush. "So there's my little old partner," he cried joyously, and grabbing Cappy up bodily, he proceeded to waltz him around the room.

"We win, we win!" he kept shouting. "I had to come all the way up from Hollywood to tell you about it in person. 'Love's Old Song' opened a week ago in New York and, notwithstanding the August heat, it did seventy thousand dollars worth of business in a week. Busted the theatre's record all to smash. It's playing to capacity business in Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis, and Seattle, and I have a flat offer for the European rights at a sum that will pay for the cost of production. Cappy, we'll clean up a million dollars on it, net."

"I know all that. Set ye down, young feller, and compose yourself. The picture is what you call a wow—and every critic in America is knocking it. The author is pleased, however, I've had a congratulatory telegram from him. He says we've stuck to his story far better than he had anticipated."

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In using advertisements see page 6

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**Above:** 1. Dorothy Mackaill 2. Mary Brian, Paramount. 3. Evelyn Brent, Columbia. 4. Olive Borden, RKO. 5. Clara Bow, Paramount. 6. Alice White, FN. 7. Janet Gaynor, Fox. 8. Bebe Daniels, RKO. 9. Marion Davies, MGM. 10. Armida, Warner. 11. Ruth Chatterton, Paramount. 12. Anita Page, MGM. 13. Joan Crawford, MGM. 14. Nancy Carroll, Para.

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October 1930 Good Housekeeping


## Soft Picking

"That boy certainly knows his onions," O'Neill declared happily, "and the success of 'Love's Old Song' proves my contention that if you want to make money in this business you've got to have a story!"

Cappy glared at him and to hide his contempt walked to the window and looked out.

"They tell me Truxtun Carey and that Barrington devil are smothered with business because of the success of our picture," he lamented. "I understand their salaries have gone out of sight. All the critics agree that Carey's performance bears the stamp of genius."

"That's the picture business," O'Neill replied. "Are we going to make another picture, Mr. Ricks? I have another novel by the same author—"

Cappy turned from the window. "No!" he yelled. "Ten hundred million noes!"

"Then release me from my contract with Blue Star Pictures," O'Neill pleaded eagerly. "I'm offered four thousand a week and an interest in my pictures by the Par Excellence people and—"

"I'll mail you a release, son. Get out. You're a good boy, but you're crazy. I'm not —and I don't want to be. Beat it!"

And T. Hetherington O'Neill hastily beat it.

## A Country Residence

(*Continued from page 53*)

the characteristics of this early nineteenth-century style in a really small house, it seemed better to show a house slightly larger than those the Studio has previously designed. This house, however, contains only 60,000 cubic feet and still gives a sense of spaciousness which is part of the charm of the style.

In examining the plan, especially the ground floor, the reader will see that there is a strongly marked symmetry about the axis of the main hall, which is octagonal in shape, the living room and porch on one side balancing the dining room, pantry, and kitchen on the other, in both size and shape. This gives, on the exterior, a reason for the strong central motive with its pediment and the lower wings with their symmetrical chimneys, one on each side.

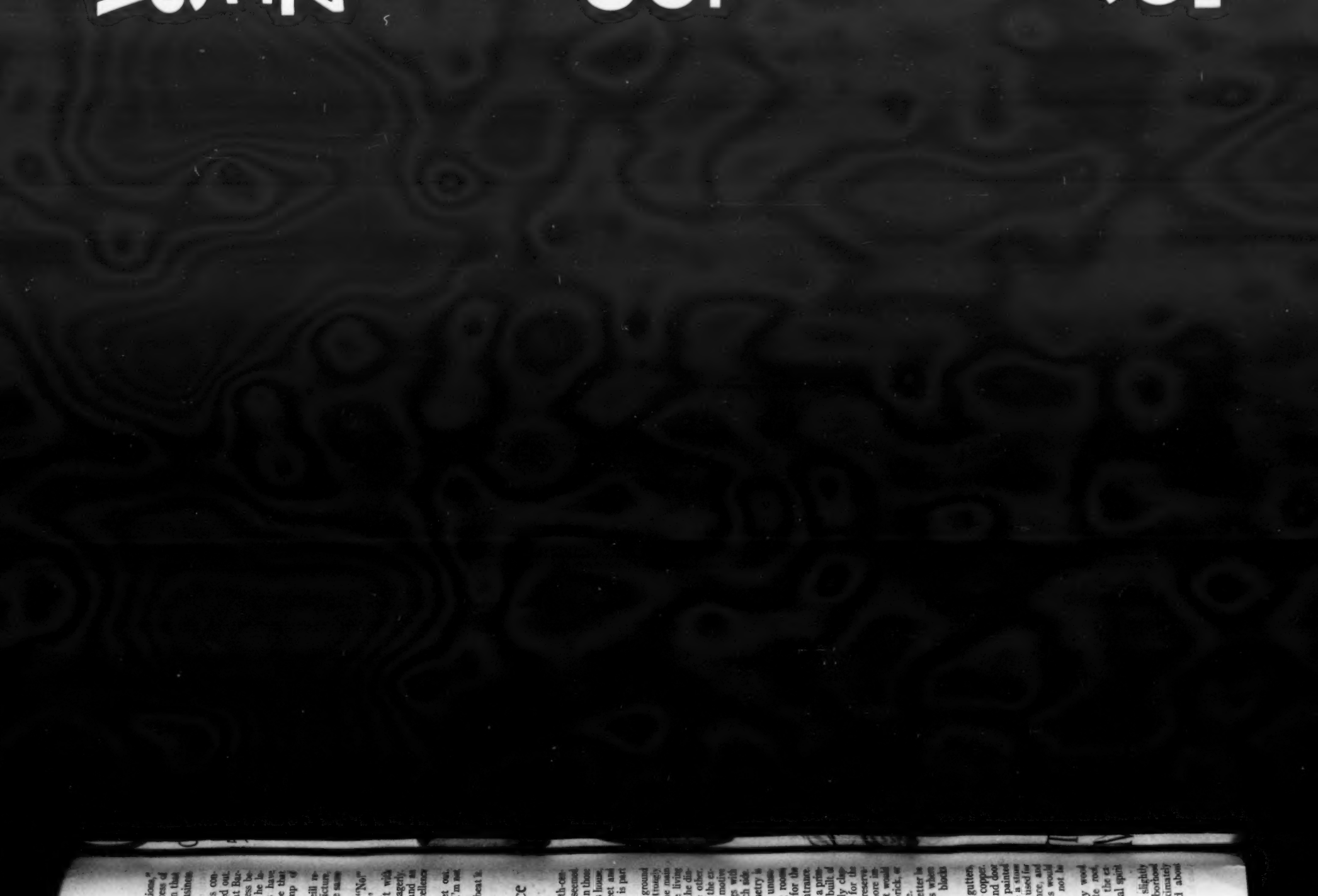
On the second floor the same symmetry is preserved, which gives a reason for the unusually spacious arrangement of dressing rooms and bathrooms and also gives space for the small writing room over the main entrance.

Where the low cost of construction is a primary consideration, the house could be built of ordinary frame construction, preferably clapboards painted white or pale yellow for the side walls, with a shingle roof. If the preservation of the character of the style is more important than the saving in the cost, it would be better to build the side walls of brick, or of stucco laid on terra cotta hollow tile.

The foundations in either case had better be of concrete, although in some localities where they are easily procurable, concrete blocks would make a good foundation.

The sheet-metal work for flashings, gutters, and leaders in any case should be of copper.

The cornices and exterior window and door casings could be of wood probably painted white, but in the case of a brick house a stone such as Indiana limestone could well be used for the main cornice, for the main entrance, and for the lintels over the windows. This would add to the cost, however, and would not be necessary if real economy is sought.

The roof could be laid in ordinary wood shingles, probably cedar, but a slate roof, especially if brick or stucco is used for the exterior, would help carry out the general spirit of the design.

The cost of such a house would vary slightly in different localities, but in the neighborhood of New York it would be approximately $35,000.00 for the frame house and about $40,000.00 for that of masonry.